

P L A Y S

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS SOUTHERNE, Esq.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH

An Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the
A U T H O R.

———Your tributary tears we claim,
For scenes that Southerne drew; a fav'rite name.
He touch'd your fathers hearts with gen'rous woe,
And taught your mothers youthful eyes to flow:
For this he claims hereditary praise,
From wits and beauties of our modern days.

HAWKESWORTH.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. EVANS, near York - buildings; and
T. BECKET, corner of the Adelphi, Strand.

MDCCLXXIV.

P. L. A. Y. S.

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS SOUTHGATE, ESQ.

HOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH

A DEDICATION

HARVARD

1850

LONDON

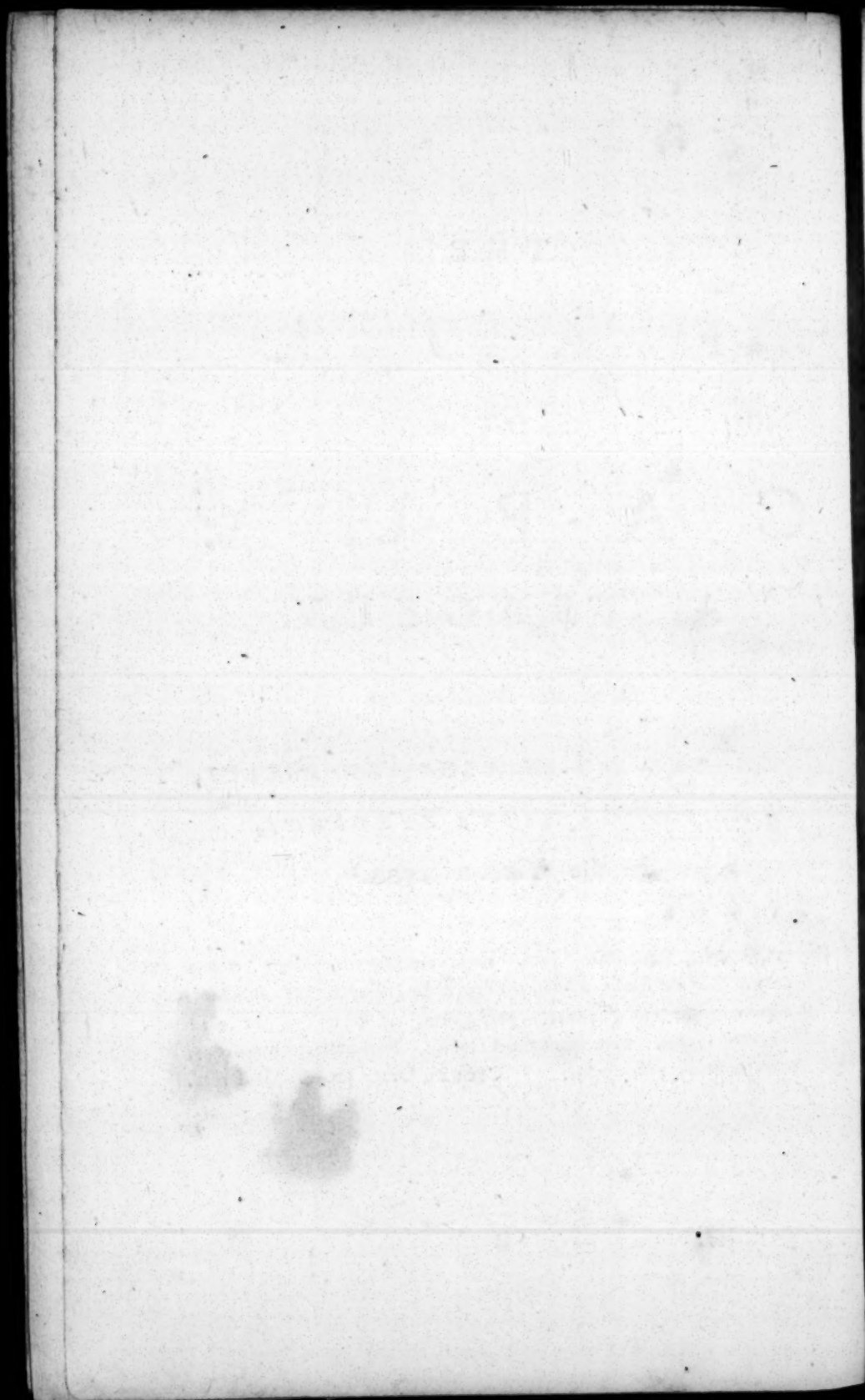
Printed by T. B. Spalding, 10, York Street, London.

ADVERTISING

THE
F A T E
OF
CAPUA.
A TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE in LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS,
By His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,
In the YEAR 1700.

Cætera, neque temporum sunt, neque ætatum omnium, neque
locorum: Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant,
secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium, ac solatium præbent:
Delectant domi, non impediunt foris: Pernocant nobiscum,
peregrinantur, rusticantur, CICERO Orat. pro Archia Poeta.



PROLOGUE:

Written by the Honourable CHARLES BOYLE, Esq.

OUR Bard resolv'd to quit this wicked town,
 And all poetic offices lay down;
 But the weak brother was drawn in again,
 And a cast mistress tempted him to sin.
 Thus many a cautious gallant in this throng,
 May wed, when old, whom he debauch'd, when young.
 Thus the repenting fair ones vow in vain
 From cards, from love, from scandal, to refrain,
 For, Easter over, they relapse again. }
 To write well's hard: but I appeal to y' all,
 Is't not much harder not to write at all?
 Some men must write, for writing's their disease,
 And ev'ry Poet's sure one man to please.
 Some meddling coxcombs, rather than sit still,
 And perfectly do nothing, must do ill.
 Some are with busie dulness so o'er-run,
 They seem design'd by heav'n to teaze the town.
 Yet when these fools have spawn'd some sickly play,
 We have so many greater fools than they, }
 They'll pack a crowded audience the third day.
 This Poet has no sly inveigling arts,
 He'll try to gain, but he'll not steal your hearts.
 His Muse is rustic, and perhaps too plain,
 The men of squeamish tastes to entertain:
 Who none but Dutcheesses will deign to toast,
 And favours only from front boxes boast.
 That's all grimace: when appearances are good,
 Be the dress coarse, the air and manners rude, }
 You can take up with wholesome flesh and blood.
 But he despairs of pleasing all the nation,
 'Tis so debauch'd with whims of reformation.
 He's done his best: here is no wanton scene
 To give the wicked joy, the godly, spleen.
 Not one poor bawdy jest shall dare appear,
 For now the batter'd, veteran strumpets, here }
 Pretend at least to bring a modest ear.

*Here is some love, 'tis true, some noise, some war,
 Enough to please the belles, the beaux to scare.
 Some bustling patriots too, some rabble-rout,
 And senators of the weak side thrown out.
 But in all this, here's nothing can offend,
 Nothing to lose one ancient midnight friend:
 He hopes then, when his cause comes on, they'll all attend.
 Let critic foes remember 'tis past Lent,
 And all good Christians curses then were spent.*

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

PACUVIUS CALA- VIUS, VIRGINIUS, MARIUS BLOSIUS, VIBIUS VIRIUS,	}	Of <i>Hannibal's</i> faction.	<i>Mr. Hodgson.</i>
			<i>Mr. Betterton.</i>
			<i>Mr. Berry.</i>
			<i>Mr. Bayly.</i>
DECIUS MAGIUS, PEROLLA, JUNIUS,	}	Of the <i>Roman</i> interest.	<i>Mr. Boman.</i>
			<i>Mr. Scudamore.</i>
			<i>Mr. Verbruggen.</i>
FAVONIA,			<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>

The SCENE, CAPUA.

(5)

THE
F A T E
O F
C A P U A.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

PACUVIUS.

THIS only I would offer to you more :
My known alliances, and kindred blood,
By intercourse of marriages with *Rome*,
Cementing long the honour of my house,
With all the interest of that glorious state,
May well protest for me, that I advise
Abandoning the *Romans* to their fate,
As necessary to avert our own.

2 *Sen.* To avert our own !

Pac. At least you'll join with me,
It may be needful to advance our own.

2 *Sen.* Ay, there I close with you when you speak plain.
The *Romans* loss at *Cannæ* shows itself
Plainly in this, that their confederates,

Who had stood ages fast and firm for *Rome*,
 From that most dreadful day began to fail;
 Deserting her in absolute despair
 Of her lost empire not to be restor'd.

1 *Sen.* You have a list of all the several states,
 People, and cities that are fal'n away
 From *Rome* to the *Carthaginians* :
 Let it be read——

Pac. It has been read already.
 Their number and example should advise
 Their neighbours, who intend to follow 'em
 As we must do, to follow chearfully ;
 To jump into our resolutions ;
 What must be done, to have it frankly done ;
 To make a merit of our forwardness ;
 And not disgrace the service we intend,
 By cold debates, indifference and delay.

2 *Sen.* Our rabble are in barefac'd mutiny.

3 *Sen.* And have declar'd themselves for *Hannibal*.

[*Shouts in several quarters of the city.*]

1 *Sen.* The noise comes this way now.

2 *Sen.* 'Tis every where.

Enter Decius Magius.

[*Within.*] Make way for *Decius Magius*.

Pac. *Decius Magius* !

I thought he had giv'n o'er the common-wealth.

Mag. I thought so too : but there is nothing certain :
 I was in hopes I might have staid at home :
 But when a city is in general flame,
 Cripples will find their legs to cry out fire.
 Age has not much to lose : but I am come
 To awake, to rouse, and warn you of your ruin.

Pac. What is this ruin, *Decius Magius* ?

Mag. In such an honourable argument,
 As yours may be, in the *Tarentine* war,
 A peace from *Pyrrhus* was propos'd with *Rome* :
 The question almost was resolv'd for *Pyrrhus* :
 When *Appius*, as we have it on record,
 Aged and blind, disabled long before

The FATE of CAPUA.

To the state's service, and the public cares,
Was led into the senate, and inspir'd
By indignation, and his country's cause,
Sway'd the debate, never to make a peace
With any foreign foe in *Italy*.

I come by his example: he was happy
In his success; and so may I be blest,
So may I thrive to-day, as this great cause
That lies before you now is of more worth,
Of weightier worth, and threatening consequence.

Pac. A long preamble: what will be the tale?

Mag. They say, you are upon deserting *Rome*,
And joining *Hannibal*: I have a voice
Before it comes to that, and must be heard.

Pac. We have all voices for our country's good.

Mag. Our country's honour is her chiefest good.
Can we forget what *Rome* has been to us?
A fostering neighbour of our infant state:
A kind rejoicer in our growth and strength:
Ever a friend: and in adversity,
(As we have tasted of that bitter cup,
Now swill'd in pleasures to the giddy brim
Of drunken riot, and forgetfulness:)
In our bad days, I say, she still has been
A comforter, a parent, and protector.

Pac. Well, *Decius Magius*, had you minded us,
If we had been inclining to forget
What, as allies and friends, we owe to *Rome*.
But, *Vibius Virius*, you our legate were,
Commission'd to *Rome's* consul: You can say—

Vib. That we have paid all our respects of grief;
Condol'd their dire misfortunes, offering
Supplies of all things wanting to their wars;
This in the general name of *Capua*:
But cordials to the dead are so apply'd:
Fortune has left them nothing to supply.
The *Roman* legions, ensigns, horse and arms,
Men, money, and provisions, routed, spoil'd,
All in the day of *Cannæ* were destroy'd,
Or on the morrow's plunder of both camps.

The FATE of CAPUA.

Pac. So that 'tis not enough to aid them now ;
If you do any thing you must resolve
To undertake their war with *Hannibal*.

Mag. And can you undertake a worthier cause ?
Is there a worthier, than a social war ?
Our ancestors compell'd within these walls,
No longer able to defend the city,
The *Samnites*, *Cidicines*, investing us,
Sinking in ruin, who upheld us then ?
Who, but the *Romans*, could have sav'd us then ?
They took us trembling to protection :
Sustain'd a war for near a hundred years,
With fortune often varying the event,
Dreadful to *Italy*, against the *Samnites*,
Which they begun, and carry'd on for us :
And is there nothing to be done for them ?

4 *Sen.* Why, that is true ; if we cou'd do it,
Without an injury to our selves.

Mag. Have we not always been affianc'd friends ?
Our laws, our customs, constitutions
Almost a-kin, and, as our marriages,
Mingled, and wove into our mutual weal ?
The citizens of *Rome*, and *Capua*,
Enjoying common rights of burghesie,
Speak us indeed one people in two states.
So that whatever mischiefs fall on them,
Betide us too ; and we must stand oblig'd,
By all the bonds of honest interest,
To save a country, equal to us both.

5 *Sen.* That I don't so well understand neither.

Mag. This is no *Samnite*, no *Hetrurian* war ;
Where if one lose a neighbour state must win ;
And tho' the empire should be torn from *Rome*,
It still remains with us in *Italy*.

We shall not find it so with foreigners.
The *Carthaginians* are these foreigners :
The *Carthaginians* are our enemies—

Pac. Hold, have a care——

Mag. I will, to speak the truth ;
And say again they are our enemies :

The FATE of CAPUA.

9

Rivals of empire, in this second war :
And therefore to be thought the common foes
Of *Rome*, of *Capua*, and of *Italy*.

4 *Sen.* Urg'd home, and boldly.

Mag. O ! let us pay the debt of glory now !
Tho' *Rome* be drooping, we may raise her head.
Our forces are unbroken, fresh, entire :
Full thirty thousand foot, four thousand horse,
Upon our musters in *Campania* :
Money, munitions, and provisions,
With the proud train and equipage of war,
Martial'd, and ready harness'd for the field,
All high of heart, and full of able proof.
If then our friendship, and fidelity,
Answer the firmness of our strength and power,
Hannibal will not perceive his victory ;
No, nor the *Romans* feel their sore defeat. [*Shouts again.*

Enter a Messenger.

3 *Sen.* Here comes another messenger.

4 *Sen.* The news ?

Mess. If I had breath, it is not to be told.
The madding rabble have at last possess'd
The sober part ; the peaceful citizens,
Infected by their fury, are in arms ;
And *Capua* now is but one multitude.

Pac. There is no time for foreign argument
Of right and just ; of future good or ill :
Since what we have to fear, is present now,
Imminent, and breaking on our heads at home.

Enter Marius Blofius.

Make way—good *Marius Blofius*, take your seat :
We know you have done the best you can for us :
When you're collected, you will tell us all.

Blo. Disorders, tumults, and confusions,
Raging with horror up and down our streets,
Had spent themselves in opposition
Of their contending parties ; there we hop'd
The uproar would have end : but now they join,

B 5

Rabble

Rabble and citizens, in horrid league,
And all combin'd in violence, resolve
On mischiefs more premeditate and bold.

1 *Sen.* Resolve on what ?

2 *Sen.* What mischiefs are resolv'd ?

Blo. All who are *Romans* found in *Capua*,
(As we have families transplanted here)
'Tho' in the service of our state employ'd,
Or in their private callings, they have seiz'd——

Mag. How ! seiz'd !

Blo. Men, women, children, huddled in the rout,
Without distinction hurry'd and shut up,
Under the name of safety, in our baths,
The public baths, where choak'd with heat and smoak,
Their struggling souls must wretchedly expire,
If timely not set free.

Mag. If this goes on
Ruin must follow : I will spare no pains
For their deliverance. [*Magius goes out.*]

1 *Sen.* Wretched indeed !

2 *Sen.* Barbarous and cruel to our worst of foes,
Without a name to our allies and friends !

Pac. No friendship, no alliance after this.
What they have done, is a sad argument
They will do more to carry to their ends.

Blo. Nay, there is more in hand, and to be fear'd,
Directed this way too : for, one and all,
They cry, the Senate's councils are too slow,
That they intend to come and quicken 'em——

1 *Sen.* The Gods forbid !

2 *Sen.* Avert this danger, heav'n !

Blo. But that we shall no longer buy and sell
Their interests, with our mercenary tongues :
That we but hold the government in trust
For them, they all have law enough for that,
They say, they can recall it when they please.
They'll do their work themselves ; they'll have no more
To do with us ; we never did 'em good,
Before this time ; and now against our will ;
Affording 'em such just occasion

To throw us off, Senate and tyranny.

3 *Sen.* Heav'n grant it go no farther.

2 *Sen.* But I fear——

3 *Sen.* They bear us ancient hate on former scores :
And what the privilege of such lawless times
May set 'em on to act, is to be fear'd.

Blo. Nay, what portends the worst, and threatens most :
This head-long rout, this lewd ungovern'd crew,
Is captain'd, headed, and led on by some,
The noblest blood, and foremost of our youth :
Who ne'er will think their services well pay'd,
But at the price of universal change.

1 *Sen.* They're at our doors.

[*Shouts nearer.*]

2 *Sen.* What will become of us !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Fly, fly, you Senators of *Capua* :
There is no safety for you, but in flight :
The people are determin'd in your doom,
And now come on to execution :
They've vow'd to murder you, and so give up
The common-wealth void of all government
To *Hannibal*, and *Carthaginian* power,
To model new, and stamp what form he please :
As the best sacrifice, the justest means,
To atone his wrath, and punish your delay.

Pac. Let us not stand confounded in your fears :

[*Shouts again.*]

Gaping on one another, as relief,
Without our care, would drop into our mouths.

2 *Sen.* What can we do ?

1 *Sen.* We would do any thing.

3 *Sen.* No God to pity us !

4 *Sen.* *Pacuvius*, you have been the people's friend ;
Would we had all.

1 *Sen.* Ay, good *Pacuvius*,
You might do much, would you appear for us.

Pac. I had some credit with 'em : What 'tis now——

2 *Sen.* They will hear you.

Pac. I cannot promise that.

But what I can, I will : perhaps I may
 Do more than you expect—but then you must
 Give up your faith entire to what I do ;
 Lay by your feuds, and factions in the Senate ;
 Submitting all to my direction.

Omn. Dispose of all, so you deliver us. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *The Outside of the Palace.*

[Shouts again.

*Enter Pacuvius with Guards. Virginius heading
 the Rabble.*

Pac. Shut up the gates ; none to pass in or out,
 But by my orders : if a Senator
 Escapes your guard, you answer with your lives
 To our great Lords the people.

1 Cit. Why, here's a Lord, indeed.

Vir. He does not think himself too great
 To be the people's friend.

2 Cit. No, no ; Lord *Pacuvius* has been always our
 friend ; and we will be his upon occasion : for he shall
 find himself, within this half hour, the only Senator un-
 hang'd in *Capua*.

Pac. My country-men, my fellow-citizens !
 'Tis in your power now to revenge your selves
 On this detested *Senate*, justly fal'n
 Under your sentence ; odious grown to all,
 Who love the people, or the common-wealth:
 I offer you a full and safe revenge,
 A free revenge, nothing to interrupt,
 But you may do your work with decency :
 No tumult for one Senator to scape in.
 Without the danger of invading 'em
 In their particular houses, which wou'd be
 Defended by their friends, clients, and slaves,
 I have 'em here, defenceless and alone,
 Imprison'd in the palace ; say the word,
 What shall be done with 'em ?

1 Cit. Come, come, open the gates, we'll quickly
 dispose of 'em.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay, we are men of expedition, and so they shall find us, to their cost : every man take his Senator ; we'll hang 'em upon the battlements of the palace, for a flinking example to all common-wealths.

1 *Cit.* Hold you, hold you, I don't like hanging : there's a great deal to be done in a handsome execution.

3 *Cit.* Look you, my masters, I am but a plain man to see to, as a body may say, but I can speak my mind without being askt, as soon as those that are wiser : look you, time is precious, and we have a great deal to do with it ; make as short work as you can, I advise ; ev'n cut their throats, and there's an end on't.

1 *Cit.* Cutting of throats is but a slovingly way of doing justice : I am for doing things decently, neighbours, and I believe I have hit it : this is not an ordinary day with us, you know, why then let's make a holy-day of it indeed ; set the palace a-fire about the Senators' ears, and there's a bonfire to our holiday.

Omn. Agreed, agreed ; a bonfire, a bonfire.

Pac. It was the very thing I was thinking of——

1 *Cit.* Why very well.

Pac. Nay, it is excellent, to have the old drones smother'd in their hives.

Omn. No more to be said, boys ; about it instantly, my lads.

2 *Cit.* We are all in a mind once in our lives.

Omn. Fire the palace, down with it, fire the palace.

Pac. And yet what has this noble building done ?

A public ornament, a reverend pile,
That has stood ages——but if you please to think
It has stood long enough, why, down with it ;
Who shall find fault ? It is the common-wealth's,
The people's, and you may dispose your own.

1 *Cit.* How's that ? The palace ours ! Let's hear him a little upon that subject.

Pac. The Senators ! blow them up in a blaze ;
You will miss nothing of them but their beards ;
Or if you should, they cheaply are supply'd.
But if the Senate-house be laid in ashes,
Who shall repair the ruin ?

Vir. At a time

When *Capua* stands the rival of great *Rome*,
You would not strip her of her palaces,
To leave her naked to her neighbours scorn?

Omn. No, no, we don't desire that neither.

Vir. This venerable structure may stand up
With our most celebrated public domes,
Sacred and common, temples, theatres,
And all our numerous progeny of art,
The monuments of famous ancestry,
That speak as loud for us, as *Rome's* for her;
And wou'd you throw it down?

Pac. If you repent,
When it is down, who builds it up again?
The public purse alone, the common stock
(The citizens free-born inheritance)

Whoever does the mischief, pays for all.

1 *Cit.* If it be so, my masters!

2 *Cit.* 'Tis as he says, man; and the case is quite
alter'd.

1 *Cit.* Why, my Lord, we're at a loss here for want
of employment.

2 *Cit.* You have sav'd the building, 'tis true, and we
thank you for't: but the Senators——

Omn. Ay, ay, the Senators, the Senators——

Pac. I am their gaoler still, to answer their forth-
coming,

When you please; and to promote the justice you intend,
Since you are not agreed among your selves,
I do propose to bring each Senator
Upon the trial of his single merit,
To stand or fall, just as his cause deserves:
Your selves to be the judges.

2 *Cit.* Why there you have hit it, my Lord.

1 *Cit.* Every honest man must be of your Lordship's
mind.

Vir. Your selves to be the judges! Mark you that?

1 *Cit.* Well, my Lord, pray proceed in your own
method: We know you're a friend to us, we'll be go-
vern'd by you.

Pac. Then, in the first place, I wou'd have you so govern your anger, that your anger get not the upper hand of your int'rest and safety. For I suppose your hatred extends to these Senators only ; you like the constitution well enough——

2 Cit. My Lord, that's more than we can say with a safe conscience.

Pac. What ! not like a Senate ?

1 Cit. To tell you the truth, we don't approve of the order, and wou'd banish it the city, if we cou'd.

Vir. You must have a government among you.

Pac. You must have a Senate ; a Senate is but the great Council of a free people, and that's for your good, you must own.

2 Cit. Well, if we must have a Senate——

Pac. Why, that's well said : then, in order to a reformation, my masters, there are two things that call upon you at the same time ; the dissolving your old Senate, and chusing a new one in the room.

1 Cit. Why, there I grant you, a Senate of our own chusing we may like.

2 Cit. We'll chuse a Senate, I warrant you.

Pac. I will summon the Senators, one after another, to appear before you : what you judge of 'em shall be executed ; I will only gather your voices.

1 Cit. This is method now.

Pac. Unbar the gates, and bid the Senators Prepare themselves to appear upon their names.

2 Cit. Ay, this is doing business.

Pac. But one thing you must promise me, my friends, To punish none, however criminal, Before you chuse an able, honest man, Into his place, as a new Senator.

1 Cit. That's fair on every side.

Pac. Here is a roll, agree among your selves Whom to cite first——This day must crown our hopes.

[Going to Virginius.]

Vir. The deputies are return'd from Hannibal.

Pac. Let 'em be ready, I shall want 'em straight.

2 *Cit.* Let's see, let's see; where shall we begin, at the top or the bottom?

3 *Cit.* Hold you, hold you; *Titus Didius* here; begin at him: I happen'd to get a slave of his with child, and he made me marry her, for which I should be very glad to see him hang'd.

4 *Cit.* Make 'em into lots, I say, and let 'em be drawn fairly.

Omn. Ay, ay, every man take his chance.

[*They are busy in making the lots, while Pacuvius and Virginius speak.*]

Pac. O that *Perolla*, my degenerate son, Wou'd follow thy ambition; but he pules, And conscience-bound in such a cause as this, The cause of empire, basely stands for *Rome*, Against his country, and his father's house.

Vir. That *Decius Magius* has infected him.

Pac. My old opposer still.

Vir. He has been every where among the crowd, To spread the poison of his politics: But we had dos'd 'em with our antidotes; Timely preventing all the giddy turns, That might have happen'd to that sickly state; Confirm'd the crazy constitution Of their weak, wavering minds; and now we have Scatter'd, dispers'd the faction, and the cause, Quite routed him, and his malignity.

Pac. So that the people all stand sound for us. But do not trust 'em with themselves too long: They will relapse into their natural fears, And cool, without your fire to keep them warm.

Vir. These you'll take care of: I have other parties To head, and bring up on occasion. [Exit.]

[*The Citizens come forward, one having drawn a lot.*]

1 *Cit.* So, so, without favour, or affection, now open it.—

Pac. Who have you drawn?

2 *Cit.* *Rutilius Lupus*.

[*Reading the name.*]

Pac. *Rutilius Lupus* there, let him appear.

1 *Cit.* Ay, ay, let him appear, and be hang'd for his pains, I say.

3 *Cit.* Ay, so say I.

Omn. And all of us.

Enter Rutilius Lupus.

2 *Cit.* Here, here, he comes. He has always been an enemy to the people.

1 *Cit.* And now we'll quit scores with him.

Pac. Well, he is doom'd: you do expel him first The Senate—but before his punishment, You must elect a new one in his room.

Omn. Ay, ay, that's quickly done.

Pac. He may pass on, we'll talk with him anon.

1 *Cit.* Who shall we chuse, neighbours?

2 *Cit.* Let's lay our heads together, and do it to purpose once in our lives. [*R. Lupus withdraws.*]

1 *Cit.* Why, ay, who shall we chuse?

2 *Cit.* Let me see—

1 *Cit.* Some body that deserves very well of the commons.

Omn. That's to be sure.

1 *Cit.* One that is in the interest of his country; and, if possible, will continue so in spite of preferment—

2 *Cit.* That's the man, that's the man.

3 *Cit.* Who, who?

2 *Cit.* Nay, good troth, I can't tell; we han't found him yet.

1 *Cit.* He must be one, we have nothing to say against—

3 *Cit.* Ay, marry, who may that be?

1 *Cit.* One who wounot forget his benefactors, the people that rais'd him.

2 *Cit.* A very good quality, indeed; now name the man that owns it, and I give my voice.

1 *Cit.* Nay, I name no body.

3 *Cit.* Name no body! what! we must name some body: come, I'll name one—*Cecilius Nepos*—

Omn. *Cecilius Nepos*! there's a man indeed!

3 *Cit.* What do you think of him?

Omn. We don't think of him.

2 Cit. Stay, stay, the Senators are call'd Fathers, you know——

1 Cit. What then ?

2 Cit. Why, in that sense he may be qualify'd ; and thou dost honestly to set him up ; for he is naturally thy Senator, being the father of thy family.

1 Cit. No, no, we'll father our children without him, if we can, with our wives leave ; we'll none of him. Set up another.

4 Cit. Titus Volcatius.

Omn. That's worse and worse.

1 Cit. What shall we do with him ?

2 Cit. He knows nothing of the matter.

1 Cit. When he shows any management in his private affairs, we may begin to think of him for the public : in the mean time, let him play the fool at his own expence, and in private ; as he uses to do.

4 Cit. Mamellius, then.

1 Cit. Mamellius ! who is he ?

2 Cit. He is one, that was squeez'd out of the necessities of the government ; that has made a hard shift to get a mighty estate, by the common calamities ; a plaguy rich fellow.

1 Cit. Rich ! as a dunghil may be, by a congregation of filth and villainy.

2 Cit. Wou'd he were to be so well bestow'd ; carry'd out by a common consent, for he's a nuisance as he is, and spread abroad for the enriching the public.

1 Cit. O, ho, I know him ; a viper, that has eaten thro' the bowels of his country, in hopes of coming to the head on't : but I hope he will return as he came, and go out at the tail.

2 Cit. Well, *Furius Philus.*

1 Cit. He's too proud for us.

2 Cit. Marcus Mutius.

1 Cit. Let him pay his debts.

3 Cit. He pays no body, as 'tis.

1 Cit. And you would give him a privilege to ruin his neighbours.

Pac. Well, are you agreed?

1 Cit. Agreed, my Lord, there's nothing to agree upon: when we come to particulars, 'tis only to find fault: men are but men; and, new or old, the Senate's the same.

Pac. Why do you dissolve this then?

2 Cit. We don't dissolve it.

Omn. No, no, we don't dissolve it.

1 Cit. And for this reason, neighbours, to carry home to your wives, to stop their mouths withal; because the evils that we are best acquainted with, are always the easiest to be borne.

2 Cit. Marry I think so too.

Omn. And all of us.

2 Cit. Therefore, I am for setting the Senators at liberty.

Omn. Ay, ay, set them at liberty.

2 Cit. Provided they join with us in this business.

1 Cit. Heartily, and speedily, or we shall visit 'em again. And so you may tell 'em, my Lord. [*Ex. shouting.*]

Pac. I wonnot fail.

Enter Senators.

1 Sen. Pacuvius! O! what honours are thy due!
Statues and temples, thou deliverer!

2 Sen. We cannot speak our humble thanks too low,
In the deep sense of our acknowledgments.

3 Sen. Thou hast sav'd our lives, dispose of them and us——

4 Sen. Our fortunes, friends, and dearest interests.

1 Sen. Command in all, for we owe all to thee.

Pac. I have been the happy instrument, indeed,
To serve the Senate——

2 Sen. Nay, to save the State.

Pac. And I am nobly pay'd in the good work.

1 Sen. The people tho' won't be so satisfy'd.

Pac. No, they are obstinate upon their terms;
You must comply with 'em.

2 Sen. We are agreed in every article for *Hannibal*.

3 *Sen.* And wou'd declare our selves, did not our friends——

Pac. Under the *Roman* arms in *Sicily*——

3 *Sen.* As hostages for our fidelity,
With-hold us, till we can provide for them.

Pac. That fear was urg'd before ; but you shall have
It fully answer'd by our deputies :
I see they are return'd.

Enter Deputies.

Omn. O! welcome, welcome !

2 *Sen.* What have you done for us with *Hannibal* ?

Dep. We bring most advantageous terms of peace.
These the conditions, the last of which [*Offering a Paper.*
Removes the present fear, and does provide
Expressly for our friends in *Cicily*.

3 *Sen.* Let that be read.

Pac. Nay, read 'em not in parts.

Dep. He offers you three hundred *Roman* knights,
Which you shall chuse out of his prisoners,
To give the *Romans*, in a fair exchange,
For our *Campanian* youth in arms with them.

1 *Sen.* He has hit upon the sole expedient,
To ensure the lives and safety of our friends.

Pac. He offers more than we cou'd ask of him.

Dep. You'll find him in all points as generous.

Pac. Now are you satisfy'd ?

3 *Sen.* We ask no more.

Dep. In the just confidence of proffer'd love,
He comes himself, the hostage of his faith,
'To *Capua*.

Blo. So my advices say, but mention not the time.

Dep. He comes this day ; he's on his march already.

1 *Sen.* Let us prepare for his reception.

Pac. Summon the people to the *Forum* then,
And let the articles be read to 'em :
So hand in hand we shall proceed in love,
And act unenvy'd for our country's good.

[*Going.*

The FATE of CAPUA.

21

Enter Decius Magius.

Mag. *Pacupius!* you have done most worthily,
Saving the Senate: wou'd you wou'd employ
Your interest with the people always so.
The wretched *Romans* wanted such a friend:
I had no pow'r; but death has set 'em free.

1 Sen. Dead! are they dead!

[*The Senators go out one after another, and leave him alone.*]

Mag. All perisht in the baths.
And they are left behind, to blush in blood
For this day's treason, who encourag'd it:
It must be answer'd for to Gods and men,
And *Capua* rue it in her sons unborn;
An impious city of devoted crimes!
The vengeance will fall heavy, and, I fear,
Fall wide enough, ev'n to involve us all.

1 Sen. Alas! we are not guilty of their death. [*Goes out.*]

2 Sen. But mourn alike with you the people's rage.

[*Goes out.*]

3 Sen. What could we do?

[*Goes out.*]

Mag. What are you doing now?
Where are you going? Do you leave me too?
But you indeed have left me long ago.
Your steps have err'd long from the track of truth,
And are not worth an honest man's pursuit;
But I will follow. If I can't prevent,
I may protest against their practices;
That's in my pow'r: that will exempt me from
The general guilt, and justify my fame:
Let me secure my innocence, and then
Death to an old man cannot come too soon.

[*Exit.*]

The FATE of CAPUA.

SCENE *Virginus's House.**Favonia at work with her Women.*A SONG (written by *Anthony Henly, Esq.*)*WHAT's Beauty? bright Favonia, tell.**The mistress of it knows it well.**'Tis not colour, 'tis not feature,**Easy fashion, nor good-nature :**Good teeth, and hair, a smiling grace,**Can't give perfection to a face :**Not yielding lips, or winking eyes ;**But she is handsome who denies.*A SONG (written by *Colonel Codrington.*)*WHAT Beauty is, let Strephon tell,**Who oft has try'd it, knows it well.**Not all the wonders of a face,**Where nature triumphs in each grace,**Not snowy breasts, thro' which is seen**The purple flood that boils within,**Not lips, when wit with ease beguiles,**Whilst playfom Cupids dance in smiles,**Not youth, not shape, not air, not eyes ;**She only charms me who complies.**Virginus enters to 'em.**Vir.* Among your women in your hufwifry!*Fie, 'tis a profanation of the day,**Sacred, and set apart from common use,**And dedicated to the public joy.**Fav.* The public joy, my Lord !*Vir.* The general joy ;*In which I have secur'd a part for thee,**A liberal share for my Favonia.**Fav.* May I secure my private peace at home ;*And for the public, let the joy, and grief,**Fall to their different fates, who rise and fall.*

The

The state does not concern a woman's care ;
Yet, Sir, I thank you for remembering me.

Vir. Dost thou ! Well, there's something ev'n in that ;
There is a kind of gratitude in thanks,
Tho' it be barren, and bring forth but words.

Fav. I do not understand——

Vir. Thou dost not ; true :
And that's the very root of my complaint,
That any thing relating to my love
Should still be strange, not understood by thee.

Fav. My Lord——

Vir. O ! thou art cold in my reception,
Thou can'st not think thy self, but thou art cold.
I would have met my welcome in thy arms,
My eager welcome in thy longing arms,
That should have crush'd me inward to thy heart,
Into thy heart, if it were possible,
Throbbing and beating with the pulse of love :
That, that had been a welcome fit for me,
And a just recompence of all my pains.

Fav. Indeed, my Lord, I owe you every thing,
In recompence of what you have done for me :
But for your welcome, that you bring along
With you ; 'tis yours, as you are master here :
And if I have not serv'd it up to you,
As does become the duty of my place,
With that frank chearfulness to give content,
Let me not answer for my nature's faults.

Vir. Nay, now thou art too serious.

Fav. I am unhappy in the want of all
Those necessary, natural arts to please.

Vir. Thou art above the little reach of arts,
And can'st want nothing, but the will, to please.

Fav. What is there that I can invite you to,
That you do not dispose of ?

Vir. Nothing, nothing :
Thou art all mine ; and let me tell my heart,
That hourly grows more covetous of thy love,
And therefore busie to torment it self,
Its fears are vain, and thou art wholly mine.

Fav. I own your title, and you are the Lord
Of every thing that does belong to me.

Vir. Why, what would I have more? there's nothing
more.

I do confess that I am happier
Than I deserve to be; much happier:
I commit many faults, but none to thee.
O! could thy gentleness of soul infuse
Its spirit into my breast, to temper mine;
How should I then be blest! but who can tell?
Perhaps 'tis better order'd as it is.
Indifference would never suit my fate.
My passions are unruly, and sometimes
Break loose on my best friends; but then you should
Consider 'em as the effects of love:
As the effects! nay, they are love it self;
For love it self is all the passions,
At least to me; whether it be desire,
Or hope, or fear, or anger, or revenge,
In all its different motions, still 'tis love.
Love, love! the great incendiary here!
His torch sets all this little world on fire;
And let it burn, to purify my flame;
For life and love shall both burn out together.

Servant enters to him.

Serv. Sir, you are staid for.

Vir. So, so; well, I come.

I have forgot my self, my business too,
With looking on thee. Can't thou tell me, Love,
What 'twas I came about?

Fav. Business, you say.

Vir. I fancy'd I had mighty business here;
But now I find 'twas but a fond pretence
To come and visit thee.

Fav. You're always kind.

Vir. The hurry and the struggle of the day;
You were inform'd in by my messengers.

Fav. They hourly brought me the particulars.
And there are some things done, which I could wish—

Vir. Things which I thought I could not have allow'd:
And, but to raise thy fortune, never would——

Fav. Pray heav'n they do not overturn it quite.

Vir. But they must pass with others in the crowd.
There will be mischief in confusion:
I had forgot: Thou art a stranger still
To the sad news: Thy rival is no more.

Fav. My rival!

Vir. Yes, thy rival in my heart:
You had it all between you, wife and friend:
Junius, that friend, is dead.

Fav. Dead! is he dead?

Vir. He fell at *Cannæ*: Had he been alive,
And still a *Roman* in his interest;
I never could have been a foe to *Rome*.
I have an hour of grief to dedicate——
But this is not the time. I'm call'd upon.

Hannibal comes, the glorious *Hannibal*.

His entry will be most magnificent,
And will reward your curiosity.

I will provide you place, and send for you. [Exit.

Favonia alone.

Fav. What? what is there that I can want on earth,
To fill the measure of my happiness?
Why am I not contented with my lot?
So kind a husband falls not to the fate
Of every wife: all that he says, and does,
All his designs are working still for me:
And yet I cannot thank him, as I ought.
Not but I ever had a dutious sense——
But that is not the payment of the heart.
He asks my love, and not my gratitude,
And why is that deny'd? O! *Junius*!
But thou art dead, and I may name thee now.
I made it criminal to pronounce his name,
Avoiding every way all news of him,
Endeavouring to forget him, if I could.
But Oh! the torment, and the rack of soul!
To keep our thoughts for ever on the bent

Upon themselves, still labouring to forget,
 What, by the labour, we remember more.
 Why didst thou come between him and my heart?
 Why rather did my husband place thee there,
 By bringing thee into the family?
 I saw no danger, till it was too late.
 But what have I not done, and suffer'd too,
 To drive thee thence, to make *Virginus* room?
 I have maintain'd an everlasting war
 Within this breast, still fighting on his side:
 Have summon'd all my succours to my aid;
 My native powers, and the confederate force
 Of reason, duty, virtue; nay, brought down
 'The woman's last reserve of all, my fame:
 Weak aids, alas! against the tyrant Love.
 But he's depos'd, and Death has set me free:
 A greater tyrant gives me liberty.

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Forum.*

Enter Decius Magius with Perolla, and two or three of his Clients among the Citizens.

Mag. **A** Garrison in *Capua*! O! prevent,
 Resist their entrance, block their passage up.
 Remember *Pyrrhus*, and the *Tarentines*;
 His insolent rule, and their subjected state.

Per. They are already enter'd.

Mag. Let 'em not possess themselves;
 Expel 'em, drive 'em out:
 Or if, by a brave memorable blow,
 You would redeem your baseness to your friends,
 Cut 'em in pieces, and compound with *Rome*.

Per. They are not of your party. They fall off.

[Citizens sneak off.]

Mag. Old Honesty is us'd to stand alone.

Per. Here comes my father.

Mag. Good young man, retire :

I may say something that you would not hear.

Pacuvius with the Senators in their Robes, crossing the Stage.

Pac. Widen our gates ; let our encircling walls
Sink in the earth, that nothing may appear,
Ev'n in a seeming opposition,
To stand against the conquering *Hannibal* :
The conqueror of *Rome*, but *Capua's* friend.

1 Sen. We need no ramparts now, no Bulwarks, walls,
We're strongly fortify'd in *Hannibal*.

Mag. What are the forces that he brings along ?
Not only *Africans*, but nations drawn
From the extreamest limits of the earth ;
Hercules's Pillars, and the ocean's bounds :
Who have no knowledge of humanity ;
And but in human speech differ from beasts ;
Brutal and bloody : but their leader has
Advanc'd their natural barbarity ;
Erecting monstrous bridges of the dead,
On human bodies urging his proud way——

2 Sen. Nay, *Decius Magius*.

Mag. And, as an absolute master of the war,
Defying famine in his horrid camp,
Has taught 'em to devour the flesh of men.

1 Sen. Now, *Magius*, you grow dangerous indeed.

Mag. Are these to be our friends ? these our allies ?
Who that is but a son of *Italy*,
Can see, and suffer such detested slaves,
Whom, but to touch is a pollution ;
Such obscene villains to become our Lords ?
What ! shall we turn a province to their power !
Who would depend on *Afric* for her smiles,
That looks upon the fair-fac'd *Italy* ?
Can you consent, that she should fall at last ;
A sober matron, and unsullied yet,

With all her graces, to the swarthy spoil
Of hot *Numidians*, and lust-burnt *Moors*?

Pac. We'll hear no more. *Perolla*, if thou art
A son of mine, leave him, and follow me.
Forward, my Lords.

Mag. I have done with *Hannibal*.
And now, *Pacuvius*, a word to thee.

Per. I know my duty here, and will withdraw
From what I fear, a father's infamy.

[Exit.

Pac. This you must answer.

Mag. To the gods, and men,
I'll answer it; would thou could'st do as much,
For what thou'st done.

Pac. I've serv'd the common-wealth——

Mag. Thou hast serv'd thyself.

Pac. And 'tis thy envy rails.

Mag. O! that there was no juster cause to speak!
But sure there's not so reprobate a wretch,
To envy thee the ruin of thy country.

Pac. The ruin of thy peevishness and pride.

Mag. That fame unenvy'd shall be wholly thine.
Thou can'st not, as a free-born citizen,
But understand, that true prosperity
Lives in a common share of liberty:
Not in the plunder of our neighbours rights.

Pac. Who has invaded 'em?

Mag. Thou wouldst be first:
And would thou hadst been so, in dignity
Of honest deeds: But that was not enough.

Pac. I find I am arraign'd: What was there more?

Mag. Thou hast long practis'd on the government;
Pois'ning its wholesome constitution,
By lawless, bold experiments of power: 7.
And now they are broke out in tyranny,
To infect the health and life of liberty.

Pac. Because I have appear'd the people's friend.

Mag. Thou did'st betray the people to themselves,
By taking off their safe restraining laws;
And then the senate to the people's rage:
That by the credit of redeeming both,

Thou

Thou might'st betray us all to *Hannibal*.

Pac. 'Tis very well ; go on ; let him go on.

Mag. What is the puny part that thou must act
In this poor farce of thy ambition ?
What will it end in ? O ! thou wouldst be fear'd,
Rather than lov'd ; thou shalt be hated too ;
And then what comes of thee ? Who can be happy
On such conditions of an anxious life ;
That ev'n his murd'rer shall not only 'scape
Unpunisht, but shall be rewarded too ?
All good men will combine against thy life :
'Tho' this may want design to lay the plot ;
A second, courage to attempt the deed ;
Another want an opportunity ;
All will consent, and wish to have it done.
It is enough for gallant minds to know
How honourable in the enterprize,
How grateful in the general benefit,
How glorious in the renown and fame,
It is to kill a tyrant. *Hannibal*,
Immur'd in walls of steel, cannot be safe.

Pac. O ! he'll take care to save himself from you.

Mag. Where then can'st thou from justice hide thy head ?

Pac. The laws are living still, to punish such
Licentious tongues.

Mag. By death, or banishment ?

Say which, thou tyrant ; which do'st thou pronounce ?

Death drives us from the fellowship of mankind :

But banishment from only such as thee.

Before I take my journey, I prefer

These two petitions to the immortal gods :

The first, That I may leave my country free :

The next, *Pacuvius*, thou wilt join me in ;

And we will bind all our posterity

In the strong charm, as guilty of this vow ;

That all that does belong to thee and me,

Our children, kindred, family, and name,

May flourish or decay, may rise or rot,

Be blest or curst, as thou and I deserve

From *Capua*, and from the commonwealth.

Pac. Thou hast curst thyself, and so expect thy fate.

[*Pacuvius goes out with the senators.*]

Magius remains only with his clients: Perolla returns to him.

Mag. When I was young, I fought for *Capua*,
And wonnot now desert her, being old:
But all my bravery is in my tongue,
I can but talk, and that unminded now.

Per. I fear you'll find you've done and said too much.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Stand, *Decius Magius* ——

Mag. Well, I am the man.

Officer. I come from *Hannibal*, to summon you
To appear before him.

Mag. Tell your *Hannibal*
His *Punick* language is not current here:
We do not understand his summoning:
He has no right upon a *Capuan*:
I am free-born, and therefore wonnot come.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Per. O Sir, you are undone.

Mag. I think not so.

Cli. The snares are set, you cannot 'scape 'em now.

Per. You are encompass'd round with enemies.

Mag. Better encompass'd round with enemies,
Than live to be forsaken of our friends.

Distress is virtue's opportunity;

We only live, to teach us how to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Favonia.

Fav. What is this pomp of *Hannibal* to me?
I cannot lose my self ev'n in the crowd;
His coming would be welcome, could it guard
All other images from entering here.
While I am gazing on the triumph, one,
Meaning no harm, cries, This is the reward
Of *Cannæ's* field: I start, and take the hint,
Pursuing it quite through that scene of blood,
Till it presents at last my *Junius* slain:

My

The FATE of CAPUA.

31

My *Junius*, O! the guilt of that surprize!
Why must I harbour in my bosom thoughts
Thus to surprize me to my sin and shamē?
I shall betray my self in company,
Therefore most fit for me to stay at home.
O! let the steps of youth be cautious,
How they advance into a dangerous world;
Our duty only can conduct us safe:
Our passions are seducers: But of all,
The strongest love: He first approaches us,
In childish play, wantoning in our walks:
If heedlessly we wander after him,
As he will pick out all the dancing way,
We're lost, and hardly to return again;
We should take warning, he is painted blind,
To show us, if we fondly follow him,
The precipices we may fall into.
Therefore let virtue take him by the hand,
Directed so, he leads to certain joy.

[*Exit.*

Enter Citizens.

3 *Cit.* Is there no more to be seen? Is the shew over
already? Is this all?

1 *Cit.* All, why, what did you expect?

3 *Cit.* Expect, marry, I expected——

2 *Cit.* You saw *Hannibal*, did you not?

3 *Cit.* Yes, yes, I saw *Hannibal*: But, what? I
thought he had been half as big as one of his elephants:
Your heroes, I find, are little more than other men,
when you come near to examine 'em.

1 *Cit.* But did you mind his looks?

2 *Cit.* How terrible he lookt with that one eye!

3 *Cit.* Very terrible indeed.

1 *Cit.* I stood by him a good while, and heard all that
he said to the senate when they meet him.

2 *Cit.* And what, what did he say?

1 *Cit.* Why, he began very civilly, that's the truth
on't, and thank't us for preferring his friendship before
our alliance with the *Romans*.

2 *Cit.* And what more?

1 *Cit.* Why, he assur'd us, that *Capua* should, in a little time, be the capital city of *Italy*.

3 *Cit.* Ay, marry sirs.

1 *Cit.* And that the *Romans* themselves, as well as other people, should do homage to us, and fall under our government.

2 *Cit.* Nay, *Pacuvius* told us as much ; that when the war was at an end, and *Hannibal* the conqueror, he wou'd carry back his forces into *Africk*, and leave us the empire of *Italy*. We shall all be great men.

1 *Cit.* But I did not so well like the end of his speech.

2 *Cit.* How so ?

1 *Cit.* 'Twas all against *Decius Magius* : And truly he came to plain speaking at last, and told 'em roundly, he expected they should deliver him into his power.

2 *Cit.* And what said the senators ?

1 *Cit.* Why truly, not much to the purpose at that time. Some said *Magius* did not deserve to be so us'd neither ; others, that such a beginning would have an ill end ; but they agreed at last to deny nothing to *Hannibal*, and so gave the old man up to his mercy.

2 *Cit.* See where he comes.

3 *Cit.* O what a sight is here ?

1 *Cit.* A rope about his neck, and bound in chains.

2 *Cit.* A *Carthaginian* guard upon him too.

Enter an Officer with a Guard of Carthaginians before and behind Magius, chain'd with a Rope about his Neck, and led along by a Licor.

Off. Have your eyes every way upon the crowd ;
If any man but seems to pity him, [To the guards.
Secure him as an enemy to the state.

Mag. You see, my countrymen, the liberty
You have brought home at last for you, and yours.
Here, in the *Forum*, in the barefac'd sun,
You see a citizen of *Capua*,
Second to none in name and dignity,
Torn from his friends, and forc'd in chains to death.
Go meet your *Hannibal*, crowd all your streets ;
Dress up your houses, and your images,

And

And put on all the city's finery,
To consecrate this day a festival
Of barbarous triumph over you and me.

Off. I'll spoil your speech-making; drag him along.

[*Exeunt, the Lictor dragging Magius off the Stage.*]

1 *Cit.* O! piteous spectacle.

3 *Cit.* Piteous indeed.

1 *Cit.* This is the setting out of Slavery.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis well if it goes no farther: Not allow us to
pity our fellow-citizens?

3 *Cit.* Ay, did you mark that?

2 *Cit.* They begin to shew themselves already.

1 *Cit.* In colours I don't like: We may repent too
late what we have done.

Enter more Citizens to 'em.

4 *Cit.* O you have lost the best of the shew, the fight
of the prisoners, and the bushel of gold rings.

1 *Cit.* What! there were so many *Roman* knights
kill'd, and taken at *Cannæ*, that their several rings, in
a heap together, fill'd a bushel.

4 *Cit.* So they say, indeed.

1 *Cit.* Why, then their bushel lies out of all measure,
in my opinion.

4 *Cit.* The three hundred knights that were deliver'd
to us, would have been worth your seeing; gallant fellows
indeed, and wounded most of 'em.

2 *Cit.* Some body said, That *Junius* was found among
the prisoners.

2 *Cit.* Yes, yes, *Junius*, our countryman was among
'em; he was said to be kill'd at *Cannæ*, but he's alive
again, and in a way to do very well.

1 *Cit.* He's a prisoner, you say.

4 *Cit.* No, his old friend *Virginus*, upon the merit of
his violence, and the credit of his father *Pacuvius*, has
made an interest with *Hannibal*, and, they say, has got
him his liberty.

2 *Cit.* All in good time: But *Decius Magius*,
Let's follow all to know what comes of him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Virginius and Junius with an Officer and Guard.

Vir. O *Junius*! how art thou restor'd to life!
And I by miracle to happiness!
For tho' the bounteous Gods have blest my fate
With all the good things, else, of this great world;
Yet wanting thee, wanting my other self,
I could not be entire to my content,
Not absolute, nor perfect in my joy.
But they have brought thee back to me again,
And through such 'mazing paths of Providence,
We cannot trace, and only can admire.
Thus thy good fortune rises from the bad.
Hadst thou not been at *Cannæ*, taken there;
Had we not leagu'd our state with *Hannibal*;
Thou hadst not been among the prisoners,
The *Roman* knights, to be deliver'd here:
Thou hadst not seen thy country, city, friends;
Nor should I had the interest and power
With *Hannibal*, to gain thy liberty.

Jun. I wonnot be oblig'd for any thing
I do not understand a benefit.
I'm pris'ner of an honourable war;
And do despise my freedom, but on terms
As brave and honest, as I parted with it:
Such terms I must despair of finding here.

Vir. We do invite you to an equal share
Of all th' advantages of government,
Of place, and power, with us in *Capua*.

Jun. Therefore I do refuse my liberty.

Vir. You wonnot sure refuse it from a friend.

Jun. I have no friend, nor I pretend to none.

Vir. You have been mine, and you have thought me
yours.

Jun. That was in our young days; when every thing
Was swallow'd, and went credulously down.
Our pleasures hurrying on in the same course,
When we pursu'd 'em with the same desires,
With the same stretch, and eagerness of youth:
Our manners too in every thing ally'd;

Then

Then we were friends for our convenience.
But when the business of the world comes on,
Jostling between ambitious interests,
'Tis then, in the great voyage of our life,
As if our vessels struck upon a rock,
Each shifts a several way to 'scape the wreck,
And sink or swim, my friend; nay, plunge him down,
So by his ruin I get safe to shore.

Vir. It never can be so between us two.
I have no ambition, have no interest,
That friendship can suspect, or split upon.
Friendship is riches, power, all, to me.
Friendship's another element of life:
Water and fire not of more general use,
To the support and comfort of the world;
Than friendship to the being of my joy.
I would do every thing to serve a friend.

Jun. And I would serve a friend in honest things:
I do pretend no farther. You, and I,
You see, have very different sentiments;
Therefore unlikely to continue friends.
If from our former brotherhood of love,
You do suspect I may have any claim,
Against her interest, that should have it all,
Here I renounce it, I resign it here.
And now let's heartily shake hands, and part;
To your high fortune, You; I to my fate.

Vir. My fortune and your fate shall be but one.

Jun. They are impossible to reconcile:
You happy, I am born to be a wretch:
You free, and I condemn'd to be a slave.
O! had I fal'n with honour in the field,
How many miseries had ended there!
Death had secur'd me then from being led
In triumph here, over my country's shame.
I hate your *Hannibal*, I hate your cause:
And now can only be a friend to *Rome*.
And if I ever come at liberty,
It shall be but to strike against you all.

Off. You hear him, he is not to be reclaim'd.

Vir. This is the present sense of suffering ;
The grief of unheal'd wounds : All will be well.

Off. You cannot trust him with his liberty.

Vir. With my own life I will.

Jun. Have you resolv'd
About the trifle of disposing me ?

Vir. My house your prison, I must be your guard.

Jun. With your own hands you set it then on fire.

Off. He has warn'd you, and the consequence be yours.

[*Exeunt, Junius following Virginus.*]

SCENE *Virginus's House.*

Enter Favonia, a woman following.

Fav. I'll hear no more: When next thou speak'st to me,
Let blood, and death, and ruin be the theme.
Talk of the massacres of families,
Plunder of cities, and whole countries waste.
A private mischief is not worth the news.
Tell me that all the dire calamities
Of raging war, chain'd up in discipline,
Are now broke loose, trooping in horrid march,
To fright the world, the brood of *Cerberus*,
And worry all, like the black-guard of Hell.
That lust and rapine do divide the spoil :
That giant murder does bestride our streets,
Stalking in state, and wading deep in blood.
My father butcher'd, weltring in his gore :
A dagger in the throat of my dear child :
And thou shalt be as welcome then as now. [*Exit woman.*]
That *Capua* is in universal blaze ;
All, all the winds of heav'n driving this way,
And nothing but my tears to quench the flame.
—— *Junius* alive ! ev'n that would give me death.
In *Capua* too ! that brings it nearer still.
In the same house ! that stabs the dagger home ;
It hurries me to execution,
And execution too upon the rack :
Let me be out of pain before he comes.
What corner shall I find to hide this head in ?

Where

Where is that dungeon-darkness that can blind
The eye of jealousy? My husband comes
To draw me to the hateful light again,
To drag me to the trial of my truth.
What can I plead? O guilty, guilty wretch!
There is no courage, but in innocence;
No constancy, but in an honest cause.
Thy conscience is a thousand witnesses:
And *Junius*, the chief accessory, he
Stands out against thee, and confesses all.
I'll hear no more: Pronounce my sentence quick,
Let it be death, to end me any way. [Exit.

Enter Virginius and Junius.

Vir. I need not tell you, you command all here,
And that you have your liberty entire.
Ha! *Junius!* why that paleness on thy face?
Thy alter'd looks speak thy condition,
Thou art not well.

Jun. Indeed I am not well.

Vir. Expence of spirits, and the loss of blood.
With needful care they will recruit again.
Rest on my arm, and led me lead you in.

SCENE changes to Favonia's Apartment.

*Favonia leaning on her Hand in a Chair. Virginius
leading Junius into the Room.*

Vir. Favonia——

Fav. Ha! who calls?

Jun. I can no more: I must end here.

[Faints at the sight of Favonia, she shrieks at sight of him.]

Fav. Ha!

Vir. Fall into these arms,

They never will refuse to bear thee up.

Favonia, call for help; he comes again;

Stay; lend your hand; soft, gently, set him down.

[In the Chair she rises out of.]

How is it now?

Jun. Confounded in my shame,

That

That my infirmity should here intrude.
Your pardon, Madam, will recover me.

Vir. Rally your routed spirits to your aid,
Rest will compose and bring 'em back again.
I cannot stay with you, but will return
To cheer, to comfort you, and to renew
The past endearments of our former friendship.
I will provide you balm for all your wounds :
My wife her self, your kind physician,
Will wait upon you, 'till I come again.

[*Exit.*

Favonia and Junius.

Jun. I'm hunted to the brink of the abyfs :
Plunge in I must, and to the bottom now.
But first upon my knees let me fall down,
Trembling, and aw'd, and fearful of your frown,
Bespeaking pardon, if I wildly should,
In questioning the Gods upon my fate,
Say any thing towards disturbing you.

Fav. O rise, I must not hear you on your knees.

Jun. I'm blest, that you will hear me any way.
But O ! the accent of my voice is chang'd :
You cannot know it now in misery.
There was a time, in the gay spring of life,
When every note was as the mounting lark's,
Merry, and cheerful, to salute the morn ;
When all the day was made of melody.
But it is past, that day is spent, and done,
And it has long been night, long night with me.
I have been happier, you have known me so.

Fav. Alas ! there is no fortune perfect here.

Jun. Indeed I find it : When I enter'd first
Into the list of this contending world,
I promis'd fair for a more prosperous course :
'The favourite of fortune, and the friend,
To perfect all, of my *Virginus* :
We liv'd the envy of our *Capuan* youth ;
The most aspiring to the glorious fame
Of friendship, only imitated us :
So blest you found us.

Fav. Would to all the Gods
I ne'er had come between you to divide,
To part such friends.

Jun. O! had we parted there :
He to the rich possession of your charms ;
I to a poorer fortune in my love ;
Yet rich enough, and happy in content,
All had been well : But he would have me home.

Fav. O! I remember his impatience.

Jun. To be a witness of his happiness.
And so I was. I heard him every day
Transported in the riot of the theme ;
Full of the ravishing discoveries
He hourly made in that blest land of love :
The ever rising springs of flowing joy ;
The hoarded mines of treasures, yet unborn :
With such a rapture of variety,
Of pleasures that were ever growing there :
It was not safe to hear, I found it so.

Fav. O curs'd effect of foolish vanity !

Jun. What was it to approach then, to behold,
And face to face examine and compare
The copied beauties with the original ?
O! they were faint, and the description cold,
Heavy and dead, to the inspiring life :
And what I thought extravagance before,
Prov'd easie to the wonders I saw there.

Fav. What will this end in ?

Jun. Can we resolve to gaze upon the sun
With steady eyes ? Soon blinded by that pride
I lost my way ; and found my self too late,
Born down the torrent of a passion,
That always ended in a sea of woe :
I plainly saw ruin attend my steps :
Therefore resolv'd to lead 'em far away,
Where they might never come to trouble you.
But O! it was with all the violence
Of pangs, in death, that I at last resolv'd
And yielded to that only remedy :
A remedy worse than the worst of deaths,

To

To fly the place, where I must die for love,
Or live a traitor to my friend and fame.

Fav. What have you said ?

Jun. If I have said too much,
Believe, I rather had in silence dy'd,
Than to have spoke at all : This was the fate
I labour'd to avoid. But who can shun
His destiny ? It follows every where :
Capua, or *Rome*, or *Cannæ*, still the same.
I would have welcom'd it, that fatal day ;
But there it lost me in the crowd of death.
This was the place of execution :
And it has caught and seiz'd, and bound me here :
I'm on the rack : What I discover now,
Is only the expression of my pain,
Wrung from my heart, long overcharg'd, and full,
Which else should burst with its convulsive throws,
Rather than ease its labour by a groan,
A trembling sigh, that might offend your ear.

Fav. O *Junius* ! whither are you going ? hold.

Jun. A little farther, and I shall arrive
At my long home, the goal of my despair.
To ask your pardon, would repeat my fault :
To ask your pity, were to draw you in,
By steps of mercy, to a tenderness,
Criminal, and guilty, to reprieve a wretch,
Who, for the common peace, and yours, must die.
There is no ward against such blows as these ;
They stagger me, and I at last must fall.
Since I am doom'd to be a sacrifice
Of fatal friendship, and of hopeless love,
Here let me fall, I would be offer'd here ;
Allow me dying to confess my love
In my last sigh, and at your feet expire.

*[Falls at her feet ; she breaks his fall, and kneels
by him to recover him.]*

Fav. 'Tis I am bound, and torn upon the rack !
I cannot bear it, *Junius*, *Junius* :
Look up, and live, and I'll confess enough
For you, and for my self, all that I know,

All that I ever heard of wretchedness;
What you have undergone, what I have felt;
What I now feel from this tormenting love.
Where am I going? Help there—O he comes
Again to life—fly, fly to my relief.

Enter women, run to assist Junius, and lead him off.

Use all your arts, his weakness to restore;
My cure must be, never to see him more.

[Exit at another door.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Garden.

Enter Pacuvius and Perolla.

Pac. I'VE watch'd thee with a careful parent's eye,
Follow'd through all the motions of thy soul,
And cannot find it, therefore have withdrawn,
To give thee place, and opportunity.

Per. And therefore have I follow'd you, my Lord,
To tell you what it is I labour with.

Pac. 'Tis mighty sure, when the great *Hannibal*
Not only has forgiv'n, but honour'd thee,
At his high table, bidding thee his guest,
That can disgrace his invitation,
Poison his feast, and in a general mirth,
Make sad the brow of youth with discontent.

Per. 'Tis a design to raise my country's fame.

Pac. Thy country's fame!

Per. You see this dagger here,
A little instrument for so great a work,
But well employ'd, and gallantly struck home—

Pac. Struck home!

Per. Into the heart of *Hannibal*,
Wou'd yet atone our infamous revolt.

Pac. O *Jupiter* ! thou great deliverer !

Per. I have resolv'd to make our peace with *Rome*,
And seal it with this *Carthaginian's* blood.
'Tis fit that you should know what I intend :
If you approve the deed, then see it done ;
If not, take this occasion, and retire.

Pac. By all the bonds of duty, and of love,
That tye a son and father's hearts in one,
I beg, implore, conjure thee to desist :
Let me arrest thee in this horrid course,
That leads through all the steps of infamy,
Into the gulf of sure perdition.

Per. I think not so.

Pac. But now, before the altars of the Gods,
We interchang'd our souls, and plighted faith,
With right hands join'd, in solemn, holy league
Of sacred trust ; and was there nothing meant
By these good rites of hospitality,
More than, when he had feasted, drank, and laught ;
To get a nearer opportunity
To perpetrate the foulest act of shame,
And stab our entertainer ?

Per. How, my Lord !

Our entertainer ? You compell'd me here.

Pac. Your benefactor ; he has sav'd your life.

Per. So is the robber, that but takes my goods :
And shall I thank him for not doing more ?

Pac. If there is nothing sacred ; if you think
Religion, faith, and piety, restraints
But for the weak, then let loose all the reins.
Yet when you undertake a villainy
Act like a man, not rashly throw away
Honour and life in the mad enterprize.

Per. My life I have devoted to my cause,
And honour must attend it when it goes.

Pac. What ! would you singly strike at *Hannibal* ?
Where is the circle of his officers ?
His waiting slaves, and his attending guards ?
The many eyes that only wake for him ?
The many hands always in arms for him ?

All blind and dead? are they confounded all?
Can you alone, undaunted, stand against
Those looks of terror, which arm'd legions
Have trembled at, and *Rome* could not sustain?

Per. I can surprize him in his riots here.

Pac. O, no, my son, he's not to be surpriz'd.
There is an awful guard of majesty
About his person, that denies approach:
A majesty of glorious actions,
Of famous wars, and bloody battles gain'd,
That are his sword and buckler every where.
They charge around him, like *Numidian* spears,
To terrify and keep off all surprize.

Trebie, and *Thrasimene*, and *Cannæ*, all
Shelter him with the laurels of their fields.
The mighty ghost of great *Æmilius*,
That waits him, as his guardian genius now,
Would wish to die again, a death of shame,
To see a boy attempt his conqueror.

But grant you could surprize him, and his guards;
Yet I am there, what will you do with me?
I am his fortress, I am his defence.

Will you pursue him through a father's life?
If you will stab him, stab him then through me.
My breast oppos'd, first you must reach my heart,
Before your dagger can arrive at him.

Per. O, Sir, your words have struck a dagger here.

Pac. Is then the thirst of thy revenge so hot,
Not to be slackt, but with a father's blood?

Per. I'll pour out mine to quench your kindled rage.

Pac. Let me deter thee here, rather than go
To throw away thyself, and ruin me.
O let my prayers prosper, and prevail
With thee, as for thee they prevail'd to day.

Per. I must deny you nothing; but you have
Undone yourself, your country, and your son.
You have commanded me, and I will pay
That piety to you my country claims.
O my dear country! this was my last hope,
To have restor'd thee to thyself and *Rome*.

I had

I had prepar'd this dagger in thy cause :
 But since my father wrests it from my hands ;
 I can no more, but with my grief retire,
 And in the crowd expect the common fate.

[Exit.

Enter Virginius to Pacuvius.

Vir. You have withdrawn yourself in a bad time.
 We wanted you within ; the public has
 Put on a different face from what it had :
 But smile or frown, we cannot mend it now.

Pac. Pray, what's the matter ?

Vir. Why, the question rose
 Upon the taking in the *Tarentines*.

Pac. O, I was by, when their ambassadors
 Were introduc'd, and had their audience.
 Their business was welcom'd, and well receiv'd,
 But not requiring haste, soon laid aside,
 And civilly dismiss while I was there.

Vir. It was so, and the revellings went on.
 But then, from all the quarters of the town,
 We were alarm'd by clamorous complaints
 Of every kind against the soldiers.
 Women and wine we knew of right were theirs,
 But in a natural and manly use ;
 Not to break through, or over-leap the bounds
 Of government, by brutal violence.
 But when they came, without distinction,
 To seize on all, proceeding so to blood,
 To plunder, murder, and to ravishment,
 'Twas high time to complain.

Pac. High time indeed.

Vir. Some call'd on you, others petition'd me ;
 And every client to his patron ran,
 To save him, or to redress his injuries.

Pac. What follow'd then ?

Vir. *Maherbal* standing by,
 The *Carthaginian* general of the horse,
 With his blunt honesty, told *Hannibal*,
 That from the soldiers luxury, he foresaw
Capua would prove to him and his affairs,

Fatal

Fatal as ever *Cannæ* did to *Rome*.

Pac. Ha! that was home.

Vir. *Hannibal* rous'd at that,

And gave his orders for a speedy march :

But not so much, on what *Maherbal* said,

It is believ'd, as on some news from *Rome*.

Pac. We never wish'd him to continue here.

Vir. But what shou'd be the news that has so soon
Alter'd his measures ?

Pac. O, no matter what

Can come from *Rome* ; he has serv'd the present turn,

And we can serve our selves against the next :

We must be near him, while he stays with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Virinius's House.*

Enter Junius.

Jun. It was her hand that rais'd me from the grave ;

It was her mercy that repriev'd my fate :

She meant it in a kind compassion,

Tho' it had been the tenderest charity,

To let the rigor of the sentence pass

Upon my life, and put me out of pain.

I am redeem'd from the arrest of death,

To pine, and languish in a wretched life.

Is there no remedy ; want will be heard,

And answer'd too ; I could turn beggar here ;

When once it comes to the extremity

To take, or starve, there is no more a right

Of property : all things lie common then

In nature's field, from heav'n to hell is ours,

For our support, to compass any way.

What hinders then but I may be reliev'd ?

I have discharg'd my self from all the bonds

Of friendship, duty, that encumber'd me ;

And I am left at large, and free to take

All opportunities that can assist

To make me—What ? a villain : Am I free ?

Discharg'd of all my obligations ?

Why am I here, plac'd as another Lord

Over

Over this family, and not a friend ?
 Is then the trust and confidence repos'd
 In me, and my fidelity, no bond ?
 These are state morals ; but adversity
 Has ever been, an evil counsellor ;
 And always will be so : I'll hear no more.
 I have nothing left me but my honesty,
 To write my epitaph, and grace my tomb.
 Thither I'm going. O *Favonia* ! stay,
 I see you shun me, let me only take
 A parting look, I wonnot dare to speak,
 If I shou'd sigh, it is my last adieu.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *the Forum.**Enter three or four Citizens of the better Sort.*

1 *Cit.* Are these our friends ? what cou'd they have
 done worse by us, if they had been our enemies ?

2 *Cit.* If our city had been taken by storm, they could
 but have ravish'd our wives and daughters.

3 *Cit.* And put us to the sword ; you forget that, man.

2 *Cit.* No, we were reserv'd for a worse punishment,
 to stand by, and look on, as scandalous witnesses of our
 infamy and disgrace.

1 *Cit.* There's nothing free from their insolence and
 outrage.

2 *Cit.* Every place prophan'd by their rioting and
 drunkenness.

1 *Cit.* They have invaded every thing that's dear to us.

2 *Cit.* No property in any thing.

3 *Cit.* Especially the petticoat ; nay, it has been very
 bad indeed ; but 'twill mend now, they are marcht away
 to the *Tarentines* ; and *Tarentum* take 'em, I say.

1 *Cit.* *Hannibal* is march'd indeed with his army, but
 has left a garrison behind him : What does he mean by
 that ?

2 *Cit.* To protect us against the *Romans*.

1 *Cit.* The *Romans* ! why, we have been told all
 along there was no danger of them.

2 *Cit.* I wish we may find it so.

1 *Cit.* There's no believing any thing now-a-days ;
not a syllable of truth in the mouth of report, for an
honest man to walk by.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis all party, and serving a turn.

1 *Cit.* There was no news current a great while, but
the distress of the *Romans*, the misery they were brought
to, and the utter impossibility of ever appearing in arms
again ; that was all the reason we had for deserting our
old friends.

2 *Cit.* Now that turn's serv'd, and not so much care
taken to stifle the intelligence ; we hear of nothing but
their industry and virtue, the preparations and power of
the *Romans* : I am credibly informed they have a con-
sular army in the field, and in condition to try their
fortune again with *Hannibal*, if he pleases.

1 *Cit.* He may thank himself, if they should beat him
now.

2 *Cit.* If he had march'd directly to *Rome* from *Canna*,
as he was advis'd.

1 *Cit.* But he stay'd there playing the merchant, and
selling his prisoners.

2 *Cit.* Which provok'd *Maberbal* to tell him, That
he knew how to conquer, better than to use his victory.

3. *Cit.* If the *Romans* are so strong, what may become
of us then ?

2 *Cit.* Nay, we have pull'd our houses upon our
heads, and may be buried in the ruins, for ought we
know.

1 *Cit.* We have deserv'd as ill as we can of 'em.

2 *Cit.* And have nothing to pray the gods, but that
they may never have it in their power to reward us to
our deserts.

Omn. That's all we have to trust to.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pacuvius and Virginus.

Vir. Is't possible ! he cannot be so base,
Forgetful, so ungrateful to his friends.

Pac. Contain yourself, at least here in the street ;
Let us not be the first in our complaints,
Who were the forwardest——

Vir. And we are paid
Most richly for our pains.

Pac. I will come home
To you, and there we will enlarge our hearts——

Vir. In spite of all his guards, and speak bold truths:
I shall expect you with impatience. [Exit.

Pac. Bold truths! They may return upon ourselves:
For if I speak truth boldly, as it is,
I cannot be surpriz'd, that *Hannibal*
Should leave a garrison, should not trust me
With full command, which I had just before
Abus'd, betray'd, and given up to him:
To him, I mean to my ambition:
This little stand of fortune gives me time
To look about, and see what I have done;
The many violent steps that I have made
To bring me here; to my untimely fall,
It may be too. When *Thrasimene* was fought,
Being chief magistrate of *Capua*,
Had *Hannibal* marcht this way, I had design'd
The senate's slaughter, to deliver up
The city so. I was prevented then:
But now have done it——not so bloodily.
What was the *Romans* murder in our baths,
Was not that bloody, and set on by me?
I had forgot; 'tis dangerous to awake
A guilty memory. *Decius Magius* too
Stands out to accuse me——but he's still alive.
O I remember all his curses now:
May they be blown about, and lost in air;
Not shed their venom upon me and mine.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Virginus's House.*

Enter Junius.

Jun. All close and silent! as in depth of night
Wrapt up in darkness! In the inner room
I spy a winking lamp, that weakly strikes
The ambient air, scarce kindling into light:
That, feeble as it is, shall be my guide.
There I shall find her in her pomp of grief.
Dare I invade her sacred solitude?
My heart sinks in me, and my trembling knees
Knock, and forsake me, when I wou'd go on;
Warning me not to touch forbidden ground.
Forbidden! so are all good things to me.
Nothing to hope, I nothing have to fear. [Exit.

SCENE changes, and shows *Favonia asleep on a Couch in an Undress.*

Junius returns.

Jun. She consecrates the place, where-e'er she is,
With reverence: We enter temples so.
Where are the terrors, that shou'd keep me back?
Her frowns, the greatest, are disarm'd in sleep.
O may the softest down of sweet repose
Receive thee gently on the bed of peace,
And fold thee close in the kind arms of rest:
That undisturb'd, this opportunity
May now be mine, to feed my famish'd eyes.
The sickning light is envious, and grows pale,
With looking on her: 'Tis a sight indeed,
For the high mounted sun, in all his pride,
To stop, and wonder at——Let me fix here——
Stretch wide the gates of sight to take her in,
In the full triumph of her conquering charms.
My eager eyes devour her beauties up,
Insatiable, and hungring still for more.
O! the rich glutton, that enjoys this store!
Nothing to spare from superfluity,

To feed my wants——my fever burns me up,
 O! let me quench it at this healing spring.
 The spring is sacred; a divinity
 Protects the place; thrice happy, happy, he
 Who may plunge in, and bathe, and wanton there.
 But I may taste the coolness of the stream.
 And I will drink the cordial of a kiss,
 From this dear hand, reach'd out to comfort me.

[Kneels and kisses her Hand.]

She wakes!

Enter Virginius and Pacuvius at the Door.

What noise! I may retire unseen. *[Exit.]*

Vir. A man here with my wife! O! give me way.
[Breaks from Pacuvius.]

Fav. Who's there! my Lord?

Vir. Where is the villain? where? *[Runs after Janius.]*

Fav. O! where indeed? My father! on my knees
 Let me protest, and swear my innocence.
 I am betray'd, and lost.

Pac. Thou art indeed. *[Virginius returns.]*

Vir. This was contriv'd, and lay'd for his escape:
 And this apartment fitted, and prepar'd
 To be the scene of their adulterous lust.
 Where is there such another wretch on earth?
 Ruin'd, undone in every interest,
 Betray'd, and ruin'd in the dearest trust!
 But I will be the executioner
 Of my just rage, and here begin revenge——

Pac. Strike home, it is the sword of justice now.

Vir. Have you condemn'd her?

Pac. I applaud the deed. *[She opens her arms.]*

Vir. I will not kill thee in thy father's fight.

That were to act a murder upon him.

Here, take her, Sir, I give her up to you.

Your house's honour is engag'd with mine.

Do with her what is fit for you, and me.

You are her judge, condemn, or set her free. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Forum.*

Junius, *with Citizens.*

Jun. **L**ET *Capua* sink under the rods of *Rome* :
Her axes hew your branches to the stock,
The lifeless trunk, never to sprout again.
The Gods appointment always is the best,
But every way your ruin will be just.

1 *Cit.* If all our nobles are of your mind, what must
become of the city in a little time ?

Jun. It must become the injur'd *Romans* spoil,
At the best, that, and you their faithless slaves,
As you deserve, unworthy to be friends.
Now, now the day of your account draws on.
The *Roman* consuls come as ministers
Of wrath, and terror, to this guilty town,
Arm'd with the kindled justice of the gods
Against your crimes, with their avenging bolts
From heav'n, and the devouring flames of hell,
To burn, destroy, and ruin you and yours.
They have invested you with fire, and sword.
Famine, and pestilence will follow soon
In the starv'd rear, to seize, and fasten on
Those wretches, who just 'scape the stroke of war.
You have variety of misery
Before you, in this siege, to pick, and chuse
What death you please, but think not to escape.
Your *Hannibal* has left you, with the Gods,
And all good men, to sure perdition.

[*Exit.*

2 *Cit.* A sorry comforter——

1 *Cit.* Of t'other side ; no friend of ours ; no matter
what he says. He wishes it were worse, if possible.

3 *Cit.* Nay, 'tis ev'n bad enough ; and how 'twill be
better I don't know.

2 *Cit.* We're in a miserable condition, that's the truth on't, and which way to apply our selves for a remedy—

1 *Cit.* Ay, that's the way, if we cou'd hit on't.

2 *Cit.* Let's to the *Forum*, there we shall find our fellow-citizens.

1 *Cit.* We'll join with them, for something must be done. [*Exeunt.*]

Junius returns.

Jun. What is't to me, my country, *Capua*?
Who does maintain, or who deserts her cause?

Favonia is the province of my care:

And her I have deserted, basely left.

How! basely! nay, abandon'd to the rage,

It may be, of a jealous husband too.

Ah! whither am I hurry'd by my fears?

Had I foreseen but half the accidents

That threaten now, what wou'd I not have done?

I wou'd have snatch'd her from his cruel hands.

And may do still. I will declare my love,

Clear her suspected honour to the world,

Or justifie my passion by revenge. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to Pacuvius's House.

Enter Pacuvius and Servant.

Pac. Let him dispose of her, as he thinks best:

It was a task unnaturally impos'd,

And therefore willingly I lay it down.

Besides, there is a public conflict here,

Within this breast, admits not private cares.

Say, have you sent to *Vibius Virius*,

And *Marius Blefius*?

Ser. As you order'd, Sir.

Pac. And what?

Ser. They will come home to you.

Pac. 'Tis well.

Let no body disturb me, 'till they come.

They sent no news?

Ser. There's none worth sending, Sir.

Pac. Worth sending! true, 'twill come itself too soon.
But we may boldly hear what we must feel.

'Tis natural to enquire how the world goes—

Ser. Towards an end with us, 'tis to be fear'd,
And *Capua*; the expedition is
Incredible, that carries on the siege.

Pac. We often ask, in cases of despair,
When we are sure the answer cannot please.

Ser. *Hannibal* try'd to raise it, but in vain:
And now 'tis said that he is march'd to *Rome*:
That way to draw the consuls from our walls,
To save their city, and defend themselves.

Pac. Leave me, and bring in what reports you hear.

[Exit the Servant.

We cannot answer for unborn events:

The Gods have plac'd 'em in the hands of fate,

To shape, and fashion for their high decrees;

At their appointed time, to bring 'em forth,

To baffle human wit, and industry.

Else in the course of probability,

And as appearances presented things,

Rome was to fall, and *Capua* was to rise.

But fate, it seems, has otherwise ordain'd.

There is a secret power, within the scene,

That works unseen, and makes so quick a change.

I cannot stand the taunts of bad success,

And therefore wonnot meet 'em in the crowd.

I have hitherto been on the winning side.

We have another game of fortune now,

And I will lose as little as I can.

I cannot make the figure that I wou'd,

But need not make a bad one; that's in me;

If it grows worse, I know my remedy.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to the Forum.

A Crowd of Citizens.

3 *Cit.* No tidings to comfort us?

4 *Cit.* Sad times, sad times, and running on to be
worse as fast as they can drive.

2 *Cit.* Did ever people fall from such a pinnacle of prosperity, unto such a gulph of destruction, in so little a time?

3 *Cit.* Never, never.

2 *Cit.* Our sallies did something at first to hinder their works, but to no purpose now, they're beaten back upon every attempt, and dare not look the *Romans* in the face.

1 *Cit.* There's no peeping upon the walls.

3 *Cit.* The engines play so thick, they're about your ears before you're aware of 'em.

2 *Cit.* Not a spade employ'd in the trenches, but digs a *Capuan* grave.

4 *Cit.* We're in a sad condition indeed.

1 *Cit.* There's no body to command, but *Bostar*, and *Hanno*, the *Carthaginians*; and how the *Capuans* obey them, you may believe.

2 *Cit.* The garrison fights hard for us, to save themselves; but they'll pay their quarters before they leave us.

3 *Cit.* They have brought us into the crime, and won't forsake us in the punishment.

1 *Cit.* Nay, they have done all they can for us with *Hannibal*.

2 *Cit.* And for themselves, for they must pay our scores; but what was that all?

1 *Cit.* Why, they sent to him, to complain that he had abandon'd the town, and, as it were, yielded it up himself to the fury of the *Romans*; and withal beseeching him, that he wou'd come to their relief, who were not only besieg'd, but shut up in the works, and almost in the hands of the enemy. —

2 *Cit.* Upon which, he came to look upon his patients at a distance, shook his head in despair of our state, and went to *Rome* for better advice.

3 *Cit.* He sent us his reason for so doing.

2 *Cit.* But the consuls are here still, for all his reason, and the prætor too; their armies are not drawn off. As soon as *Hannibal* march'd out of *Capua*, the *Romans* came upon us, you know, as if they had hit the opportunity, they had been aiming at so long; they did not come here to be drawn away by every motion of the enemy.

4 *Cit.* No, no, they won't leave us so.

2 *Cit.* Therefore my advice is, either to try what our despair can do, in making a bold push, or take the benefit of the consuls proclamation.

3 *Cit.* What's that? What does the proclamation say?

2 *Cit.* It offers life and liberty to all those that surrender themselves in four and twenty hours.

3 *Cit.* Why, ay, why don't we lay hold on the proclamation?

4 *Cit.* At least let's stay for an answer from *Hannibal*. Some *Mauritanians* have undertaken, in the name of deserters, to get to him thro' the *Roman* camp.

2 *Cit.* And will be wise enough never to come back again. In the mean time, we stand like condemn'd men, with the halter about our necks, but no body attempts any thing for himself, or the public.

1 *Cit.* What wou'd you have us do? The chief citizens have shut themselves up in their houses, expecting their ruin, with the destruction of their country.

3 *Cit.* The nobles have deserted us, and the care of the common-wealth.

2 *Cit.* Why then, in the first place, let us go, and set *Decius Magius* at liberty.

Omn. Agreed, agreed; 'twas luckily thought upon.

3 *Cit.* He's a good man, and a lover of his country.

4 *Cit.* And a lover of the people.

1 *Cit.* Nay, he never quarrell'd with us, but for our faults, when we deserv'd it.

3 *Cit.* If we had been govern'd by him, friends——

2 *Cit.* Let us clap him up at the head of the government.

3 *Cit.* And his enemies in his place.

4 *Cit.* We can't do better.

1 *Cit.* And then we'll go about the city to summon the senate, and tell the Senators plainly what they must trust to; that unless they assemble immediately to look after the public, we'll set their houses on fire about their ears, and begin with them in the ruin of *Capua*.

2 *Cit.* We'll sacrifice them to their country, rather than give up our wives and children to the enemy.

3 *Cit.* And so we'll tell 'em plainly.

4 *Cit.* There's nothing else to be done.

1 *Cit.* If we are to be ruin'd, let it begin at our betters.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis time enough for us, when it comes to our turn. And I'll take my turn, tho' it be at the gallows.

1 *Cit.* Why, that's well said, there's something to be expected from our honest endeavours. Therefore all hands to *Decius Magius*. [Exeunt;

SCENE *Virginius's House.*

Enter Virginius with a Servant.

Vir. You know the rest, tell her that I am here.

[*Ex. servant.*

SCENE *opens, and shews Favonia on the Ground.*

Where are you? on the ground! it does become

The present posture of your fall'n estate,

Fallen from the highest pitch of happiness,

Into the lowest depth of misery.

Yet I will raise you; wou'd I cou'd restore you

To the admir'd height, in which you stood,

Of fame, and virtue; but it cannot be.

As well I may refix a new fall'n star,

In his bright orb, to light the world again.

I come to visit you.

Fav. I thank you, Sir,

Vir. I durst not trust you in a father's hand.

Fav. I have no friend.

Vir. O! that the time shou'd come,

That you shou'd ever say you have no friend,

When I am near you. Yes, you have a friend,

A friend you shou'd not have; no more of that.

I am to tell you what a friend you've lost:

And then compute your gains.

Fav. I have lost all

That ever was of value to my peace.

Vir. You have destroy'd all that was in your pow'r:

And you well knew your pow'r to ruin me.

You've thrown away a husband, and his love,

That

That follow'd you, as nature does her works,
To nurse, and raise you to perfection.
Had all the good things of this earth been mine,
And mine the pow'r to draw the spirits off,
Into a quintessence of happiness,
I had bestow'd the precious draught on you.
And in return——

Fav. O I could make you none,
To your deserts.

Vir. In barbarous return,
You have reach'd out the gall of bitterness
To dash my cup, and poison all my joys.
I cou'd have sweet'ned it with my revenge,
Which I restrain'd. I held your father's hand,
Stretch'd out to take away your guilty life.
For when I heard he had pronounc'd your death,
And sign'd the execution, tho' I knew
You had deserv'd it of my wrongs, and me,
I cou'd not hold, but flew to your relief.
And why? Is it because my nature is
Insensible, and cannot feel a wrong?
Stupid, and dead'ned to the sense of shame?
Or, that I'm noted for my easiness
In finding out excuses to forgive?
And pardon faster than they injure me?
Is that the reason that I rescu'd you?
You know me better: no, *Favonia*, no,
'Twas pity came into the place of rage.
But do not therefore think that I am fit
For my disgrace, because I pity'd you.
Justice her self condemns with a remorse,
And pities while she strikes; besides I thought,
That I, and you, who for so many years
Had liv'd, as friends, should have a time to part.

Fav. O misery! that I must nothing say
In my defence, to clear my innocence.

Vir. Hold, have a care, no more of innocence,
Or a defence; if you insist on that,
I shall break thro' the temper I propos'd,
And then I cannot say where I shall end.

Fav. Well, I have done.

Vir. Not but you have an advocate still here,
 Within this breast, and not to be remov'd,
 That in defiance of a cause so foul,
 So desperate, and so lost, will yet be heard.
 But then it does pretend but to advise,
 And warn me to be cautious what I do,
 Well to consider what I undertake,
 Pondring to weigh the heavy consequence,
 And not revenge my self upon my self,
 As that's the case, unless I am resolv'd
 Never to want what I would throw away.
 And who can know his resolution ?
 Who can be sure, that he is well enough
 Acquainted with the temper of his heart,
 To answer for its proof and constancy ?
 To know its strength sufficient to support
 So great a loss, to bear a loss, like yours ?
 The loss of all, that ever I held dear.
 A loss, to beggar me, and all my hopes.
 These were the thoughts that flew to your relief,
 And have preserv'd you for this interview.

Fav. More terrible than death it self to me.

Vir. You cannot think I come to pardon you.
 No, all that Lendeavour, or can gain
 Upon my wrongs, is to disarm my rage.
 And let it pass among the strange effects
 Of that commanding pow'r, you always had
 Upon my heart, that you are yet alive.
 But I am still contriving my revenge ;
 Still meditating how to punish you ;
 And I am in a way that pleases me :
 It satisfies my justice better too,
 Than the atonement of your spotted blood.

[Exit.]

Fav. There is no remedy, no way to save
 My innocence, but by accusing him,
 Who always has been dearer than my life.
 It must be he, that could pursue me there.
 If he has scap'd with safety, I am paid,
 Tho' 'tis a heavy loss of life and fame.

Virginius returns with a Child in his Hand.

Vir. Here is a little innocent, that comes
To mourn with you : Soon as she can speak plain,
She'll tell you, 'tis an undone mother's loss
Has brought her hither, to be nurs'd in tears.

Fav. O ! may she never know her mother's fate.

Vir. Nor the dishonour of her father ; but
Inheriting her parents infamy,
She must grow up with the disgrace, and shame.
Look on her well.

Fav. My eyes and heart are full of her.

Vir. Look on her as it were to be the last,
The last, last look that you may ever have.

Fav. This object I would wish to close my eyes.

Vir. You must remember how she has been bred,
The fondled darling of our rival loves.

Fav. Who are to strive in fondness of her now ?
Who to supply a tender mother's care ?

Vir. O ! that the reason of my love should prove,
Should ever prove the reason of my hate !
How have I hung upon the little lines
Of that dear face, with a fond-father's joy,
To find the mother there in miniature
By Nature's hand copy'd in every look !
I pray'd the gods she might resemble you,
And now abhor the likeness I desir'd——
I cannot look upon her, but she brings
Her mother's crimes into my memory——
When you are in your grave, the sight of her
Will raise you from the dead, to haunt my peace,
To plague and punish me ; take her away.
I wonnot throw her out to beggary,
But for your sake will never see her more.

Fav. O miserable woman ! must I be
The ruin of my child !

[She snatches up the child ; the women come about her
to take the child.]

Vir. Away with her.

Why am I not obey'd ? Force her away.

Fav. O let her stay but for a parting hour——

Vir. No, not a minute, not a moment's stay.

Fav. To take a farewell kiss.

Vir. You've seen your last of her.

Now she has wound herself about your heart,

Now she has hold of all the strings of life,

Now tear her thence——that you at last may feel

[Forcing the child from her, she falls on the floor.]
Some of the tortures you prepar'd for me.

Fav. The gods must give me patience to support
What they inflict ; this is a thousand deaths.

Vir. When I can entertain you at this rate,
I'll visit you again ; in the mean time
You know your lodging, I must see you in.
You'll have sufficient leisure to reflect
Upon the follies that have brought you here.
You've made yourself unworthy of the world,
And therefore never shall appear again,
But live forlorn, immur'd within these walls.
Who's there?

*A Servant enters with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Bowl
in t'other, and gives 'em to Virginius, who places 'em
on a Table by Favonia.*

I have your father's present yet to bring.

He sends a dagger, and a poison'd draught,

In your extremity to comfort you.

When you are weary of this slavery,

You have that wretched choice to set you free.

[The scene shuts upon Favonia ; he goes off.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Forum.*

Enter Pacuvius, Vibius Virius, and Marius Blofius, with the Senators in their feveral Parties.

1 Sen. **W**E are met here, and only to be made
More certain of inevitable fate:
Each moment brings us matter of despair,
And no one to propofe a remedy.

Blo. The *Mauritanians*, who were hir'd, and sent,
And, as deserters, undertook to pafs
The *Roman* camp, and get to *Hannibal*,
Discover'd by the confuls to be spies,
Fifty in number were condemn'd to be
Firft stripp'd, and fcourg'd, then with their hands cut off,
In that moft lamentable plight driv'n back
To *Capua*, to let us fee the news.

2 Sen. To let us fee what we are to expect.

3 Sen. To let us read in bloody characters
The vengeance that is laid in ftore for us.

4 Sen. The fpectacle has funk the people fo,
They dare no longer think of a defence,
And talk of nothing but furrendring now.

Pac. This accident has cut our commerce off,
All our intelligence with *Hannibal*.

We've nothing farther to expect from him.

Blo. And the gods know, but little from ourfelves.

Within.] Bear back, make way for our deliverer.
Do you not know good *Decius Magius*?

Enter Decius Magius.

1 Sen. O! *Decius Magius*! you're a welcome man
Among us, you were never wanted more.

Mag. 'Tis a bad day for *Capua*, when a weak
Old, ufelefs man comes to be wanted fo.
But any thing is welcome in diftrefs.

I'm sorry for the cause that brings me here,
Tho' it has brought me back to liberty,
From dungeon darkness to the heav'nly light.

2 *Sen.* We never were in such a wretched need!

Mag. I hear how matters go with us, all wrong.
And fear me, 'tis too late to set 'em right.
My pow'r is very poor, but yet you may
Employ it, as you please, for *Capua*,
For I am still devoted to her cause.

1 *Sen.* We cannot hope to have the town reliev'd.

2 *Sen.* Nor are we able to defend it long.

3 *Sen.* The *Roman* clemency has oft been try'd.
On desperate occasions, and been found;
When all has fail'd, the only remedy.

4 *Sen.* And let us not despair of its effects,
Its good effects on us.

Blo. What do you mean?

1 *Sen.* To pacify the fury of our fate.

2 *Sen.* Not to enrage it by opposing it.

3 *Sen.* But freely give what they have power to take.

1 *Sen.* We have agreed, the greatest part of us,
To send our legates to the consuls camp;
And offer up the town, to save our lives.

4 *Sen.* And you are come, good *Decius Mægius*,
The fittest suppliant in your country's cause.

1 *Sen.* You have deserv'd, and you may well pretend
An interest with the *Roman* generals.

Mag. An interest against their interest!
There's very little to expect from that.

1 *Sen.* We will surrender at discretion.

Mag. And that is but a wretched embassie.
But if you think it is the only way
To do you service, and you are agreed.

2 *Sen.* We are agreed there is no other way.

Mag. What says *Pacuvius*? You are yet to speak.

Pac. 'Twould ill become my character, to join
In this advice of supplicating *Rome*
In our distress, who, may be, was the first
To urge her ruin, by deserting her.
But if I were no more obnoxious,

No more accountable for our revolt,
Than he that acted least, yet I must think,
From what we've done to them, and they to us,
There is no hope of pardon at their hands.

Blo. A pardon ! 'tis a play-thing for a child,
To still the present fit of frowardness ;
A man can never set his heart upon't.

Pac. Now, when a foreign enemy insults,
And *Hannibal* himself that enemy,
When all things are permitted to the sword,
Brandish'd, and flaming over *Italy*,
At such a time, forgetting *Hannibal*,
And every threatned danger, to send here
Both consuls, with their armies consular,
Looks as they did intend to make their wars
Only on us, not *Carthage* more abhorr'd
Than *Capua* ; as if they did not come
For fame, or victory, but for revenge.

Mag. It may be so, and that they come to raise
A monument, to warn succeeding times,
Never to injure, in whatever state
Their fortune is, the citizens of *Rome*.

Pac. The very savages, and fiercest beasts,
Do but approach their dens, and they will leave
Their destin'd prey, to save their helpless young.
The *Romans* are more eager yet than they,
For not the leaguer of their city *Rome*,
Their wives, their children (whose imploring cries,
And lamentations almost reach 'em here)
Their altars, hearths, the temples of the Gods,
The sepulchres of their great ancestors,
In danger to be violated all
By *Hannibal*, can once remove 'em hence,
From the determin'd spoil of *Capua*.
So greedy are they of our punishment,
Of such a burning thirst to drink our blood.
Therefore, for my part, I will seek no aid
Out of my self: While I am master of
My liberty, I can take care for one.

1 *Sen.* You, who have made your selves unworthy of Pardon, and mercy; justly may despair.
But we have hopes in *Decius Magius*.

Mag. Alas!

2 *Sen.* Take the three hundred *Roman* knights
Along with you, that are our prisoners.

3 *Sen.* That was a lucky thought, make all the friends—

Mag. Adversity will find but very few.

3 *Sen.* What force you can.

Mag. And all, I fear, too weak. [*Exit with his party.*]

Pac. You then, who seem to have another sense
Of what we owe to the immortal Gods,

And our immortal selves, in these extreams,

I do invite you to take part with me,

In the kind entertainment of this night,

Which I've prepar'd for many more good friends.

The wine and company I know are good;

The supper chosen well, and elegant:

For who can tell but it may be our last.

If it so prove; indulge the genius,

Enlarge the soul, and feast the senses high:

We'll sacrifice at last to liberty.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Virginius and Junius.

Vir. O *Junius*! 'tis unworthy of the man,
Who calls you friend, so scandalous a fate.

But do not think that I am reconcil'd,

Humbled, and tam'd to my dishonour; no.

Jun. I know you can't be wanting to your self.

Vir. I wanted to acquit my self to you,

And therefore I have found you luckily,

To go with me—

Jun. You may command your friend.

Vir. To be a witness that I treat the wretch

As she deserves from me, and my revenge. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Virginius's House.

Favonia enters with a Dagger in one Hand, and a Bowl in t'other.

Fav. A father's present, to a luckless child!
His sending it, and by a husband's hands,
Should have determin'd me, before this time,
In what I have to do: 'tis but to die;
And that I've meditated, study'd long,
And often wish'd; but yet this dagger here,
This ruffian dagger, like a murderer,
That does delight in blood, looks terrible.
There's nothing horrid in this friendly bowl;
And it will do the deed as certainly,
And satisfy my angry fate as well.

*[She drinks, throws the bowl one way, and
the dagger another.]*

'Tis past; the little argument of life
Is at an end; and death will soon conclude.
'This is the fatal period of our crimes,
Ending at last in certain punishment.
And yet my crimes, methinks, might well have past
For my misfortunes, to be pitied,
Rather than punish'd; but I must not tax
The justice of the Gods; they have their ends
In every thing they do; they have thought fit
To judge them crimes, and so to doom 'em here.
Perhaps to warn too negligent a world,
By my example, how they do engage
In little things, that may be dangerous.
If there is any profit of my death,
'Tis well, I do not grudge the benefit;
For I begin to find its comfort here.

[Laying her self down on the floor.]

*Enter Virginius and Junius to Favonia; Junius runs
to her Assistance.*

Jun. Extended on the floor! Is this is a sight
To triumph in?

Vir. The dagger, or the bowl,
Has rescu'd her, and disappointed me.
I fear she's almost got out of my reach.

[*Virginius kneels at her feet, Junius at her head.*]

Jun. She's in the pangs of death.

Vir. There let her stay,
And linger ages out in agony,
And glut my eyes, and satiate my revenge.

Jun. She's going! O! *Favonia!* she is gone!

[*Favonia dies, Junius weeping over her.*]

Vir. Why, let her go, and with her all my plagues.

Jun. I came to be a witness of thy truth,
And innocence; but should have come before
To save thy life——

Vir. Methinks you are too much
Concern'd for her.

Jun. Begone, and leave me here.
Your title carry'd to the end of life;
No farther; you have put an end to that:
And now I honestly may set up mine.

Vir. What title?

Jun. To revenge her death on you.

[*Junius starts upon his knees, seizes upon Virginius, they rise in a struggle, Junius draws his sword upon him.*]

You have involv'd me in this murder here:
And made me an accomplice of a deed,
To damn us both down to the lowest hell.
If you dare justify it, draw your sword.

Vir. Dare justify it?

Jun. Dare.

Vir. You know I dare.

Another man had prov'd my daring too,
Before this time.

Jun. So every coward says.

Vir. Nay, then 'tis past; this only answers that.

[*They fight, both wounded.*]

Jun. 'Tis as it should be: I was not to live.

Vir. I cannot long. [Junius falls by Favonia.]

Jun. Then I have been a friend
Indeed, if I have hasten'd on your death.

For when I have confess'd a few sad truths,
You'll find I only have prevented you
From laying violent hands upon your grief,
Cursing the light, and falling to despair.

Vir. Your words have struck attention in my heart.

Jun. *Favonia* is most innocent, and wrong'd :
And you and I the only guilty here.

Vir. But prove her so, and I shall die with joy.
[Falling at her feet.

Jun. I lov'd her, for I may avow it now,
And you may thank your self, who were the cause,
By bringing me into your family.
I lov'd her with a passion, that no bounds
Could circumscribe, no violence could tame,
No counsel moderate, no friendship cure.
Therefore I went to *Rome*, resolv'd to breathe
My sighs in foreign air, not to disturb
Your interest, or *Favonia's* innocence.
I languish'd many years ; my fate thought fit
To bring me back ; and you wou'd have me home.

Vir. I left her with you.

Jun. In that consist, I
Confess'd what I had suffer'd for my love :
She pity'd me, and I desir'd no more.

Vir. Say on, while I have leisure to attend.

Jun. The man you found in her apartment, was
Your wretched friend : I thought to 'scape unseen.
But that poor caution has undone us all.

Vir. What was your business there ?

Jun. I went to take
A parting look, resolv'd to end my griefs,
And trouble her no more. *Favonia* was
Ev'n innocent of my being there.

I found her sleeping with her harmless thoughts :
And she but wak'd, as you approach'd the room,
In a surprize, to find her self undone.
This writing I have drawn to vouch for me,
In all the circumstances of this tale :
And the Gods try me by the truth it bears.

[Diss.

Vir. A solemn adjuration ! and no doubt

Most

Most heav'nly true ; and all this is the work
 Of my own folly. Had I been content
 With that fair portion of felicity,
 The Gods bestow'd upon me in a wife ;
 How happy had I been ! But I must bring
 My friend home to usurp upon her right.
 And what's the consequence ! Ruin, and death.
 The approach of death makes me less sensible.
 I've lost my wife, and friend, and now my self. [Dies.

SCENE Pacuvius's House.

Pacuvius, Vibius Virius, Marius Blofius, *with seven or eight Senators rising from a Feast.*

Pac. Who, who would basely lag behind in life,
 Only to see how many wretched ways
 Our enemies will find out to punish us ?

5 Sen. These eyes shall never be spectators of
 My country's ruin.

Vib. Nor will I behold
 The ravage, and the havock of our spoils——

6 Sen. Nor *Capua's* honours trampled in the dust——

7 Sen. Nor shining horrid with involving flames.

Blo. Shall our chaste matrons, and our blushing maids,
 Our generous youth, bred up to nobler hopes,
 Attempted, seiz'd, o'erpower'd, be tam'd at last,
 To the insults of all unnatural lusts ?

Vib. If there was nothing else to undergo——

Blo. You cannot call it living on such terms.

Pac. If we agree, that life would be a load,
 Not to be born, with these indignities ;
 Here is the helping hand to throw it off.

[A servant gives him a bowl.

This bowl I have reserv'd to crown the feast.

Hannibal carries poison in a ring,

Still to be near him in adversity.

I have prepar'd this cordial draught for us :

A noble and preventing remedy :

To free our bodies from the punishment,

Our minds from the reproach, and infamy,

Our eyes and ears from being witnesses
Of all those cruelties, that are design'd,
Contriv'd, reserv'd, and wait for conquer'd men.

Vib. We wonnot rob our virtue of its fame,
To think that any here can stand in need
Of words, to argue him into a deed,
Of this high consequence and character.

Blo. We are confirm'd in reason, and resolv'd.

Pac. Then thus I offer you deliverance :

And do begin a health to liberty. [*Drinks.*]

5 Sen. A generous health, and send it round to all.

Blo. Fill all the bowls at once, that we may join
In that most noble pledge ; let no man have
Priority, or place, in this last scene,
But all unite in honour of the deed.

Vib. Let us unite our hands, as well as hearts,
In this great work : and since we are to part,
We'll part like friends, lock'd in a strict embrace.

[*They embrace in a circle.*]

Enter Magius as they are in the ceremony.

Mag. I must not be shut out. I come to be
Admitted to the gallant fellowship
Of your great enterprize. I hear you are
Determin'd and resolv'd.

[*Servants give each man a bowl.*]

Give me a cup
Among the rest.

5 Sen. 'Tis poison——

Mag. Not to me.

Or if it should be so, I come to die.

6 Sen. We'll show you then the way.

Mag. I'm old and weak,
And cannot follow fast, unless you stay,
To take me with you in your company.

6 Sen. We will.

Pac. I'm sorry to see you reduc'd to die.

Mag. I'm sorry to see you reduc'd to live.

Pac. That would be poverty of soul indeed.

'Tis not so poor with me.

Mag. I'm glad of it.

6 Sen. *Pacuvius* has drank his cordial off.

Mag. Secure me mine, and then at leisure, I
Will tell you the particulars at large,
Of what I went about; the consuls doom;
And *Capua's* fate——

[*Servant gives Magius a bowl, they all drink together.*
But this delivers me.

5 Sen. And all of us.

Blo. Now we defy the doom.

Pronounce it in the threatening consuls words:
Tho' it should thunder from the judgment seat,
It shakes not us. We have our pardon seal'd.

Mag. I was not suffer'd to approach their camp,
But as a private person, and a friend.
They utterly refus'd the prisoners,
Disdaining to receive 'em as a bribe;
And would not hear me upon any terms
That I could offer: all I could obtain,
Was to inform myself what they design'd
To do with us.

6 Sen. It must be terrible.

Mag. Why, fourscore senators are condemn'd to death.
Three hundred of our noblest families
To be dispers'd into the Latin towns,
There to remain as prisoners at large.
Our treasure all confiscated to *Rome*,
Our lands and public buildings forfeited:
Capua to be disfranchis'd of her rights,
Her liberties, and her chief citizens:
The populace by out-cry to be sold,
Into the several states of *Italy*;
And none permitted to inhabit here,
But slaves made free, strangers, and meanest trades:
Never to be incorporated more
In a community, to have a voice
In free election of its magistrates,
But live enthral'd under the scourge of *Rome*.

Vib. More dreadful far than fire or sword could be.

Blo. It had been mercy to extirpate quite

The

The name and memory of *Capua*.

Mag. As to myself, 'tis true, they offer'd all,
All honourable terms for me, and mine.
But what is honour, fortune, when we have
No friends, no country, to rejoice with us?
I could not think of life after that loss,
Therefore came timely to prevent it here.

Pac. O *Magius*! let me witness to the worth
I always envy'd. We have rival'd long
For *Capua*'s love; but this last act of yours
Has forc'd me to confess it was your due:
Has thrown all emulation so behind,
The honour of the race is wholly yours.
Had I proceeded with that openness,
With that clear spirit, in my country's cause——

Mag. May be it had been better for us all.
This is no time for long confessions.
If you have done amiss, amend it now:
And by the brave example of your death,
Correct the influence of an ill-spent life.

Pac. I've found this easy, honest way to death:
The only way, my friends, to vanquish *Rome*,
To rob her consuls of their triumph here,
And bear ourselves the palm of victory.

[*A servant whispers Pacuvius, and gives him the paper
that Junius left behind him.*]

Mag. I thank the gods I have liv'd long enough,
To all the reasonable ends of life:
Liv'd to my friends, my country, and my fame:
Have glutted nature with satiety,
Tir'd all her various appetites of change.
And 'twould be an unmannerly return,
For my good cheer, and welcome of the feast,
When I have sat it out, to grudge to rise.

Blo. We are all ready now to take our leave.

Mag. But one word more, and then I go with you.

[*They support each other.*]

Pac. She's innocent, and well provided for.

Mag. The dead live after in the memory
Of those alive, so to be handed down,

Thro'

Thro' all the ages of posterity,
As triers of their fame; abhorr'd, or lov'd,
According to their good, or ill, in life.

Pac. I would be mention'd only in my death.

Mag. Let it be said of us, we would have dy'd
To save our country; since we could not that,
Nothing could tempt us to survive its fate.
Now lay us gently down.

Enter a messenger.

Vib. What is thy news?

Mess. Our gates are open'd to the enemy:
And *Capua* is no more.

Blo. Would it were so.
Better be nothing than be miserable.

Pac. Thou com'st too late to do us good, or harm,
By any news that thou canst bring us now.

Mag. I pity our poor friends that stay behind.
Our minds are going to their native home.
And for the earthy part——

Pac. I've taken care.
When we are honourably laid in death,
My clients have their orders to bestow
Our bodies on a funeral pile, that's rais'd
On purpose, to preserve our last remains.

Mag. 'Tis well, now kindle it, and we shall mount
Up to the skies, in the aspiring flame,
And live immortal in a glorious name. [Dies.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Col. Codrington, and spoken by Mrs. Barry.

POETS fine titles for themselves may find :

*I think 'em the fool-mongers of mankind.
The charitable quacks indeed pretend,
They trade in fools, only those fools to mend.
Yet they wou'd scarce the nauseous task endure,
But that, like Bedlam doctors, they are sure
To get, by showing fools they cannot cure.
Equal in this, all plays must be confest ;
Fool is the fav'rite-dish of the whole feast.
In farce, the wit's a fool, or fool's a wit ;
In comedy, the Beau pretends a right.
But tragick writers still agree to plot
The greatest hero, for the greatest sot.
Our bard, t'indulge your taste with vast delight,
Serv'd up a senate full of fools to night :
Some bustled hard for Hannibal, and some
Wou'd venture all the brains they had for Rome.
Thus fighting fools support ambitious knaves :
Whoe'er prevail'd, the Capuans still were slaves.
Our pair of friends shine far above the rest,
With double share of fool, and hero blest.
Our lover wou'd not tempt the lady's honour ;
Yet had he boldly push'd, and fairly won her,
You'll all allow, he wou'd less harm have done her.
Joys well contriv'd are had at easier price ;
Thank Heav'n, our British friends are not so nice.*

*Our most important fool is still behind!
The man was marry'd, Sirs, and sick in mind.
'Twas a meer whim of honour cost his life.
The squeamish Capuan wou'd not share his wife.
Why wives are wives: And he that will be billing,
Must not think cuckoldom deserves a killing.
What if the gentle creature had been kissing,
Nothing the good man marry'd for, was missing.
Besides the rights of ladies sacred are:
He shou'd have been content with neighbours fare.
But she, by her coy gallant's crime, was good,
And was not won, because she was not woo'd.
Had he the secret of his birth-right known,
'Tis odds the faithful annals wou'd have shown
The wives of half this race, more lucky than his own.*

THE
SPARTAN DAME.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Pellex ego facta Sororis. Ov. Met. l. 6.

With the Addition of the 400 Lines omitted in the
Representation, and the former Editions.

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THE
PARTAN DAME

T. A. C. D. Y.

As a new addition to the

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TO HIS GRACE

The Duke of *ARGYLE*

AND

GREENWICH, &c.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS are the only effects that are expected to be produced from a poetical estate, towards the payment of our debts.

THE success of the *Spartan Dame* has been so extraordinary, that the income of her reputation has enabled me to pay down some of those acknowledgments for the many favours, which I have received from your Grace: I have ever thought it one of the greatest, that I have been allowed to be so frequently near your Grace's person, where I have had those great qualities to admire, which have so universally distinguished You, at home, and abroad, to be of the first names in *Europe*.

YOUR forward valour in war, was very early known to the world; and your conduct in it,

to the last, has been no less illustrious. *Flanders, Spain, and Scotland*, have been the scenes of your actions, in the highest ranks of the army; and so long as those wars remain recorded in story, your name will be remembered with honour.

THE whole course of your life has been carried on in the same spirit and vigour. The court and camp, cabinet and senate, have been all, on different occasions, witnesses of your eminent abilities, and public virtues; as your generous protection of your friends, and engaging courtesy to all mankind, are daily instances of your private virtues.

MY Lord, such heroic merit, such useful accomplishments, and such agreeable manners, have justly made your Grace esteemed a most noble and most worthy patron.

I am,

May it please your Grace,

Your even obliged, and

most obedient humble servant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THIS Tragedy was begun a year before the Revolution, and near four acts written without any view, but upon the subject, which I took from the Life of Agis in Plutarch. Many things interfering with those times, I laid by what I had written for seventeen years: I shew'd it then to the late Duke of Devonshire, who was in every regard a judge; he told me, he saw no reason why it might not have been acted the year of the Revolution: I then finished it, and, as I thought, cut out the exceptionable parts, but could not get it acted, not being able to persuade myself to the cutting off those limbs which I thought essential to the strength and life of it: But since I found it must pine in obscurity without it, I consented to the operation; and after the amputation of every line, very near the number of four hundred, it stands on its own legs still, and by the favour of the town, and indulging assistance of friends, has come successfully forward upon the stage.

The following lines were added by the author upon the occasion of printing the play intire, as it was first writ.

In this Edition you have the Spartan Dame, as she was originally drawn, with the lines inserted (with this mark “) which were left out in the actio”. The Play was begun by the command of the Duke of Berwick, and encouraged by many never to be forgotten favours of that great man: I was a Lieutenant in his regiment, when most advantageously recommended to him by the famous Colonel Sarsfield, of Ireland, afterwards Earl of Lucan. His Grace gave me a Company, and discovered in a little time, a generous disposition of making my fortune; which, as it would have been no hard matter for a King’s favourite son to accomplish, he would probably have finished, had not the changes of the world deprived his country of his service, and his dependants of his support. I was then tumbled down from a high expectation, but afterwards happily laid in the way of his Grace of Argyle, who has always been a promoter of my little interest, and a favourer of this Tragedy in its confinement and disgrace; which, since its coming abroad, has this to be proud of, that it has been patronized by the illustrious names of Berwick and Argyle. I have now an opportunity of doing justice to the dead, by acknowledging that the last
scene

scene of the third act, was almost all written by the honourable John Stafford, the most excellent father of the present most worthy Earl of Stafford. 'Tis an argument of honesty, that I can restore to the family a treasure, so long deposited in my hands, I mean, the reputation of the best scene in the play: But I have my reward in the honourable fame, of having so noble a friend in so masterly a writer, to join with me in the composition. I have but this to say for the Bookseller, that as he has paid me the extraordinary price of one hundred and twenty pounds for an imperfect picture of the Spartan Dame, so, since it is finished, and the Lady at full length, by the addition of so many lines, which were chiefly the lineaments, and, to be presumed, the ornaments of her character, I wish she may appear as amiable in the eyes of the town, for his advantage, as she did for my profit in his; when Mr. Chetwood fell so dangerously, so desperately in love with her, and, in defiance of all rivals, bad so expensively high for her favour.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
BY
JOHN HANCOCK

IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE FIRST VOLUME.
CONTAINING
THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF THE
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
FROM THE YEAR 1714 TO 1727.

LONDON:
Printed by J. HANCOCK,
at the Sign of the Crown,
in St. Pauls Church-yard.
1727.

THE SECOND VOLUME.
CONTAINING
THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF THE
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
FROM THE YEAR 1727 TO 1734.

LONDON:
Printed by J. HANCOCK,
at the Sign of the Crown,
in St. Pauls Church-yard.
1734.

THE THIRD VOLUME.
CONTAINING
THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF THE
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
FROM THE YEAR 1734 TO 1740.

LONDON:
Printed by J. HANCOCK,
at the Sign of the Crown,
in St. Pauls Church-yard.
1740.

THE FOURTH VOLUME.
CONTAINING
THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF THE
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
FROM THE YEAR 1740 TO 1746.

LONDON:
Printed by J. HANCOCK,
at the Sign of the Crown,
in St. Pauls Church-yard.
1746.

AN

E P I S T L E

TO

Mr. *SOUTHERNE*,

FROM

Mr. *FENTON*.

BOLD is the muse to leave her humble cell,
 And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well :
 Thee ! who to *Britain* still preserv'st the crown,
 And mak'st her rival *Athens* in renown.
 Cou'd *Sophocles* behold in mournful state,
 The weeping *Graces* on *Imoinda* wait ;
 Or hear thy *Isabella's* moving moan,
 Distress'd, and lost, for vices not her own ;
 If envy cou'd permit, he'd sure agree
 To write by nature were to copy thee :
 So full, so fair thy images are shown,
 He by thy pencil might improve his own.

There was an age, (its memory will last !)
 Before *Italian* airs debauch'd our taste,
 In which the fable muse with hopes and fears
 Fill'd ev'ry breast, and ev'ry eye with tears.
 But where's that art, which all our passions rais'd,
 And mov'd the springs of nature as it pleas'd ?
 Our poets only practise on the pit,
 With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
 Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast,
 The race of *CHARLES*'s reign not wholly lost :
 Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand
 Among the chosen classics of our land :
 And whilst our sons are by tradition taught,
 How *Barry* spoke what *Thou* and *Otway* wrote,
 They'll think it praise to relish, and repeat,
 And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakespear, the genius of our isle, whose mind
 (The universal mirror of mankind)
 Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
 But sometimes stoop'd to please a barb'rous age.
 When his immortal bays began to grow,
 Rude was the language, and the humour low.
 He, like the God of day, was always bright,
 Yet rolling in its course, his orb of light
 Was sully'd, and obscur'd, tho' soaring high,
 With spots contracted from the nether sky.
 But whither is th' advent'rous Muse betray'd ?
 Forgive her rashness, venerable shade !
 May spring with purple flow'rs perfume thy urn,
 And *Avon* with his greens thy grave adorn.

Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some *Scions* shot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit.
Johnson the tribute of my verse might claim,
Had he not strove to blemish *Shakespear's* name.
But, like the radiant *Twins* that gild the sphere,
Fletcher and *Beaumont* next in pomp appear:
The first a fruitful vine, in bloomy pride,
Had been by superfluity destroy'd;
But that his friend, judiciously severe,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care:
On various-sounding harps the muses play'd,
And sung, and quaff'd their *Nectar* in the shade.

Few moderns in the lists with these may stand,
For in those days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to *Shakespear's* fame,
The second honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal Lord,
To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood:
Whose fall when first the tragick virgin saw,
She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry sister still pursu'd the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
And learnt the solemn scrue, for signs of grace;

Then

Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
 By humming to a tabor, and a drone :
 Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
 Both when to wink, and how to turn the white ;
 Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
 Assum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when, by miracles of mercy shown,
 Much-suffering *Charles* regain'd his father's throne ;
 When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
 She straight pull'd off her sattin cap, and band :
 Bade *Wicherly* be bold in her defence,
 Glittering with pointed wit, and manly sense :
Etherege and *Sedley* join'd him in her cause,
 And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd applause.

Restor'd with less success, the tragic muse,
 Had quite forgot her stile by long disuse :
 She taught her *Maximins* to rant in rhyme,
 Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime ;
 'Till witty *Buckingham* reform'd her taste,
 And sneering sham'd her into sense at last.
 But now relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
 And weakly warbles on an *Eunuch's* tongue ;
 And with her minstrelsie may still remain,
 'Till *Southerne* court her to be great again.
 Perhaps the beauties of thy *Spartan Dame*,
 Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
 Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
 Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud,
 Once more may reinstate her on the stage,
 Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts have their empires, and, like other states,
Their rise and fall are govern'd by the fates :
They, when their period's measur'd out by time,
Transplant their laurels to another clime.
The *Grecian* muse once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of heav'n, and clad the Gods in arms :
The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
The dorick reed, and sung beneath the shade ;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains
T' observe the seasons and manure the plains.
Sometimes in warbled hymns she pay'd her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for *Theron's* brow ;
Sometimes on flow'ry beds she lay supine,
And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine,
Or in her sable stole, and buskins dress'd,
Shew'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.

The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,
From *Greece* at length was led in chains to *Rome* :
Whilst wars abroad, and civil discord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd :
That interval employ'd her sacred care,
To study, and refine the language there.
She views with anguish on the *Roman* stage
The *Grecian* beauties weep, the warriors rage ;
But most those scenes delight th' immortal maid,
Which *Scipio* had revis'd, and *Roscius* play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes,
(For *Themis* then could speak in polish'd prose.)
Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng
She bless'd the *Syren* power of *Tully's* tongue.

But

But when, *Octavius*, thy successful sword
 Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,
 Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,
 And chose a numerous choir to chant his fame.
 First, from the green retreats, and lowly plains,
 Her *Virgil* soar'd sublime in epic strains;
 His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,
 She with *Meonian* garlands grac'd his brow.
 Taught *Horace* then to touch the *Lesbian* lyre,
 And *Sappho's* sweetness join'd with *Pindar's* fire.
 By *Cæsar's* bounty all the tuneful train
 Enjoy'd, and sung of *Saturn's* golden reign:
 No genius then was left to live on praise,
 Or curst the barren ornament of bays;
 On all her sons he cast a kind regard,
 Nor could they write so fast as he reward.
 The muse industrious to record his name
 In the bright annals of eternal fame,
 Profuse of favours lavish'd all her store;
 And for one reign made many ages poor.

Now from the rugged north unnumber'd swarms
 Invade the *Latian* coasts with barbarous arms;
 A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,
 Rough as their heav'n, and barren as their soil:
 Those locusts ev'ry springing art destroy'd,
 And soft humanity before 'em dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife
 With nature's scenes, nor gave the canvass life:
 Nor *Sculpture* exercis'd her skill, beneath
 Her forming hand to make the marble breathe;

Struck

Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,
Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.
On those twin sisters such disasters came,
'Tho' colours and proportions are the same
In ev'ry age, and clime; their beauties known
To ev'ry language, and confin'd by none.
But fate less freedom to the muse affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts the diction must be found
Of ease grandeur, and harmonious sound.
Thus when she rais'd her voice divinely great,
To sing the founder of the *Roman* state;
The language was adapted to the song,
Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong.
But when the *Goths* insulting troops appear'd,
Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard,
Chang'd to a swan, from *Tyber's* troubled streams
She wing'd her flight, and sought the silver *Thames*.

Long in the melancholy grove she stay'd,
And taught the pensive *Druids* in the shade;
In solemn and instructive notes they sung,
From whence the beauteous frame of nature sprung;
Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move;
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the sky:
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;
Whence the gay Spring exults in flow'ry pride,
And Autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;

Whence

Whence Summer suns imbrown the lab'ring swains,
 And shiv'ring Winter pines in icy chains :
 And prais'd the Pow'r supream, nor dar'd advance
 So vain a theory as that of chance.

But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,
 She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,
 And love and beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only cou'd afford
 A *Venus* and a *Helen* to record ;
 A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,
 Who match'd the goddesses, and the Queen excell'd.
 T' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,
 But still the tongue her generous toil betray'd :
Chaucer had all that beauty cou'd inspire,
 And *Surry's* numbers glow'd with warm desire :
 And now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
 Because the thoughts are in the language lost.
 Ev'n *Spencer's* pearls in muddy waters lye,
 Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye.
 Rich was their imag'ry, 'till time defac'd
 The curious works ; but *Waller* came at last :
Waller the muse with heav'nly verse supplies,
 Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes ;
 " All but the nymph, that should redress his wrong,
 " Attend his passion, and approve his song.
 But when this *Orpheus* sunk, and hoary age
 Suppress'd the lover's, and the poet's rage ;
 To *Granville* his melodious lute she gave,
Granville, whose faithful verse is Beauty's slave :
 Accept this gift, my fav'rite youth ! she cry'd,
 To found a brighter theme, and sing of *Hyde* ;

Hyde's,

Mr. SOUTHERNE.

91

Hyde's, and thy lovely *Myra's* praise proclaim,
And match *Carlisle's* and *Sacharissa's* fame.

O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,
And sing of arms, as late he sung of love!
His colours and his hand alone should paint,
In *Britain's* QUEEN, the warrior and the saint;
In whom conspire, to form her truly great,
Wisdom with power, and piety with state.
Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,
Strong and serene, to bless the land below;
O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
And the wild rage of tyranny controul.
Her pow'r to quell, and pity to redress,
The *Maese*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine* confess;
Whence bleeding *Iber* hopes, around his head
To see fresh olives spring, and plenty spread:
And whilst they sound their great deliverer's fame,
The *Sein* retires, and sickens at her name.
O *Granville*! all these glorious scenes display,
Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway;
And make her memory rever'd by all,
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldring arches fall.

Pardon me, friend! I own my Muse too free,
To write so long on such a theme to thee:
To play the critic here—with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach *Argyle* to fight:
Instruct th'unerring sun to guide the year,
And *Harley* by what schemes he ought to steer,
Give *Harcourt* eloquence t'adorn the seal,
Maxims of state to *Leeds*, to *Beaufort* zeal.

Try

Try to correct what *Orrery* shall write,
 And make harmonious *St. John* more polite.
 Teach law to *Ilay* for the crown's support,
 Or *Jersey* how to serve, and grace a court :
 Dictate soft warbling airs to *Sheffield's* hand,
 When *Venus* and her *Loves* around him stand :
 In sage debates to *Rocheſter* impart
 A searching head, and ever faithful heart :
 Make *Talbot's* finish'd virtue more compleat,
 High without pride, and amiably great ;
 Where Nature all her pow'rs with fortune join'd,
 At once to please, and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
 My fancy free, and all my hours my own ;
 I lov'd along the laureat grove to stray,
 The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay :
 But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows
 To make a couplet tinkle in the close.
 Yet when you next to *Med-way* shall repair,
 And quit the town to breathe a purer air ;
 Retiring from the crowd, to steal the sweets
 Of easy life in *TWISDEN's* calm retreats ;
 (As *Terence* to his *Lælius* lov'd to come,
 And in *Campania* scorn'd the pomp of *Rome*.)
 Where *Lambard*, form'd for business, and to please,
 By sharing, will improve your happiness ;
 In both their souls imperial reason sways,
 In both the patriot, and the friend displays ;
 Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praise.
 With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,
 By them excited, and inform'd by you,

I may with happier skill essay to sing
Sublimer notes, and strike a louder string.

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,
No oracles of old the *Sybil* gave;
But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god;
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roul,
And wond'rous visions fill'd her lab'ring soul.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR OF HIS REIGN

THE SECOND PART

OF THE HISTORY

OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR OF HIS REIGN

THE SECOND PART

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P R O L O G U E,

Written by Mr. FENTON;
And spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

*W*HEN realms are rawag'd with invasive foes,
Each bosom with heroick ardor glows;
Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
Disdain to rust with batter'd invalides;
But active in the foremost ranks appear,
And leave young smock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.
So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,
Our vet'ran bard resumes his tragic rage:
He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
And calls for Englishmen to judge the field:
Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from disgrace,
Messieurs! lay down your minstrells, and grimace:
The bravniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd,
When old Entellus in the lists appear'd.
Yet what avails the champion's giant size,
When Pigmies are made umpires of the prize?
Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)
Disdain'd the mummery of foreign strollers:

By

*By their examples wou'd you form your taste,
 The present age might emulate the past.
 We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you ;
 But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you :
 The Muses blush'd, to see their friends exalting
 Those elegant delights of jig, and vaulting :
 So charm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to doat
 On nonsense, gargl'd in an Eunuch's throat.
 All pleas'd to hear the chatt'ring monsters speak,
 As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.
 Such light ragousts and mushrooms may be good,
 To whet your appetites for wholesome food :
 But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines
 Without substantial haunches, and sirloins.
 In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour ;
 Cressly was lost by kickshaws, and soupe meagre.
 Instead of light desserts, and luscious froth,
 Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth ;
 To which, as well as all his former feasts,
 The ladies are the chief-invited guests.
 Crown'd with a kind of Glassenbury bays,
 That bloom amid the winter of his days ;
 He comes, ambitious in his green decline,
 To consecrate his wreath at beauty's shrine.
 His Oroonoko never fail'd to engage
 The radiant circles of the former age :*

PROLOGUE.

97

*Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow,
And sympathize with Isabella's woe:
But fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brightest audience for the Spartan Dame.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

LEONIDAS, a king of <i>Sparta</i> , driven out by the people.	}	Mr. Mills.
CLEOMBROTUS, attains the king- dom by the expulsion of <i>Leoni-</i> <i>das</i> , marry'd to <i>Celona</i> , but in love with her sister <i>Thelamia</i> .	}	Mr. Booth.
EURYTION, husband to <i>Thelamia</i> , of <i>Leonidas</i> 's party.	}	Mr. Wilks.
AGESILAUS, the <i>Ephorus</i> , an in- cendiary of the people against <i>Leonidas</i> , and fast to the interest of <i>Cleombrotus</i> .	}	Mr. Corey.
LYSANDER, }	{	Mr. Thurmond.
ZENOCLES, } side with <i>Leonidas</i> .		Mr. Williams.
MANDROCLES, }	{	Mr. Will. Mills.
THRACION, } side with <i>Cleom-</i> <i>brotus</i> .		Mr. Oates.
CRITES, husband to <i>Bizanthe</i> .		Mr. Cibber.
CLEON.		
TIMÆUS.		

W O M E N.

CELONA, or CHELONIS, daughter of <i>Leonidas</i> , marry'd to <i>Cleom-</i> <i>brotus</i> .	}	Mrs. Oldfield.
THELAMIA, her sister, wife to <i>Eurytion</i> .	}	Mrs. Porter.
EUPHEMIA, another sister, a re- cluse in <i>Diana</i> 's temple.	}	Mrs. Seal.
BIZANTH, a relation, and at- tendant on <i>Thelamia</i> .	}	Mrs. Garnet.
Citizens, Guards, Gentlemen, and Attendants.		

SCENE, SPARTA.

T H F

SPARTAN DAME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Agésilas, Mandrocles, and Cleon.

AGESILAS.

" HAVE you prepar'd the bills ?

Cleon. " They're ready, Sir.

Agés. " Then hasten to the senate, and be sure
Propose 'em as the business of the day :
They'll take up all our time.

Cleon. I wo't fail.

[Exit.

Mand. " The rich men all join with *Leonidas*.

" His party strong, and vigorous against

" Those bills, and us ; they wo't easily pass.

Agés. " Pass ! they shall pass : the people side with us,

" They're now in arms, array'd, and disciplin'd,

" To banish him the city, or depose him,

" If he appear against us.

Mand. " He indeed

" Agrees not with the humour of the times,

" Nor fits our purpose.

Agés. " Then *Cleombrotus*

" Assists our cause, out of a royal hope

" The tumult may depose his father, then
He is a king.

Mand. The change will mend us all.

Cleombrotus and Thracion to 'em.

Cleom. The harvest of our hopes at last is come,
Rich in a crop that will reward the toil ;
A plenteous crop, to fill the reaper's hand,
And with the binder's sheaves load every barn.

Agesf. Let us not then stand idle: every man
His sickle to the work. You *Mandrocles*,
And *Thracion*, you, must to your several posts.

Cleom. Summon our friends, and lead your parties to
The *Hyppodrome*: we shall have need of you.

Thra. You sha'not want us long.

Mand. We wo'not fail you.

Agesf. I am the engineer to fire the senate ;
The flame must break out there.

Cleom. I'll follow you.

If we succeed, a king shall thank your loves. [*Exeunt.*]

Celona enters to Cleombrotus.

Cleom. *Celona* here ! my wife !

Celo. Your loving wife.

Cleom. You're early up to-day.

Celo. My bed, my lord,

Has no more charms for me, when you are gone.

Cleom. Dress'd sooner too than usual.

Celo. My beauties,

Such as they are, are honest, and my own ;
They go to bed with me, with me they rise,
And need not many hours in putting on.
Besides, for me to court my morning glass,
And practise looks, were loss of time indeed.
I am already what the vanity

Of a fond dressing pride, in all its height,
And wantonness of expectation,

Can raise my wishes to ; I am your wife,
Most honour'd in that title ; and despise
Th' applause and breath of any other praise,

Than

Than of my virtue, and obedience now.

Cleom. Hear this, you libelling marriage-mortifiers!
You unhous'd, lawless, rambling libertines;
Senseless of any charm in love, beyond
The prostitution of a common bed,
Lewdly enjoy'd, and loath'd: hear, hear, and kneel
Before this shrine, repent, and all get wives;
That from the healthy constitution
Of your own chaste endearments, you may guess
At what I feel, too mighty for my tongue.

Celo. O stop not here! my list'ning soul is charm'd
Into my ears, and dies upon the sound
Of ev'ry word, soft as a lover's wish,
And I cou'd hear you ever.

Cleom. O my fair one!
There is a story, but I have not time
Now to inform thee in it——

Celo. O my fears!

[*Aside.*

Cleom. That will delight thee——

Celo. Your words always do.

Cleom. Ay, but these words carry strong sense indeed,
A sovereign sense.

Celo. The meaning is too plain.

[*Aside.*

Cleom. I won't anticipate the happiness,
By telling what you will so quickly find:
But raise your wishes high, mount your desires
On bold ambition's wing: whose airy flight
Shoots thro' the clouds, to mingle with the stars——
When next we meet, I shall behold thee——

Celo. A miserable woman.

Cleom. How, *Celona*!

Celo. O my *Cleombrotus*! my lord, my life!
What furies urge you on this desp'rate course,
That leads to certain ruin?

Cleom. Whither wou'dst thou?

Celo. I fear'd indeed before, but now I find
The *Ephori*, those fiends of popular pow'r,
By damning spells have wrought upon your soul,
Seduc'd you into a combination
Of their black plots against *Leonidas*:

" *Leonidas*, a king, and father too!
 " O sound those awful words: methinks there waits
 " A reverence upon the very names,
 " That should disarm the resolution
 " Of every heart and hand that would rebel.

Why do you turn away?

Cleom. O! I must leave you.

Celo. I am yourself, my lord.

Cleom. Pray let me go.

Celo. Half of yourself, your wife.

Cleom. You are my wife.

Celo. And in that right I speak, and should be heard.
 My fame must live but in your chronicle:
 And as your actions show to after-times,
 My memory will be honour'd, or despis'd;
 Therefore I speak, and therefore must be heard.

Cleom. Then I must hear you.

Celo. Suffer not, my lord,
 Th' industrious malice of our histories,
 To take th' advantage of a crime like this,
 To stain the glorious story of our lives,
 And curse our names to late posterity.

Cleom. " Why, if the people, as they are incens'd
 " Against the king, should offer to depose him;
 " How can we help ourselves? I but stand out
 " The next, and lineally succeeding heir,
 " And wo't not lose my right.

Celo. " Your right, my lord,
 " Is nothing, the king living, tho' depos'd,
 " Unless you stand upon the people's voice,
 " Preferring their election to a long
 " Hereditary line of *Spartan* kings,
 " Deriv'd from the rich blood of *Hercules*.

Cleom. I claim in my descent from *Hercules*,
 No otherwise.

Celo. " O! I have heard you say,
 " You scorn'd an empire, at the public price
 " Of slavish thanks, and base-born courtesie:
 " Keep up that spirit still, and do not now
 " Like a young wasteful heir, mortgage the hopes

" Of

" Of Godlike majesty, on bankrupt terms,
 " To raise a present pow'r, that's sickly held
 " By the frail tenure of the peoples' will."

Cleom. Thou wou'dst not have me stand a looker on?
 Behold the strongest hand carry the prize
 Of empire from my hopes?

Celo. My soul disdains
 The weakness of that thought: No, no, my Lord,
 I would not have you tame at such a time;
 Boldly assert the cause of majesty,
 " The right of the good king, his right, and yours:
 For yours is the succession.

Cleom. What I do,
 Is to secure it mine.

Celo. " O have a care!
 " Let not ambition lose what thus it toils for.
 " When once the people get the jadisish trick
 " Of throwing off their kings, no ruler's safe:
 " 'Tis in the nature of man's wickedness,
 " To stop at nothing that will bear excuse:
 " And precedent is more than an excuse;
 " It takes the force of law: How then, my Lord!
 " If as they would un-king my father now
 " To make your way, their giddy humour changing,
 " They drive you out to make another room?
 " For what has been, they say, may be again;
 " And you are made th' example of that truth.

Cleom. " No more!
 " This theam does not become a woman's mouth.
Celo. " Indeed it does not, Sir; a king's just cause
 " Shou'd never plead in poor precarious words,
 " But in the voice of thunder: Then we tremble,
 " Sink in our fears, and fall before the throne;
 " Then how we roar and promise loyalty——

Cleom. " This is a preaching spirit, give it o'er.
Celo. " O! think what 'tis to be the peoples slave,
 " To owe your pow'r to their inconstancy:
 " For shou'd the good Gods leave their heavenly thrones,
 " To rule below, they could not please us long:
 " The sawcy censurers of sovereign sway

“ Wou’d tax their government; divinity
 “ It self were not secure, without a guard
 “ Of bolts, and flames, to awe rebellious man.

Boy enters.

Boy. Crites, my lord, attends you.

[*Exit.*

Cleom. Pray retire,
 And in this confidence, that all my actions
 Shall wait upon my honour.

Celo. That’s my hope,
 Your honour must engage you to the king,
 And in that hope I leave you.

[*Exit.*

Cleom. Tender, and chaste, and fair! nay, she was
 once

The boasted pride, and judgment of my choice :
 So she was thought, and so I valu’d her :
 But she’s my wife ; and nothing, but a wife,
 With all her charms, could have been stale so soon.

Crites enters behind him.

O curse of marriage! plenty makes its wants ;
 And what was meant love’s food, starves all its joys :
 The feasts come quicker than our appetites ;
 Yet forcing nature still, at last we cloy,
 And surfeit ev’n to loathing.

Crit. My good Lord,
Thelamia may restore——

Cleom. My health, my life,
 She only can, my *Crites*. O that sound !
 The very mention of *Thelamia*’s name,
 Like a strong philter, rages in my veins,
 Shoots thro’ the boiling channels of my blood,
 Up to my heart ; then with fresh fury fed,
 Strikes at my brain, where forming Fancy sits,
 Divining pleasures in *Thelamia*’s arms ;
 Which thou, and I, in all our search of love,
 And riots in experience of the sex,
 Could ne’er find out in any other woman :
 O! she is excellent, and in that thought
 I must enjoy her.

Crit. She's *Eurytion's* now :

The priest but yesterday receiv'd their vows,
Their mutual vows, bless'd 'em, and made 'em one.

Cleom. How! made 'em one! O! that the cunning
priest

Had conjur'd us together, made us one ;
Incorporated body, blood, and life,
Our spirits mix'd, and love been all our soul :
Then I had been his votary for ever.

What's to be done? Speak thou, who can'st advise.

Crit. She's your wife's sister.

Cleom. That's a name indeed, too distant from my
hopes.

Crit. Then best forgotten. She knows your love?

Cleom. She must have known it long,
But warily affects an ignorance,
That flies the notice of it.

Crit. She perhaps

Mistakes it only for a brother's love.

Cleom. No, no, she knows me, and my meaning well.

Crit. And flies for refuge to *Eurytion's* arms ;
She must not 'scape you so. *Eurytion*,
Fast to *Leonidas*, opposes you,
And every way——

Cleom. His virtue bluntly stands
Just in my aim of empire, as of love.

Crit. Remove him then, and all your plots fly sure,
Point blank, and level to the very white
Of your designs.

Cleom. *Thelamia*, and a crown——

Crit. They go together.

Cleom. In that only thought
I'll conquer even impossibilities :
I know the appearance is to reason hard ;
But a king's love should never know despair.

Crit. Despair! name not the word: You know, my
Lord,

I'm fortunately for your service marry'd
Into *Eurytion's* family: My wife
Gives me a title to their confidence,

Which I've improv'd, by a professing zeal
 " Of loyalty, and roaring for the king,
 To such a reputation, that has been
 A key to all their counsels. I have serv'd
 Your politic designs, and may assist
 Your love affairs.

Cleom. O! there is life in thee.

Crit. All, Sir, depends upon this very day
 For the success: hark, you are summon'd forth [*Shouts.*
 To head the crowd: If your ambition thrive,
 You have her in your pow'r.

Cleom. If that shou'd fail,
 I wo't fail my self; force shall prevail. [*Exeunt.*
 [*Shouts again.*

Lyfander and Zenocles enter.

Lyf. What's to be done? All's in a wild combustion.

Zen. The people, like a torrent in its fall,
 Disdaining opposition, bear down all
 Before 'em: Ceremonies, customs, rites,
 Laws human and divine; orders, and men
 Devoted to the Gods, profan'd, and scorn'd.

Lyf. All quality, distinction, and degree
 Of place, or virtue, swept away, like rubbish,
 By the vile hands of popular confusion.

Zen. Our party in the senate-house, I thought,
 Was strong enough, concluding on those fools
 Of argument, and noise, who roar'd for us:
 But when it came to blows, our orators,
 So famous for their battles at the bar,
 And victory in words, sneak'd from their chairs,
 Stinted their rhet'rick to a single prayer,
 And wish'd us well——

Lyf. Slaves! who, but minutes since,
 Drew down the terror of loud laws upon us,
 And spoke in thunder; now, tho' they see the rabble,
 " With more than barbarous brutality,
 " Driving their lawful monarch thro' the streets,
 Have not the courage of a *Li-Tor*'s voice,
 To bid 'em keep the peace.

Zen. *Eurytion* yet
Stands firm, and constant " to the royal cause.

Lys. O'erpower'd by the multitude, I saw him
Retreat towards *Juno's* temple.

Zen. There the street
Is narrow, and may friend our purpose well.

Lys. Th' example of his royalty may steel us
To the performance of some glorious action,
Great as our cause, becoming honest men.

Crites with Euphemia enters to 'em.

Zen. The fair *Euphemia* !

Lys. O ! thou royal maid !
No sanctuary left for innocence !

Euph. 'Tis fit my father's fortune shou'd be mine.

Crit. I've snatch'd this casket from the common spoil,
Worthy the safeguard of the general Gods :
And, as my master's heart is treasur'd here,
Will place her in the virgin goddess' shrine.

Zen. The Gods, and good mens pray'rs must side
with us.

[*Ex. Crites with Euphemia one way,
Lysander and Zenocles another.*]

*Enter Mandrocles and Thracion, heading a Rabble of
Citizens.*

Mand. " Nay, fellow-citizens, you shall be satisfied
" In every point.

Thra. " And have the reasons.

1 *Cit.* " Why if we have law for what we do,
" What care we for reason ?

2 *Cit.* Law is above reason, I hope.

3 *Cit.* Or some of our Senators might be whipt for
" their speeches.

1 *Cit.* " I grant you, reason does well enough within
" doors, in the management of a family, in the dis-
" cipline of our children, or in the correction of a
" wife.

2 *Cit.* " The correction of a wife, neighbour ?
" Have you law for that ?

1 *Cit.* "No, but I have reason very often. So that I say,
 " Between man and man, reason may be reasonable
 " Sometimes: But if it once meddles with state affairs,
 " 'Tis an ass, and deserves to leave his leather ears
 " In the pillory for affronting the government.
 " As for example now——

2 *Cit.* "As for examples, neighbour, we come to make
 " examples, and we'll make 'em for others to follow:
 " we'll go our own way: What we do, we do by vir-
 " tue of the prerogative of the people.

1 *Cit.* "The prerogative of the people to be sure,
 " every body knows that, but I love to speak plain, and
 " a little inflammation would do well to quiet men's
 " minds:

" So as I was saying by way of example——

" Here's law on one side, and reason on th'other:

" Suppose 'em plaintiff and defendant,

" Who would you think now a fit judge

" To decide the quarrel between law and reason?

2 *Cit.* Who, but the people, man? We can't be

" Corrupted, because we know nothing of either.

[*Shouts again.*]

1 *Cit.* "What shouts are these? come, we lose time,

" Away, to fire the tyrant's house, banish him, or——

" We must do something, now our hands are in.

Mand. "A little patience: these are our friends,

" Who come to join with us.

Thra. "We must appear to head 'em.

Mand. "This is our rendezvous. In the mean time

" Be resolute, and bold——

[*Mandrocles and Thracion go out.*]

1 *Cit.* "As bold as rebellion according to law

" Can make us.

Another Citizen enters.

Cit. Nay, better or worse, "as he proves in the
 " wearing, but so it is, the old king *Leonidas* is fled
 " to the temple of *Juno*: The *Ephori* have cited him
 " to answer some misdemeanors; but he not appearing,
 " has

" has forfeited his recognizance to the people: So they
 " have depos'd him according to law, and proclaim'd
 " *Cleombrotus* king in his room.

1 *Cit.* " He has always shown himself the people's
 friend." Now we shall have the laws for taking away
 our debts, and dividing the lands. *Lycurgus*, as we
 have all heard, was a wise man, and lov'd the people.
 In his days we were all equal.

2 *Cit.* Equal, neighbour! as how? How equal, pray?

1 *Cit.* How equal! why—equal in respect of equality!
 How should it be?

That is, one man as good as another.

2 *Cit.* Ay, those were times indeed:

But we, and our fathers afore us, now-a-days,
 Are little better than rascals, that's the truth on't.

1 *Cit.* Stand aside: the new king is coming this way;
 Let's see how his majesty has alter'd him——

The very same thing still for courtesie——
 See how he bows, and smiles on every hand——
 Stand close, he'll speak anon.

*Cleombrotus enters attended. Agefilaus, Mandrocles,
 and Thracion; with Lysander, Zenocles, and
 Crites, Prisoners.*

Cleom. My thanks among you, my most worthy friends!
 This but begins, what a long happy reign
 (The Gods and you confirm it long, and happy)
 Shall multiply in blessings on you all.

Not one of you " tho' stranger, helot, slave,
 " So born, so made," who has this day appear'd
 In the defence of *Sparta*, and her laws,
 But *Sparta* here adopts among her sons.

Crit. The sons of *Sparta* now are slaves indeed.

Cleom. And as her sons, shall find a parent's care
 To make you happy, and secure you so,
 In all the common goods of government.

Omnes. Liberty, freedom; liberty in *Sparta*! [*Shouting.*]

Cleom. Enough of this. " If there be one among you
 " Wou'd know, as all shall be convinc'd, why I
 " His son by marriage, and in blood the next

" Of

" Of the royal branch of the *Agiades*,
 " Have thus proceeded 'gainst *Leonidas*;
 " To him I speak, he shall be satisfied :
 " And to that purpose, I entreat you all
 To wait me to the senate-house ; there I
 Will give the reasons of my actions :
 Which, when our frightened Senators shall find
 Founded on no design, but what intends
 The public weal, our liberties, and laws,
 And the kind care of all our people's peace,
 How will they blush for so mistaking me !

Agef. Mistaking you indeed, and all your ends.

Cleom. *Agefilaus*, you are the *Ephorus*,
 The people's first chief magistrate in *Sparta*.

Agef. But you their champion and deliverer.

Mand. The patron of the people's liberties.

Thra. Their lives, and freedoms, all redeem'd by you.

Cleom. These are high sounding titles : but the way
 To keep 'em mine ?

Agef. By passing of the bills
 For cancelling debts. —

Cleom. And the dividing lands.

" If laws will please the fools, they shall have laws.

Agef. Sir, cancelling their debts, at present will
 Content 'em : still keep something in your hands ;
 Dividing of the lands may serve a turn
 Another time, and make an after-game.

Cleom. I am advis'd : lead to the senate-house.

Agef. Yet e'er you go, begin a justice here,
 Upon the people's, and your enemies.

Cleom. My mercy had forgot 'em : *Zenocles*,
 And you *Lysander*, what you have advis'd,
 And acted against me, I freely pardon.
 But as you have betray'd the people's trust,
 Being of the *Ephorate*, yet siding with
Leonidas, against their interest,
 I, in the people's name, discard you both
 From that high office ; which I will supply
 With men of worthier note : You *Mandrocles*,
 And *Thracion*, shall fill up this vacancy.

The SPARTAN DAME.

III

Mand. and Tbra. We are your servants ever.

Lyf. We are doom'd.

Zen. Is there ought else?

Agcf. Release 'em: You are free. But here's a rogue
Just ripe, and ready for the hangman's hands.

Cleom. Thou firebrand of fools! what canst thou say
To qualify thy mischiefs by excuse,
In hopes of pardon?

Crit. What I did, I did
In honest earnest, and by open day,
In duty to the interest I serv'd:

And now to stammer out a weak defence,
Can't make me innocent, but would betray
A fear, that never shall be part of me.

Cleom. I know thee dangerous; yet since thou hast
Some virtues, that prefer and place thee near
The trust and bosom of a man I love,
And wou'd engage, I pardon all that's past:
Eurytion pardons thee: but his heart scorns
To be oblig'd: and therefore we are forc'd
Not to depend upon him.—Forward, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

Eurytion enters to Lyfander, Zenocles and Crites.

Crit. Life is not yet become a burden to me;
Therefore I offer up, in thankfulness,
To my preserver, to *Eurytion*,
My days to come, and their best services,
To wait upon your fortune.

Eury. I accept
Them, and thy love, my *Crites*! "Gentlemen,
"I think you're cast from your employments too,
"Your office in the state.

Lyf. "Why fare 'em well.
"Those worthy men who have succeeded us,
"Are fitter for the posture of affairs.

"*Zen.* Nor do I envy 'em the certain fame,
"That must attend the story of these times
"To after-ages: I would be forgotten.

Crit. "Draw me but to the life, the thing I am,
"And let me be remember'd in the scene

" Of this day's action, to the end of time.
 " They cannot call us traytors, nor they shannot.
 " We have serv'd a royal master, and may live,
 " Some God propose the means, again to serve him,
 " Who will secure our memories against
 " The censure of loose tongues, when theirs shall stink
 " In common graves, without an epitaph.

Eury. Come to my arms : " thou truly loyal man !
 And O ! embrace him all : This spirit seems
 Inspir'd to raise the hopes of honest men,
 And I obey the call : No longer then
 Be our hearts strangers to each other's breasts ;
 Fearless and free, we'll interchange our souls,
 Both of the past, and what we may expect
 From what's to come.

Zen. What is there to expect ?

Lyf. Or what can come ?

Crit. " The reign of tyranny already is begun.

Eury. " Oppression, bonds, and blood will follow soon.
 Let not the carriage of *Cleombrotus*
 Lull us in a supine security,
 Sooth our credulity to the fond thought,
 That he can pardon us. We are not safe,
 Till he be satisfied his pow'r is so :
 And that can't be, but by the fall of those
 Who have appear'd his enemies.

Crit. And how

We stand in his opinion is well known.

Zen. " 'Tis certain, pow'r usurp'd must be maintain'd

" By the same force that rais'd it.

Lyf. " How that force

" May be employ'd, on whom ?

Crit. " On you, and me,

" And all of us, if not in time prevented.

Eury. We are not boys, nor is *Cleombrotus*,
 Whose quick suspicion, as it will awake
 His fears of us : so let our reason too
 Provide against the danger of those fears,
 Which always end in blood. For my own part,
 I value life but just as life deserves ;

" But

- " But as the servant of *Leonidas*,
 " And follower of his fall'n fortunes.
Zen. " All, we all are so.
Lyf. " In life and death his servants.
Eury. " Then cherish life to a more happy hour,
 " That may require us nobly. Times may mend,
 " The giddy temper of the people's love
 " May change again——
Lyf. " And we again may hope ;
Eury. " For usurpation never governs long.
Crit. " I'm thinking what this reformation
 " (The canting name of all rebellions) comes to :
 " Take it in pieces, and examine what
 " Remains to publick good, when discontent,
 " Pride, avarice, ambition, interest,
 " Revenge, and faction, have all serv'd their ends.
Zen. " Yet these reformers are, and will be stil'd,
 " The fathers of their country.
Lyf. " The people think 'em such.
Crit. " O, the wise people !
 " The pillars and supports of common-wealths !
Eury. " What are they, but a politick-herded fool ?
 " Their counsels as tumultuous, as their crowd—
Crit. " Ever in business, always in the wrong.
Eury. " Merit they have heard of, but they know not how
 " To find or value it, but as retail'd
 " By the next stander-by ——
Crit. " They act and think,
 " The self-same way, just nothing of themselves.
Eury. " Judging upon appearances, and know
 " Things only in their names ; no matter what
 " Their natures are, what mean, or what intend.
Crit. " Because a reformation, in plain sense,
 " Promises fair, tho' wicked men pervert
 " The honest-meaning word, and change the course
 " And current of affairs, from good to bad,
 " From lawful monarchy to tyranny,
 " Or headlong anarchy ; the people still,
 " Adoring all things fainted by that name,
 " Are pleas'd, and call it reformation still.

Lyf. " At least it has the charm of novelty.

Zen. " And that still makes a holiday for fools.

Eury. A sudden thought, but huddled, and confus'd,
Unargu'd yet, inspires me with high hopes,
Which our united counsels may digest,
To a maturity of growth and strength,
" Ev'n to the restoration of the king.

Crit. " Let me but live to see that happy day,
" And Fate take all behind.

Lyf. " An age of years
" Wou'd cheaply purchase it.

Eury. This place, my friends,
Frequented, and so public, does not suit
Our present purpose : Pray withdraw with me,
And you shall know the ground I work upon.
If then you find my means sufficient,
To lead us on in this great enterprize,
Our dangers, as our hopes, will be the same.
" Happen the worst, and all endeavours fail ;
" Virtue has its reward in suffering
" By death, or exile, for an injur'd king. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Eurytion, with Crites and a Servant.

Eury. THESE must with speed and safety be convey'd.
[Gives letters to the servant, who goes out.
And, *Crites*, in these tablets you will find
The method I propose in my design,
Which you must be instructed in : You'll find
Something concern my wife ; let that be kept
A treasure in thy heart ; for on that trust
My all depends.

Crit. I'll keep it as my heart.

Eury. Things thus dispos'd for our intelligence,
Nothing, that in our absence passes here,
In favour, or delay of our design,

Can

Can 'scape our quickest notice.

Crit. Nothing can :

The distance of *Tegeæ* from this place
Favours our posts, that may be hourly with you :
" Thither the king intends, my lord ?

Eury. " He does. *Lyfander* and *Zenocles* attend him.
My time grows short : I have a word or two
For my *Thelamia's* ear : A farewell kiss,
Parting with such a wife, may be allow'd,
And not disgrace my duty ; that rite pay'd,
Thither I follow too. [Going.

Crit. I know not what ———
My staying here behind methinks appears
But an unactive, lazy " loyalty ;
I would do something for him.

Eury. Pray, no more.
Your staying here at this time serves him best :
Besides, *Thelamia*, in my absence, may
Need the protection of thy friendly care.

Crit. Sir, I have done, and the charge honours me.

Eury. Pray, *Crites*, tell my wife——I'll go my self.
But see she meets my way——

Thelamia enters.

The graces all attending on her steps——
I stood but now superior, and unmov'd,
Ev'n in this flesh, and frailty of a man,
To all the storms of this bad under-world.
But wonder at the virtue of thy love ;
Which, tho' worse days were to succeed these bad,
Might entertain me thro' long weary years
Of wretched life : deceiving all my cares
In thy dear arms ; forgetting all for thee.

Thel. O, thou first fondness of a virgin heart !
How shall my untaught innocence instruct me ?
How tell thee what my heart wou'd have thee know ?

Eury. Thy eyes inform me ; their chaste beams inspire
And speak in smiles the language of thy heart ;
Thy heart, the throne of virtue ! where my peace,
My happiness, and life must wait for ever.

Crit. I may provide her better company. [Aside.

Eury. O! let me thus transported, view thee still!
Still thus transported touch thee! and each touch
As ravishing, as was that furious first,
That gave me the possession of thy love,
And made thee mine for ever.

Crit. He grows warm
On the imagination: I may cool you. [Aside.

Thel. Cou'd this but last, my Lord.—

Eury. It ever shall.

Thel. I fear the Gods are envious of our joys.

Eury. Thus thou hast often heard me: All my words
Thus charm'd, and fitted to thy tender ear:
As when I look upon thee, my fir'd heart
Must wanton in the rapture of thy praise.
Thus thou hast always found me; but till now,
Ne'er came prepar'd to leave thee. I have told thee
The hard necessity that presses me,
And by my absence best will be obey'd.

Thel. Our marriage sure was ominous: The storms
That threatned, and the face of things
That frown'd upon its birth, when we were join'd,
Portend succeeding mischiefs.

Eury. Not to thee,
My love! they cannot mean thee any harm:
Safe in thy innocence, and sister's love,
Thy fears are vain: But I have done those things,
Cleombrotus, tho' I were reconcil'd
To all his ills, can never pardon me.

“ Therefore, besides my duty to the king,
My safety does advise my absence now.

Thel. O take me with you then! This is a world
The weak will suffer in; and who so weak,
As woman thus expos'd, thus naked left,
Without the care——

Eury. Thou art my dearest care.

Thel. Yet I am left behind you——

Eury. Not expos'd:

O! think not so: My *Crites* here, my friend,
Whose honesty, “ his service to the king

Has so renown'd, is thy security,
Thy refuge from all wrongs.

Crit. Sir, I am bound
The servant of your fortune.

Thel. He indeed
Is truly honest ; and 'tis some relief
Of my misfortunes, that he stays behind.

Crit. My life upon the trust.

Eury. I know thy faith.
And farther, *Crites*, let *Bixantbe* know
Her near relation to my wife does claim
Her, a companion of this solitude,
During my absence.

Thel. Her kind company
Will pass away the melancholy hours.

Crit. Madam, my wife shall constantly attend you.

Eury. Tho' I am forc'd thus to absent my self
From all I love ; I shall contrive some means,
Some friendly intervals to visit thee :
But then my coming must be private, made
A secret ; my own servants not employ'd.
Crites, who has my reasons, will inform you,
At better leisure, why I thus proceed.

Thel. I have sufficient reasons in your will,
A law to me, and shall be so obey'd.

Eury. He shall be qualify'd from time to time,
To let you know what happens.

Thel. I must hear
Hourly of your health—I know not why,
Altho' I know you safe in *Crites*' faith,
Yet still my heart must tremble in its fears.

Eury. Only the tenderness of parting love :
Banish all fears.

[*Exeunt.*]

Crit. Ay, so says *Crites* too ;
Security will serve the turn as well.
Here he disposes in my hands the scheme
Of their designs, " to re-inthroned the king :
So much for state affairs. Then he commits
His wife to the protection of my care,
And certain honesty. Why thus he spares

My

My pains, and plays the game into my hand.
 My honesty, alas ! that has long since
 Been brib'd by the ambition of those hopes
Cleombrotus must raise to growth and power.
 Therefore I am his slave, and act all parts,
 His spy in business, and in love his—what ?
 The word indeed is coarse to dainty ears ;
 But he who makes his fortune in this world,
 Must sometimes do what he would blush to name.
 I wou'd not be observ'd—the coast is clear——

[*Goes to the door, and returns.*]

“ Thus in the days of reformation,
 We must put on those forms, and features, which
 Resemble, and come nearest our design.
 All are not born with handsome faces ; then
 Mend 'em, the ladies will advise ;
 Paint to the fair complexion of the times,
 And hide the natural deformity.
 Whom have we here ? I would observe unseen——

Celona with Mandrocles, and Thracion.

Celo. News of a crown, and royal dignity,
 Is worth a welcome sure from any hand.
 But when such men——

Mand. The servants of your will.

Celo. Such friends——

Thra. Your honour'd, faithful slaves.

Celo. Such worthy friends !

Mand. Our lives and interests
 Devoted to your majesty's command.

Celo. When such as you are the kind messengers,
 How can my gratitude express my thanks !

Man. Madam, the honour of your royal hand——

Thra. O'er pays our hopes.

[*Both offering to kiss her hand, she puts 'em by, on each side.*]

Celo. “ That's but a lean reward :
 “ You have depos'd my father——But in that
 “ Made me a queen——I wou'd employ my pow'r :
 “ Ask something that may put me to the test
 “ Of what I can : I wou'd appear a queen ;

“ And

" And can my pow'r be better exercis'd,
" Than in the service of such——Honest men?

Mand. " O, Madam, you are pleas'd——

Celo. " What! honest men!

" The other party wonnot stile you so.

" No matter what they say, poor passive tools.

Thra. " We are as well.

Celo. " Nay, something better sure.

Mand. " Tho' they are pleas'd to call us ——

Celo. " They presume.

Mand. " But I forgive 'em: routed rogues will rail,

" 'Tis all they have to eat by.

Celo. " Let 'em rail;

" They can but call you rebels, villains, fools——

Mand. " O madam! we are 'magistrates, in pow'r,

" To punish such licentious libellers;

" They dare not call us so——

Celo. " Then I will for 'em;

You brace of courteous, cringing sycophants!

You double-hearted slaves, and double-tongu'd!

Whose hollow flatteries would win me to

Your rotten sides, only to prop your pride.

Avaunt! be gone! But that I scorn, detest

All the advantages of place, or pow'r,

Such despicable, wretched instruments

Can raise my fortune to, you shou'd not scape

The common hangman's hands: " I would let loose

" Some of your own unreasonable laws,

" Which, in the spirit of their popular spleen,

" Should worry you like dogs—My thoughts are bent

On matters more importing than your death.—

But fly in time, hated, and curs'd be gone;

For if you tempt me longer by your stay,

This dagger shall reward your villanies.

[*Drives them out.*]

How I abhor the odious sight of em!

[*Crites comes forward.*]

But here comes one, an honest-hearted man,

And welcome to my eyes.

Crit. Madam, you seem

Disturb'd

Disturb'd at something; what can be the cause?

Celo. A trifle, *Crites*, at the first despis'd,
But now forgot—My sister is within;
Pray let her know I'm here.

Crit. I am proud to serve you.

[Exit.

Celo. Oh! that I could recall the innocence
Of yesterday; then there were halcyon calms!
What a tranquillity, and peace of mind,
Employ'd the hours in comforts on my days!
My full content fate smiling on my brow,
And laughing in my heart, now fled far off,
“And banish'd with my father.

Enter Eurytion with Thelamia, Crites following.

Eury. Once more farewell: 'tis hard to part with thee,
But part we must. Now, *Crites*, I am gone.

[Eurytion goes out.

Celo. I did not think, *Thelamia*, that your husband
Cou'd pass thus coldly by: Methought his eyes
Were cautious of me, and at distance held,
Glanc'd on me the suspicion of his fears.

Thel. O! do not blame *Eurytion*, tax not him
Of any fault, but charge it “on the times,
“Whose sudden turns of various interests,
“May reasonably give us jealousies
“Of one another, and of all the world.

Celo. I bring along with me a sister's love;
Wou'd have it so believ'd, and so return'd,
No spy upon his actions.

Thel. You are rais'd a partner of that pow'r, he has
oppos'd.

Celo. “O hated pow'r! whose blind ambition
“Stands like a fatal rock in nature's course,
“Dividing thus our loves, and interests,
“Which else had kindly to one channel run,
“In fruitful currents, to our common good.

Thel. From that reflection, sister, you must find
My lord's excuse; who, banish'd from himself,
And driven from the temper of his soul,
The natural disposition of his love,

Compell'd and forc'd, appears thus chang'd, and cold.

Celo. O sister! can a lady show herself
To more advantage, than in pleading thus
A husband's cause?—Yet that I am deny'd.
O! 'tis a theme for the *Athenian* song;
And fits the virtue of a *Spartan* wife:
"But wretched that I am! what can I say
"To extenuate *Cleombrotus*'s guilt?
"I am his wife, the partner of his fame,
"But wou'd not be partaker of his crimes;
"And how can I avoid it to the world!

Cleombrotus enters with Agefilaus.

Thel. Here comes the king.

Celo. "How, sister! what is then

"Our father, if *Cleombrotus* be king?

"O no: call him, my lord, my husband, or

"Your brother, if you please, but not the king.

Agef. He must have chang'd his purpose, else he had
Falln into their ambush.

Gleom. I am pleas'd his flight has scap'd 'em:
To *Tegæa* I know he's gone: some two hours hence
I shall have business ripe for your advice.

Agef. My duty shall attend your majesty. [Exit.]

Thel. 'Tis fit I leave you.

Celo. I would have you stay.

Cleom. O madam! are you found? This is a place
I'm pleas'd to find you in.

Celo. I'm glad you're pleas'd.

Cleom. I come, *Thelamia*, as a brother ought,
To visit you.

Thel. That title of your love
Makes all my happiness.

Cleom. I know your heart
Is full of fears, that your soft, gentle sex,
The disposition of your natures takes
More dangerous impressions of your fears,
Than bodies stronger form'd; therefore I come——

Celo. Like a kind brother——

Thel. Heaven grant he prove no more! [Aside.]

Cleom. I know, in the obligation of your blood,
And as becomes the office of your love,
You have already told her——

Celo. Told her, Sir!

Cleom. Ay, giv'n her all those kind assurances——

Celo. Of what, my lord?

Cleom. Of me, and of my fortune:
Which, as my friends shall still command, she may
Expect an ample share in.

Celo. That subject, sir, you best can speak upon.

Cleom. You shou'd have done it.

Celo. What pow'r had I?

Cleom. You know, my pow'r is yours:
Besides, it must have been a grateful theme.

Celo. I thought not so.

Cleom. How! 'twould have pleas'd you sure?

Celo. Far otherwise.

Cleom. I thought it might have pleas'd you.

Celo. No, I do not understand it.

Cleom. That is strange.

Celo. Nor care to be instructed.

Cleom. This proceeds
From some more subtle cause.

Celo. From a plain truth:

Nor do I understand how I can give
Her more assurances, than I my self
Can take from your new fortune.

Cleom. That indeed

You cannot well; she has a sister's claim,
But you're the mistress of it, and my queen.
Come, come, no more of this indifference,
'This coldness misbecomes our present state,
It looks like envy of your happiness,
Which only fools inflict upon themselves.

Celo. All arguments are unavailing now,
Tedious, and from the purpose; and to ask
Why you have thus proceeded, cannot change
The nature of the action, or undo
What is already done.

Cleom. Grant that, and then

We must look forward, where the opening scene
 Discloses nature, elegantly dress'd,
 To welcome you in her inviting arms :
 We have that glorious prospect now in view.
 To turn, and wonder at the slippery paths,
 The heavy steps, the difficult degrees,
 By which we rose, were to deny our selves
 Those pleasures, which invited first our hopes,
 And would reward our pains. No, madam, no,
 " Things done are best forgotten.

Celo. " Some never are forgotten.

Thel. " You may provoke him. [To Celona.

Cleom. " Our folly then preserves their memory.

Celo. " That folly is our guilt.

Cleom. " Be mine that guilt,
 " The guilt of empire ; all its thorns and cares
 " Be only mine : but the substantial goods,
 " Which, in opinion, or experience,
 " Make life a real blessing, shall be thine.

Celo. O sister, witness to my virtue now !
 Which tempted thus, thus courted to a throne,
 And by the man, who has all charms for me,
 Stands yet resolv'd——

Cleom. Of what ? Resolv'd !

Celo. O, Sir !

Were it a task for every common strength
 To undertake, it were no part for me ;
 But loving as I do, and so belov'd !
 Prosperity inviting every sense,
 With various arts, to unprovide my mind !
 What but a *Spartan* spirit can sustain
 The shock of such temptations ; thus resolve
 To leave the comforts of your bed and throne,
 And live a mourner for a " father's wrongs ?

Cleom. How's that, *Celona* ? Wou'd *Thelamia* e'er
 Have us'd *Eurytion* thus ?

Celo. He never would
 Have given her this cause : my life, my love,
 My fortune, my obedience, all are yours ;
 But of my living part, my eternal fame,

I am the mistress, and must here command..

" Ill actions, tho' they be past our recall,

" May be lamented ; and not to share the fruit,

" The benefits, which first drew on their crime,

" Makes some amends ; but where is their reward ?

" A throne usurpt ! my father is depos'd

" To make me queen : infamous throne, and queen !

Thel. " This may enrage him, sister ; pray no more.

Celo. " Were I like other women now, who know

" No use of life, but in their appetites ;

" Their tears, their face of sorrow, and their blacks,

" Might serve my turn, and by degrees persuade

" And reconcile me to my royal fate :

" But as I am above such pageantries,

" One of a nobler aim in all my ends,

" I must despise those forms, which cheat the world.

True sorrow only lives within the heart,

And in our actions best is understood :

Therefore my virtue will allow no mean,

" I must renounce your power, or share your crimes.

Cleom. This virtue, which you senselessly affect,

Is a *plebeian* weakness in your soul,

A poor, degenerate fear of what may be,

Which nobler minds can never apprehend.

Celo. My lord ! my lord ! I was not born to fear ;

My country places me above my sex :

I am a *Spartan* born, can know no fears

But of dishonour ; and I would be still

A coward in those fears.

Thel. Where will this end ?

Celo. But you are pleas'd to tax me, in your phrase,

Of a *plebeian* weakness : Sir, I scorn

A groveling soul ; I have a mind as high,

As generously enlarg'd with royal thoughts,

As enterprising, great, and glorious,

As e'er ambition prompted to a crown.

Cleom. Give but a proof of this.

Celo. I will——

Cleom. I ask no more.

Celo. The highest proof. O ! were what you possess,

" The

“ The gift of nature, from a father’s death,
 “ In the succession a descending right ;
 Or had you nobly gain’d it, in defence
 Of rights insulted, and invaded laws ;
 Your crown, the thanks of a free’d peoples love ;
 The gift of vindicated liberty ;
 A wreath of triumph over tyranny ;
 The glorious spoil of arbitrary pow’r,
 Wrested, and torn from an oppressor’s hand :
 O ! were it so deserv’d, and so bestow’d,
 How could I dress that brow, and deck my own !
 What plots, what factions, what conspiracies,
 What impudent rebellion shou’d oppose
 Your title then ? I have a royal soul
 Wou’d throw me on my fate, never to rest,
 Till I were in the grave, or on the throne.

Cleom. Exert that royal soul, let it still reign.

Celo. I will.

And as I would all dangers undertake,
 To share a “ godlike power of doing good ;
 So from that sacred right of sovereignty,
 I scorn the privilege of doing ill.
 “ A petty partnership of borrow’d power,
 “ Precariously rais’d, and so sustain’d.
 No generous motive from the public cause,
 But an impulse of impotent desire,
 The wand’ring lust of a licentious will,
 Has hurry’d you, to violate all laws,
 That stood between you and your impious ends :
 ’Tis therefore I abhor your tyranny,
 That base-born issue of unlawful might !
 Begot upon the fears of bad mens crimes,
 Or prostituted, slavish principles ;
 Cradled in infamy, and rear’d in vice,
 Fatted with feasts of undeserved praise ;
 Blown up with flattery to a giant size
 Of rapine, and oppressive insolence,
 To trample down the bounds of property,
 And seize the common birth-right, Liberty.
 This is the monster idol you set up,

Which, in the pride of virtue, I despise,
 And in that pride, I go——But do not think
 You can be safe : You, and “ your ill got crown
 Long cannot prosper ; nay, by *Hercules*,
 The father of our empire, I hope
 It wonnot long : “ If yet there can be found
 “ Among so many slaves, one spirit free,
 “ Among so many false, one man yet true,
 “ Unshaken, unfeduced ; who has preserv’d
 “ His loyalty, him will I animate ;
 Nay, I myself will head my “ father’s cause
 Against your “ throne——But O ! the conflict here !
 You judging gods ! whose sentence has assign’d
 To wretched mortals our proportion’d share
 Of labour, and our recompence of fame
 For virtuous actions, look in pity on me :
 Compose this tost, this tempest-beaten breast,
 With different tides of swelling woe oppress’d ;
 “ Restrain my tears, that my weak eye may see
 “ The bounds of parricide and piety ;
 “ By turns sustain the daughter, and the wife,
 “ That through divided virtue’s glorious strife,
 “ I may restore the king, and save a husband’s life.

[*Exit, Thelamia following.*]

Cleom. You wonnot leave me too ?

Thel. I’ll follow her, and bring her back.

Cleom. O ! you may spare your pains.

Her fury must have way ; she’s best alone,
 And we as well without her.

Thel. How, my lord !

You do not speak your thoughts, you cannot mean——

Cleom. I can mean only thee ! All that thy prayers
 Can ask of heav’n, all that the gods can grant
 In answer of thy wishes, all be thine :
 Eternal youth, an ever-rising spring
 Of smiling beauty, in its blushing bloom,
 Make thee the pride, and wish, of hearts and eyes :
 All joys, all blessings, which long happy years
 Of empire can bestow, I mean to thee.

Thel. Where would this lead me ?

Cleom. O ! thou canst not be
So dull, *Thelamia*, not to apprehend
What this intends : I would prepare thee thus
By soft degrees, gently engage thy ear,
In favour of a cause which I must plead,
And you must judge.

Thel. My sentence will be mild.

Cleom. Indeed thy looks are wondrous pitiful :
Thy heart's a-kin to 'em.

Thel. I mean, my lord,
I may prove partial, and pronounce for you,
As you're my king, and brother.

Cleom. O that word !
Would I were more than that, or not so much.
That brother is too cold ; canst thou not find
A nearer name ? one nearer to thy love,
That better can bespeak thee.

Thel. There is none ;
No name in the relation of our blood,
Kindred, or family, nearer ally'd
To our affections, than a brother is ;
Husband is only more.

Cleom. And yet you see
I am forsaken ; nay, *Thelamia*, you,
Ev'n you're abandon'd by a husband too.
Good Gods ! what is this marriage ? that so soon
Depraves our appetites, that thus prefers
Vile things to precious ? It comes, like frost
Upon a forward spring ; the flower of youth,
Wanton in gay desires, here nipt, shrinks in
With all its sweets, drooping the tender head
Upon its stalk, no worthier than a weed.

Thel. You're merry, Sir, with our condition.

Cleom. Who, but a husband, ever could persuade
His heart, to leave the bosom of thy love,
For any phlegmatick design of state,
Of life, or fortune ? But he's satisfied,
And I should not complain : His absence makes
Me room for my desires —

Thel. Desires, my lord !

Cleom. We are forsaken, but not quite forlorn,
Not destitute of comfort ; there remains
A recompence——

Thel. A recompence !

Cleom. Rich as my hopes——

Thel. What hopes ?

Cleom. That seems intended by our very fates,
Designingly removing every bar,
To make our way to one another's arms.
Why do you fly me ?

Thel. O ! I now perceive my ruin plain.

Cleom. What can you fear in me ?

Thel. I am most miserable.

Cleom. How ?

Thel. No more :

I've heard too much. It was too great a wrong
Ev'n to suspect my virtue : But to explain
Your guilty thoughts, is such a privilege
Your high place only gives you ; and from this
I fear a future tyranny.

Cleom. Away !

My thoughts, my every word, my actions,
Are slaves to the obedience of thy will,
Nor can assume a privilege from pow'r
Of violating thee: But want will speak,
And all my want is love.

Thel. Call it not love :

Coming from you, it has another name,
Too horrid for the ear : Were I that wretch ;
Were every light extinguish'd in the mind,
Which brightens virtue, and shows vice most foul ;
Were I forsaken of all sense of good ;
Abandon'd, and led captive to all ill :
One, whose experienc'd wickedness could prove
Adultery no sin : Yet ev'n there,
Among the common rout, you cou'd not hope :
Tho' I were fear'd against all other sins,
Incest wou'd make me tremble : Sure it is,
On this side hell, known only in the name :
There cannot be a reprobate so lost,

So damn'd a reprobate to act it, sure!

Cleom. Why, madam, do you think I cou'd proceed
Thus far, upon this subject, without thought,
A serious, judging sense of good and ill?
I have a mind, like you, a conscience too,
That apprehends the terror of such guilt,
With fears as nice as yours; and, but I know
My loving you cannot be any crime——

Thel. How! not a crime!

Cleom. As purely innocent as any other love.

Thel. I have a refuge yet, a dagger here. [*Aside.*]

Cleom. Brother, and sister, are but terms of art,
Occasionally fashio'd to the ends
Of government; as marriage is no more
Than a mere human obligation;
Of no more force than is ordain'd by pow'r;
Which, as it ties the knot, unties it too:
And I ordain it shall no longer bind.

Thel. O! Sir, consider.——

Cleom. All that you can say,
I have consider'd. I have curs'd my fate,
But how does that avail me? Curs'd my self,
And the repented rashness of my youth,
Whose unadvising folly gave me to
Your sister's bed, now surfeited, and loath'd.

Thel. Can you repent your marriage?

Cleom. Curses can't

Mend my condition: Yet I must curse
Eurytion, all the world that comes between
Me, and my joys in thee——but this is wild,
Quite from my purpose, idly losing time,
Whose precious minutes, as they pass along,
May bring me comforts: Oh! there can be none,
But in thy arms: There I must find my joys,
Or never find 'em.

[*He pressing her, she draws a dagger.*]

Thel. Find 'em in the grave.

Cleom. A dagger! arm'd against me!

Thel. Stir not a step——I wear it for my self,
If you attempt me farther.

Cleom. Have a care : You wonnot wound your self?

Thel. A thousand wounds

This, as the guard of virtue, shall bestow,
Rather than leave me to your brutal will,
The murder of my fame.

Cleom. This wonnot do :

I must try other means.

[*Aside.*

Thel. I know I am

Within your pow'r, expos'd to your wild rage :
But death's a sanctuary from all wrongs,
And that I can command.

Cleom. O ! only die

The guilty memory of what is past,
My sin, and now my shame.

Thel. Can you say so, and not repent !

Cleom. But you cannot forgive :

I can't forgive my self : I've done those things,
Which pardon cannot reach.

Thel. If this be true——

Cleom. I cannot look upon that injur'd face,
(Now to dissemble well)

[*Aside.*

Without a guilt, that quite confounds me.

Thel. May the Gods, whom you
Have injur'd most, forgive you.

Cleom. I have wrong'd you.

Thel. I freely pardon you.

Cleom. How have I slept ! your virtue only cou'd
Restore me to my self. I tremble, now,
At th' apprehension of my wickedness,
Of monst'rous size, and fearful to conceive.
But my repentance sets all right again.

[*Leading her to the door.*

Sister, farewell : this victory is yours——

Be mine the next. These measures but begin,
What love by stratagem, or force, must win.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Agefilaus and Crites.

Agef. "NAY, there are many more as well as they
 " Of profitable solemn ignorance,
 " Who fill employments, only to exclude
 " Men of more able sense, and honesty.

Crit. " No matter for their honesty, or sense :
 " The government needs neither : These are men
 " Fit for our purpose, who can do no harm,
 " Who ruling, may be rul'd : The blanks of pow'r :
 " They fill the chairs of business, and high place,
 " Vote as you lead their voice, or have no voice,
 " Make up the numbers, whilst you are the sum :
 " Alone your self the ephorate of *Sparta*.

Agef. That way I have my wish—but this lady, she
 Confounds my policy : What can she mean

" By all this violence ?

Crit. What can she mean ? Why, she speaks plain
 enough,

" She means to bring her father in again,
 " And to unthronè her husband. In the city
 " Her party swarms already.

Agef. " She declaims

" Upon his wrongs ev'n in the market-place.

Crit. " And the kind maudling crowd melts in her
 " praise.

Agef. " Our fools, who from their fathers have been so,
 " Who us'd to be contented to believe,
 " Taking up all on trust, reel in their faith.

Crit. " Now they begin to doubt.

Agef. " Asking us questions of right, and wrong,
 " Which, tho' our consciences have reconcil'd,
 " My learning cannot answer.

Crit. " Then they shake

" Their brainless coxcombs, rearing dirty palms,
 " They snuffle out their fears. All is not well.

Agef. " All wonnot long be well, if this goes on.
I apprehend the fatal consequence,
Tho' the king won't.

Crit. Alas! Sir, he's employ'd
In other fears. Love takes up all his time :
But the sole ministry of his affairs,
The state, you rule.

Agef. And I had fix'd it sure,
Had not my ambush for *Leonidas*
Been disappointed. " But he scap'd my snares,
" Still lives, and threatens while he is alive,
" The ruin of us all.

Crit. Then I shou'd think
His death were well resolv'd.

Agef. I have advis'd it often, but the king——

Crit. Don't trouble him :
When 'tis once done, he'll find that it is well done.

Agef. 'Tis certainly most necessary.

Crit. Nay, if it be necessary, it is just :
And in just things, sometimes to serve a prince
Against his will, is the best loyalty.

Agef. Then 'tis our duty, *Crites* ?

Crit. Without doubt :
And more than so, our own security.

Agef. What's to be done ? there's nothing to be done
Or thought on where he is——cou'd we decoy
Him here to *Sparta*.——

Crit. That's impossible.

Agef. But how ? What means ? What arts ?

Crit. O ! there are none.

Agef. Then think no more upon't.
He must live on, since 'tis impossible
To bring him in our pow'r.

Crit. Not quite impossible : But very difficult.

Agef. Suppose you shou'd——

" You who are trusted by him, only can
" Betray him——You methinks may quickly find
Pretences, probable in his affairs,
To draw him here.

Crit. What, Sir, if he were here ?

Agēs. Here he shou'd stay,
Murder'd as soon as enter'd.

Crit. Here's a letter
Will speak what I have thought upon these things.

Agēs. 'Tis to *Leonidas*.

Crit. Pray read it.

*THE Gods declare upon your side, in their inspiration of
Celona ; whose virtue, confirm'd by me, has this night
resolv'd the murder of the tyrant. Fail not to head your
friends, who will be ready to serve you.*

Crites.

Agēs. This cannot fail :
Her carriage makes all easy to his faith :
He will believe, and come.

Crit. Come! he will come,
Not for those reasons, which you apprehend,
And might invite another.

Agēs. Not for his crown ?
I cannot guess what you rely on. —

Crit. This : I know the niceness of his virtue such,
That when the letter tells him that his daughter
Intends her husband's murder, he will fly,
To save her from the sin.

Agēs. He may resolve
To pardon her, and so not make such haste.

Crit. O ! you are wide of him : Not this earth's rule
Cou'd bribe him to consent to such a crime,
Tho' far remov'd, and distant from his blood ;
But when so near him as a daughter's sin,
You need not doubt his coming.

Agēs. Have you said when he shou'd come ?

Crit. The postscript says at twelve.

Agēs. It does, and it appoints your house the place—
It is the fittest place.

Crit. I'm unsuspected.
Give me but your authority, and some
Convenient villains, who dare do the deed :
And he shall fall as soon as enter there.

Agēs. This letter must be sent.

Crit. *Timæus* will convey it speedily.

He waits without——

[*Goes to the door, Timæus takes the letter.*

Agēs. So, this will make all sure.

Crit. Fail not, upon your life.

Timæ. My life upon't.

[*Goes off.*

Crit. I've order'd him to stay, just till he sees
Leonidas set forward, then to come
With his best speed, and bring me certain word.

Agēs. You must attend.——

Crit. Only a love affair,
Which happens luckily enough, and shall
To-night employ the king.

Agēs. That will allow

Us time for our designs : I'm glad it thrives.

Crit. O ! all goes very well.

Agēs. He's coming forth.

When you're at leisure, I must speak with you. [Exit.

Cleombrotus to Crites.

Cleom. Thou art the life of counsel : It must be
Just as thou said'st.

Crit. Indeed, I think it best.

Cleom. Undoubtedly the best. And I must own
My self i'th' wrong, as passion always is.
So like a mad-brain'd boy, to think of force.

Crit. I must confess, a violent remedy,
In some despairing points, does very well :
When nothing else will do, 'tis well apply'd,
And then a rape is necessary ; but
Your case is far from this : She's in your pow'r,
And cannot 'scape you : Nay, I say again,
She shannot, sir : And when I thus declare,
You shall enjoy her any way you please,
You wou'd not chuse a violation ?

Cleom. Thou art my guide of love.

Crit. This way, that I propose,
Shall introduce you for *Eurytion*,
Give you a free admission to her bed,

Which

Which you may satisfy as well as he.

Cleom. Then for his care

In coming unattended, in the dark——

Crit. Unknown of all but me, his faithful friend.—

Cleom. Makes still for us.

Crit. All things must be remov'd,

And silent to receive you.

Cleom. If she discover me——

Crit. Why, if she does.

Cleom. Wou'd it were come to that.

Crit. Sir, it shall come.

Cleom. I am impatient.——

Crit. 'Tis too early, yet,

And you must wait : There is no remedy.

Cleom. Then I must wait.

Crit. The hour will soon arrive.

Cleom. *Crites*, withdraw with me : We must be nice
In every circumstance of place, and time :

Those we'll agree within : This service done,

My thanks in thy reward shall follow soon. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Bed-Chamber.*

Thelamia and Byzanthe.

Thel. I pity thee, *Byzanthe* ; thy gaiety
Has caught the infection of my company,
And thou art melancholy too.

Byz. I wish I cou'd divert you.

Thel. I thank thy love, my friend ; 'tis growing late :
Yet, ere I go to bed, I'll try to read
An hour away : It may deceive the time.

Byz. Please you, I'll stay, and wait.

Thel. O ! by no means :

I am too troublesome, but thou art kind.

[*Byzanthe goes out, Thelamia sits down at a table,
and opens a book.*

Here I gave o'er——The story seems distress'd :
How will it end !

[Reads.

Tarquinius Sextus then,

Pretending on a journey, late at night

Came

Came to *Collatia*, where *Lucrece* was,
 And breaking thro' all hospitable laws,
 At midnight ravish'd her——O villainy!
 And most unhappy lady! *Collatine*,
 Where was her husband then?—— [*Reads again.*—
 What do I read? a little farther on,
 My author, in his comment on the fact,
 Says, 'twas her husband's absence ruin'd her.
 O fearful apprehension! This is just
 The state of my condition: The sad tale
 May ominously represent my fate,
 In wrong'd *Lucretia*: I am helpless now,
 As she was then: My husband absent too,
 As hers then was——Nay, he has already dar'd
 To force the modesty of my chaste ears
 With the bold brutal passion of his love:
 And after that——But I have forgiv'n him that,
 And he repents——O! it is false, and feign'd,
 Dissembled to betray my faith, and me:
 Love never is repented, 'till enjoy'd——
 And he, perhaps, this night, nay, now, resolves——
 He may be here already——Hark! who's there?
 I dare not stay alone: *Byzantbe*, where,
 Where are you?

Byzantbe enters.

Byz. You're disorder'd much.

Thel. There's something in my closet.

[*Byzantbe takes a light, and goes in.*

Byz. Nothing here.

Thel. Pray, look again.

Byz. Only your fancy, madam.

Thel. I thought I heard a noise.

Byz. Nothing has stirr'd,

Within your hearing, since I left you last.

Thel. Where is your husband?

Byz. Gone in some affair relating to *Eurytion*.

Thel. O! he's a faithful, honest friend; wou'd he
 were here:

All our good fortune does depend on him.

Byz. I think I hear him, madam——

Crites enters.

Thel. Welcome, welcome.

Crites. What, madam, you have leisure for a book.—

Thel. O, *Crites*, I have met the saddest tale,

The rape of *Lucrece* there.——

Crit. 'Tis famous in

The *Roman* story: *Tarquin* ravish'd her.

Thel. The circumstances are so near my case——

Crit. So near your case!

Thel. In all but the sad end,

Crit. What can she mean?

[*Aside.*

Thel. Her husband was from home,

As mine is now, the wretched cause of all.

Crit. Sure she suspects my purpose.

[*Aside.*

Thel. When I think

Upon that midnight ravisher, I reflect

Upon our sex's weakness, thus expos'd,

How easily we are betray'd, or sold,

By any one in trust.

Crit. There cannot be such villany in men.

Thel. There should not, sure. Indeed, I was afraid,

But now I think myself securely safe,

In thy kind care.

Crit. I'm glad you think you are.

Byz. Have you no news for us?

Crit. Faith, I have been

In such a conversation, scarce will please

In repetition: Marriage was the theme,

And my companions its worst enemies,

They forc'd me to my heels.

Thel. What could they say?

Byz. No matter what they say.

Crit. By your good leave,

These men will be our judges: We must stand

The inquisition of their raillery

On our condition: As, to speak the truth,

Nothing can 'scape their jest: The gods, and kings,

Manners, and men laws human and divine,

Must

Must stand, or fall, just as they relish 'em :
We must not think it hard.

Thel. What do they say ?

Byz. We need not doubt but marriage has its load
Of scandal, in the lewdness of their mirth.

Crit. Why, first they swear the institution
Was never made in heav'n.—

Thel. That strikes home.

Crit. That the malicious roguery of age,
Impos'd it first a penance on the pride
Of lusty youth, to keep their bodies low,
Dull, constant slaves to one tir'd, fulsome bed.

Byz. A penance do they call it ?

Thel. Pray, Sir, on.

Crit. That love was ne'er consulted in this law :
But that it stands enacted, and ordain'd
To these our days, that only interest
Of fortune, or of friends, should join our hands,
No matter for our hearts.

Thel. Wicked, and base !

Crit. Nay, when they once set out, they will go on.—

Byz. They have gone far enough.

Thel. I'll hear no more.

Crit. Faith, madam, you may hear a little more,
And not repent your pains.

Thel. How is the night ?

Crit. Why, there's a question now that brings me home
Just to my story's end.

Thel. That question ! Why ?

Crit. 'Tis just about the time.

Thel. What time ?

Perhaps you have some tidings of my lord.

Crit. I have indeed.

Thel. When will he come ? I languish in the thought
Of his approach : O ! why art thou so long
In news so welcome : Pr'ythee tell me all,
Say any thing of him, that he is well,
Say that he comes——

Crit. If you wou'd let me speak.

Thel. 'Tis that I would entreat.

Crit. Then he will come
In half an hour, so he sends me word.
You know his pleasure is, his coming shou'd
Be private, his own servants not employ'd.

Thel. O! I obey in all. But how cou'dst thou
So long delay the comfort of thy news?
But I forgive thee.

Crit. Madam, I must wait
Upon his coming: You prepare for him,
And I'll convey him to you.

[Exit.

Thel. *Byzantbe,*
I must require your friendship: Pray dispose
The business of the family, as you please,
Out of the way, I would have all remov'd:
He will observe our care.

Byz. Leave that to me.

[Exit.

Thel. Whilst I prepare to entertain this guest,
Lodge him in his own mansion of my breast,
And make him happy, as he makes me blest.

} [Exit.

SCENE a Street.

Crites alone.

Crit. Thus far with wind and tide: Things are dispos'd
Just to my wish to carry on the cheat.
Where is my lover now? 'Tis just his time——
He can't be far——I had forgot the sign——
Not answer me! Nay, then he is not come——
Well, our employment must have patience.

Eurytion enters.

Eury. What sign was that?

Crit. O! You are punctual, Sir.

Eury. Rather before my time.

Crit. *Eurytion* here!

[Aside.

Indeed, my Lord, something before your time:
I did not look for you.

Eury. How am I punctual then?

Crit. Punctual, my lord?

Eury. Did you expect another?

Crit. Yes, indeed,

I did expect another, a good friend,
Not such a friend. I have my scouts abroad,
And must be ready for 'em. Yet you come,
As I could wish, to warn you: Dangers, Sir,
Are every where: This is no place; retire,
You may be seen.

Eury. I'll follow thy advice.

Crit. Go not in there.

Eury. My safety must be here.

[*Goes in.*]

Crit. What shall I do? Death! Something must be done,

Crites goes in, Cleombrotus enters.

Cleom. The servants still are stirring in the house:
I heard 'em talk: I'll take another turn.

Crites returns with Eurytion.

Crit. Your house, you may be sure, Sir, wonnot 'scape
The strictest search.—

Eury. Not if so general.

Crit. Nor will be less suspected, being yours.

Eury. Much more suspected, *Crites*. But that sign!
What could it mean? So late about my doors,
Just as I came to thee?

Crit. I heard it too,

“ And took it for the signal of those rogues,

“ Who haunt the night, informers for the state.

Eury. “ Have you such ministers?

Crit. “ No place is free. Would you were safe.

Eury. Well, *Crites*, I am gone.

Crit. The king will soon be there.

Eury. You'll follow me.

[*Exit.*]

Crit. When I've secur'd all here.—

Unseasonable husband! Fare thee well.

Why, what a 'scape was this? At the same time,

The very place, so unexpectedly,

And just upon my summons of another!

But he's remov'd—if he had seen his wife,

'T had

'T had been impossible. That lucky lie
Has sent him to my house, to wait the king,
Leonidas : At twelve I may expect him :
'Tis near eleven now——*Cleombrotus*
Wonnot delay me long : for when he comes,
My office only guides him to the door :
And then to make all sure, I have prepar'd
A hearty welcome for the good old king.

Enter Timæus.

Tim. The good old king !

Crit. *Timæus*, by thy voice.

Thou'rt come before thy time.

Tim. I come by your command.

Crit. I said at twelve.

Tim. You said that I should stay till he set forward.

Crit. Is he coming then ?

Tim. I saw him mounted.

Crit. How attended ?

Tim. Almost, Sir, alone.

Crit. He must be near.

Tim. He cannot be far off.

Eurytion, Sir, already is arriv'd.

Crit. Wait for me at my house. I'll follow thee.

[*Timæus goes out.*]

This is unlucky——there's no pausing now :
Thinking but loses time : I must be gone.
Love must attend the leisure of the state :
A single fortune, this a nation's fate.

[*Going out, meets Cleombrotus.*]

Cleom. Who's this ?

Crit. *Cleombrotus*.

[*Aside.*]

Cleom. *Crites*, I think,

Crit. Still worse and worse.

[*Aside.*]

Cleom. Thou wert in haste.

Crit. Imagine, Sir, the cause.

[*Going.*]

Cleom. I know the cause :

I staid beyond my time, and thou wert going
To find me out, but I have spar'd thy pains.

This

This is the door : Now, my *Thelamia* ! What !
Thou art uneasy still.

Crit. I beg you would
Believe, that nothing, but a certainty
Of my best service to you, cou'd persuade me
To leave you now.

Cleom. How, *Crites* ! At this time ! and call it service !

Crit. Nay, my duty, Sir.

Cleom. No going, man ; thy duty now lies here.

Crit. To-morrow will convince you.

Cleom. Thou art mad.

Am I not at the entrance of my joys ?
Invited by thine own appointment too ?

Crit. But accidents —

Cleom. There are in fortune none :

I conquer her in my *Thelamia*.

Crit. To-morrow she shall be with safety yours.

Cleom. I wonnot trust to-morrow : Now is mine.

Crit. This will undo us all.

[*Aside.*

Cleom. No words, but on.

Crit. Let me but speak——

Cleom. I will have no excuse ; show me the way.

Crit. Hear but my reasons first——

Cleom. Forward, I say : Consider who I am.

Crit. My royal master.

Cleom. Then thy king commands.

Crit. I must be heard, and then——

Cleom. Is this a time,
Thou faucy trifler, for argument ?

[*Bold*

[Both speaking together, neither hears.]

Cleom. When expectation
rages in my blood,
And shoots a thousand fe-
vers thro' my veins?

Is this a time, thou prater!
hence, begone—

Still he goes on, and louder
in his words!—

Not let me speak! this is an
insolence,

That never yet was offer'd
to a king,

And should be answer'd by
a dagger, thus.

[As Cleombrotus offers to stab him, Crites stops, and bows.]

Cleom. Impudent slave! Open thy lips again

Upon this subject, this shall lock 'em fast,

As close, and silent, as the jaws of death.

Forward, and introduce me to her arms,

And on thy life stir not till my return.

Crit. This is the time, or
I must never speak:

I would conceal it from you,
but there is [you,

Now a necessity of telling
Your life, your crown, your

empire are at stake:
Leonidas, the banish'd king,

is now

Within your pow'r, if you
would save us all,

This is your time, an op-
portunity

Like this you cannot hope.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE *Celona's Apartment.*

Celona, Servant, and Leonidas.

Celo. One in disguise? some message from my father!

Admit him: leave the room——'tis he himself!

Thus on my knees, thus let me thank the Gods,

Who let me see "a king again in *Sparta*."

Leon. *Celona*, rise: the posture is too humble;

"Not for the daughter of a banish'd king,

"Nor for the wife of false *Cleombrotus*,

But misbecomes that haughty excellence,

Which knows to form new virtue, and wou'd shine

A pattern to the uninstructed world.

Celo. Indeed my fate, with intricate misfortune

Has compass'd round my virtue. Wife and daughter!

Each different duty shows a precipice,

Where-e'er I turn my eyes: But yet my honour,

That steddily wou'd tread the narrow path,

Looks with contempt upon the pageant greatness,

And

And most inclines where there is most misfortune.

Leo. It may incline too much.

Celo. Too much it cannot.

You seem'd, and yet I wou'd not think you did,
 You seem'd to tax the conduct of my virtue.
 But yet that power, who places such as me,
 In labouring mazes of an anxious fate,
 Who damps the joys of all our present hours,
 And pays us with the promise of a name,
 Shall see that I submit to his decrees,
 (If I am mark'd for glorious wretchedness)
 To shine the pattern of a *Spartan* daughter.

Leon. That fame's too narrow for a *Spartan* princess,
Celona too shou'd be a *Spartan* wife.

Celo. "To be his wife, I need not be his queen :

" And *Sparta* wonnot think me less her own,
 " When I refuse the guilt of majesty,
 " And, if there can be glory there, the glory,
 " For innocence, and ruin with a father.

" *Leon.* Indeed for ruin, not for innocence,
 " And such a ruin, as involves that father :
 " Just when his soul rose from the stroke of chance,
 " And stood, with scorn, secure upon his broken kingdom,
 " That makes me rage at the portentous beauty,
 " Which first betray'd me to thy mother's arms,
 " And gave the murd'ring viper to the world.

Celo. Have I offended then ?

Leon. Offended ! O !

Thou in a moment wouldst deface those trophies,
 Which my laborious ancestors, thro' ages,
 Toiling for fame, had pil'd up legacies
 To their succeeding sons.

Celo. High let 'em stand,
 Admir'd examples to less generous man,
 'Till I by any act disclaim their blood.

Leon. When guilt is in its blush of infancy,
 It trembles in a tenderness of shame,
 And the first eye that pierces thro' the veil,
 That hides the secret, brings it to the face :
 But thine amazes me, and seems confirm'd,

Beyond

Beyond confusion bold, and dares the light,
And the reproaching horror of thy father.

Celo. "Can it be such a crime to love you then?
"To slight a throne, that bends beneath my feet,
"Without my care, and wooes me to ascend?
"Were you the lord of all my love, and duty,
"And could you give that duty all away,
"When you resign'd me to *Cleombrotus*?
"O! you were then my father and my king,
"Nor are you less my king, and father now.

Leon. "How with such fondness can you call your self
"My child, yet strive to stain the blood you boast?
"The boiling spirits in my injur'd veins
"Cool at the tender name: See, I am calm,
"And can reflect, I should reprove thy love,
"Before I should chastise: You were to blame:
"But too much erring kindness was thy fault;
"And that I should forgive: come, all is well:
"Repent thy heat, we'll think of it no more.

Celo. "Repent! I never can repent that heat,
Shou'd all

"The Gods of *Greece* own the usurper's cause,
"And chide me with their thunder in their hands,
"I could not tremble with repenting fear.

Leon. "So well resolv'd! So rooted in perdition!
"The spirit that inflam'd the *Belides*,
"Has been too boasting late in hell, too vain,
"And rous'd the honour of some bolder fiend,
"To show transcendent damning to their shades.

Celo. *Cleombrotus* would speak more tenderly,
And treat my virtue, tho' his enemy,
In a more gentle way.

Leon. O! all you ghosts!
You injur'd spirits of my ancestors!
Forbear a while to fire your tortur'd son.
By all your acts, which form'd my youth to honour,
You trust your glory safely in my hands;
Nor shall my loins defile your sacred blood:
Give me but so much respite in my fury,
To justify the rage of my revenge,

To the remains of father in my heart.
First she shall triumph in her crime, and show
A hard'ned soul, beyond forgiving damn'd :
And take her then, she falls your sacrifice.

Celo. What dismal resolution shakes you thus ?
When I believe I understand your words,
Some sudden start, that contradicts my thoughts,
Throws me in wild amazement.

Leon. Ay, my child,
I will amaze thee, when I let thee know
The tendrest instance of a father's love :
For I have sav'd thy generous hand the blow,
A dangerous task, and done the work alone.

Celo. Alas ! What work ! What blow !

Leon. The giddy world,
Unequal judges of exalted honour,
Perhaps had blam'd thy zeal : But now 'tis past :
Nor shall thy fame be trusted to the crowd :
Yet thou shalt triumph too : Thine was the act,
My arm inspir'd by thee.

Celo. What can you mean ?

Leon. Canst thou not guess ?

Celo. You more amaze me, Sir.

Leon. I tell thee then, my heroine : This night,
Pretending secrets, and intelligence,
I gain'd admission to *Cleombrotus* ;

Alone I found him, you may think the news——

Celo. Wou'd I were past all thought. [*Aside.*]

Leon. I sent this steel with tidings to his heart.
Nor parted thence, till with repeated wounds,
I left the unpanting villain on the earth.

Celo. And this must be my triumph ! Heav'n and
hell

Are reconcil'd, and join contending pow'rs,
'To make my ruin infamously sure.
I strove to aid my king, and save my lord,
Yet now am call'd his murderer, you Gods !
And bid to triumph in my husband's blood.

Leon. You seem disturb'd.

Celo. Was it for this, ye Gods !

“ I own'd

"I own'd your cause in injur'd majesty?
And strove to keep the temperate balance just,
Between my different duties? 'Twas too much:
And you reserve those heights of excellence
To your unrival'd heaven: I should have been
Only a wife, or daughter: For you dash,
With jealousy, attempting virtue down,
That dares beyond your limits to their flesh.

Leon. I thought you would have prais'd me.

Celo. O, my lord, I must not curse you.

Leon. Curse me for an act, you wou'd have done your self!

Celo. I wou'd have done! Murder my husband, Sir?

Leon. This very night

You had design'd his death: I know it all.

Celo. And I too much—But cou'd you think me such
A monster, sir? But, O! I find you do.

Leon. Why! did he not deserve his fate?

Celo. O, sir!

I grant he has deserv'd from heaven, and you,
And all good men, worse than you can inflict:
I have arraign'd and sentenc'd his deserts:
And I must think the Gods but justify'd,
You honourably reveng'd, and good mens prayers
But justly answer'd in a tyrant's fall:
All this I think with you, and you were wrong'd:
But how was I? How has he injur'd me,
To make me capable of such a sin,
Barbarous, and yet without a name in hell,
As you imagine, sir, I had design'd?
Is't not enough that I abhor his crimes,
But I must be his murderer? If the Gods,
And you, to clear my fame, will have it so,
If I must strike at him, it must be here——

[Offers to stab herself.]

Leon. O virtue! never to be found again!

Thy husband lives, *Cleombrotus* still lives.
Forbear a violence, which, in thy breast
Wou'd wound me deeper than thy ponyard there.
I did but try thee: And in these extreamps.

I find thee still sincere to all my hopes,
 Fixt to thy virtue, and thy country's fame,
 Thy sex's glory, and my daughter still,
 A *Spartan* daughter, and a *Spartan* wife.

Celo. Those titles raise me.

Leon. I have been abus'd,

And thou art innocent: This letter read
 At leisure: *Crites* knows what it designs,
 He sent it, and I must suspect it now.

" If treason be abroad, and plots design'd

" Upon my life, me may they only find.

O guard, you Gods of *Greece*! my faithful friends
 From the destroying aim of treachery:

Blunt the sharp arrows, which in darkness fly:

Disclose the midnight arts, and break the snares
 Which fair-fac'd villany's false heart prepares.

" Our open foes we need not apprehend:

" But Providence it self can scarce defend

" Our sleeping lives against a faithless friend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CLEOMBROTUS.

Cleom. **T**HUS far I'm undiscover'd. O frail flesh!
 And vanity of fancy! My desires,
 Which mounted me above my mortal state,
 Whose rage, I thought, nothing but age could tame,
 How have they dropt the wing, how are they sunk
 Into the poor concerns of earth again?
 Now, *Crites*, I can hear thee. Sure there is
 Something extraordinary, as his carriage was:
 He does not use to contradict me: And,
 If I remember right, I heard him speak
 Something abruptly, of *Leonidas*.
 There may be danger near: I must be gone:

Thelamia

Thelamia takes me for her husband still :
I wonnot undeceive her : that may serve
To morrow night, and I can stay till then——

Thelamia with a Light.

A light! She follows me!

Thel. O! do not find

A trouble in my love, that thus attends
In duty now : Speak, and assure my fears,
You are not angry with me. O my lord !
I can forgive your stealing from my bed,
Your silence there, but not this silence now.
What! turn away! nay, going from me too !
That must not be : This hand, my lord, is mine,
Nor can I part with it without a look——

[He turns slowly to her, she drops his hand, shows her surprise, by standing stupidly still a while without speaking ; he offering to speak, she snatches at his sword, draws it half out ; failing in that, she throws her self into a chair, in the most violent passion of grief.]

Thel. The Gods refuse me their assistance too.
Here let me fall forgotten.

Cleom. Let me raise you——

Thel. Touch me not, monster ; thou hast sunk me down,

And can'st not raise me——

Cleom. To my bed and throne.

Thel. Dishonour fill thy bed, and death thy throne.

Cleom. That's an unkind return.

Thel. Art thou not gone ? Thou hast accomplished
The fatal ends of thy design on me :
What wouldst thou more !

Cleom. I would bring comfort to you.

Thel. O thou destroyer ! fly, fly from my eyes !
The sad remains of my poor wretched life
I wou'd employ in sorrow for my fate,
In penitence and mercy to the world :
But while thou stand'st in view, I cannot weep :
My eyes refuse the comfort of their tears

To my misfortunes : All their moisture feeds
The passion in my heart, which only can
Be eas'd by curses on thee.

Cleom. Do not curse :

Or, if you must, think where you shou'd begin.

Thel. O ! where begin, indeed ! All, all deserve
Alike from me ; the Gods, and fate, *Crites*, and thou.

Cleom. The Gods, for making you thus heavenly fair,
And I, for loving you.

Thel. Both have been my curse.

Cleom. *Crites* and fate were but my instruments ;
Those you have curs'd in me.

Thel. That *Crites* ! O !

That villain ! damn'd insinuating fiend !
How was he trusted ! how has he betray'd !
But I my self am guilty of my fall,
By a fond, fatal ignorance abus'd,
And made th' accomplice of my ruin too.

Cleom. The fatal ignorance then is your excuse.

Thel. O ! there is none in nature, no excuse
For crimes like mine :—My sister's husband's—Oh !

Cleom. Be patient, madam, there's your remedy :
You have no other now.

Thel. Yes, there is one,
Revenge, that wonnot fail me ; while I live,
I must solicit that of Gods and men :
And earth or heav'n will do me justice, sure.

Cleom. I'll do you the best justice : be advis'd,
And hear me calmly. What is done is past,
Without your crime : If it be any sin,
'Tis so in me : But then 'tis such a sin,
The purchase of my peace, and so belov'd,
I never can repent.

Thel. O hard'ned wretch !

Cleom. 'Tis yet a secret : While you keep it so,
Your husband is not wrong'd : or if he be,
He who has done it, can maintain the wrong,
And then where's your revenge ?

Thel. Art thou secure
In wickedness ? That fool's security

Shall be thy ruin : When I have proclaim'd
To all the world, as, while I have life, I will
Proclaim my wrongs ———

Cleom. Your shame, your infamy :
The world will call it so : And then you make
A monster of your husband.

Thel. O! Revenge, revenge! Thus, raving thro' the
streets,

I'll cry for vengeance on thee : All good men,
Fathers, and husbands, brothers, *Spartan* born,
In the defence and cause of chastity,
Will arm to save their daughters, sisters, wives,
From my dishonour in thy tyranny ;
And, forwarding the justice of the Gods,
Will rise against thy " Usurpation,
Level their thunder at thy life and crown,
O'erturn thy throne, and end thee in thy crimes.

Cleom. 'Tis possible your story may do harm,
And therefore I'll prevent it.

Thel. Only death shall silence it.

Cleom. Death silences at last.

You see the fortune of your present state,
That 'tis not to be mended by complaints,
Yet you complain, and vow to be reveng'd.
If you continue obstinate, resolv'd
Not to be pacify'd, 'tis a hard course,
But nature does oblige me to provide
For my own safety, and that is best secur'd
By your *Eurytion's* death.

Thel. His death!

Cleom. I have vow'd his death.

Thel. What is his crime? I do deserve to die.

Cleom. 'Tis crime enough to be your husband now.
I know his disaffection only wants
A cause like this, to animate the crowd,
And his designs against my reign and me :
But that he cannot have : Out of a sense,
And tenderness of you, thus far I have
Withheld my justice, which now you enforce :
Therefore resolve either to pardon me,

Or doom *Eurytion* dead. *Crites*, you know,
Can bring him in my pow'r. This is your choice;
Think well upon't, I will walk by a while.

Thel. Alas! what choice! I have no choice to make:
My ruin's certain: But *Eurytion*!

Can I resolve his death? he has been wrong'd
Too much already: O! I never can
Resolve his death——there is no other way——
Let me dissemble for a husband's life,
In such a cause, in hopes of a revenge.

Cleom. I wait your answer, madam: if you have
Consider'd well, I know you will forgive.

Thel. If I should not, 'twill do me little good.

Cleom. Indeed but little good.

Thel. Then my revenge,
That will involve us all in other crimes.

Cleom. In blood, and murder: There must be the
end.

Thel. O! fearful sounds! I would not be the cause
Of murder, for this earth.

Cleom. Then no revenge.

Thel. Then no revenge indeed. But, O! my shame!
My infamy!

Cleom. That I'll secure you from:
And I can keep a secret, when engag'd
By my own interest; that's the certain charm
Upon mens tongues: So you are sure of mine.

Thel. I wish I could believe.

Cleom. I wish you cou'd:
But to engage me deeper in my trust,
I swear——

Thel. By what?

Cleom. I would by this fair hand.

Thel. Well, well, I must believe you.

Cleom. May I hope you have forgiven me?

Thel. Hope is in your power.

Cleom. Say but you have.

Thel. Not to say otherwise, is far enough at first.

Cleom. You mean it then?

Thel. You may interpret for me.

Cleom. Then I say, you have, or shou'd forgive me.

Thel. You may find

My meaning out hereafter: for this time
I would be private.

Cleom. You won't say, farewel?

Thel. To be alone.

Cleom. Then bid me go.

Thel. Farewel.

Cleom. That farewel bids me stay: but I must go. [*Exit.*]

Thel. O! what a part am I condemn'd to act,
To save my husband's life! My husband! Oh!
I have no husband: This foul ravisher,
Usurper, tyrant, author of all ills,
Divorces me for ever from my lord:
Has robb'd me of the honour of a wife:
Nor am I worthy of that title now,
Or any name, but——Oh! let me here
Bury that name, and all my miseries:
Sink down beneath the burden of my woes,
Into my grave, unmention'd, and unmourn'd;
Ne'er be rememb'ed in my story more,
To the dishonour of my royal house,
Or shame of virtuous wives.

Celona and Byzanthe to her.

Byz. What do I hear?

Celo. Amazement of my senses! can this be
Thelamia on the earth! these sorrows hers?

Byz. She minds you not.

Celo. O! 'tis *Celona* speaks, thy tender, loving sister.

Byz. See, that name raises her head a little.

Celo. Now thy tears

Flow faster than before. O! you good Gods!

Instruct me to redress, or comfort her.

Nay, I intreat thee, do not smother thus

Thy griefs with groans, but give thy passion words:

They will unload the burden of thy heart,

If they do nothing more. *Byzanthe*, help,

Help me to raise her.

Thel. O! you misemploy

Your charity on a wretch, whom all the Gods
Concurring in their blessings, with your means
To bring me comfort, never can restore
To happiness.

Celo. O you malicious stars !

I thought my fortunes might have satisfied
For our whole family : You shou'd your pow'r
Enough in me : You might have spar'd her peace :
But now where will you end ? O ! sister, say,
Speak to me, tell me, can there be a cause
Of this distress ?

Thel. There is, a wretched cause :
Believe it such, and seek to know no more.

Celo. I'll help you to support——

Thel. The load will sink us both.

Celo. Then we shall fall together. Come, the cause !
I have a sister's title, and a friend's,
That wonnot be deny'd——Nay, no more tears,
But tell me——

Thel. I can't speak——

Celo. Away——

Thel. To any, but a sister.

Celo. Pray withdraw—— [Byzanthe goes out.]
Now tell your griefs, none but a sister hears.

Thel. And now I dare not. O ! enquire no more :
Tho' 'tis most fit my griefs should be reveal'd,
'Tis most unfit they be reveal'd to you.

Celo. If they relate to me, I am prepar'd ;
Give 'em a tongue.

Thel. You'll curse it, when it speaks——*Cleombrotus*——

Celo. My husband ?

Thel. Monster of men.

Celo. Indeed his " usurpation does deserve
To be thus treated ; but, *Thelamia*, I
Have not deserv'd to hear you call him so.
If he has made you wretched, I am made
Unhappy too : If in a husband's loss,
I have lost him too, equal in all your griefs.

Thel. O ! yet there is a grief beyond all these !
A loss, beyond my father, husband, life,

You wonnot understand——

Celo. The Gods protect the honour of our house.

Thel. 'Tis false in me :

I am abus'd, dishonour'd, and undone !

Celo. O ! for a thunderbolt, the arm of *Jove*,
To execute the vengeance of my heart
Upon the ravisher !

Thel. *Cleombrotus.*

Celo. Again *Cleombrotus* ! O ! have a care,
This is a subject, that concerns my peace,
Near as a father's cause : Therefore no more.
I know thou hast been wrong'd, I see it plain :
The marks of ruin blush upon thee still ;
And thy great griefs perhaps have turn'd thy brain :
It must be so ; for thou art mad indeed,
To say, *Cleombrotus* cou'd use thee thus.

Thel. This only cou'd remain to make me yet
More miserable : If my injuries
Be of that monstrous growth above belief,
How shall I bear 'em ? But they sink me down,
And this must ease me. [Going to stab her self.]

Celo. O ! sister, hold !

Thel. I said before, you were
Unfit to hear the secret of my fate :
Yet you would hear, and wonnot now believe.

Celo. Would I cou'd not believe : But, O ! I find
A fear in every thought, that makes me shake,
In apprehension of the fatal truth :
And now each trifling circumstance appears
In evidence against him : O ! 'tis plain :
I had forgot I met him at the door,
Just as I enter'd here : There needs no proof,
Fuller than that : What business could he have
At this dead time of night, but lust, or blood !
Monster of men indeed ! and tyrant now !
Here I confess the weakness of my sex,
Defenceless quite against a stroke like this,
And my full heart can only speak in tears.

Leonidas enters to 'em.

Leon. My children weeping both! This is a sight
Will make me old indeed. "I've stood against
"The ingratitude of friends, rebellion's rage,
"And my revolted fortune never could
"Subdue my virtue, as this object does.
Speak one of you, inform me of the cause:

Celona! O! it must be bad indeed,
That thus can conquer thee—*Thelamia*, thou
Art going: O! I dare not bid thee stay,
Nor ask the reason of thy parting thus:
But thy disorder and confusion, show
Thee most concern'd. [*Thelamia goes out.*

Celo. There is no saying who
Is most concern'd: If I may judge the cause,
I'm injur'd most, though 'tis a wrong to all:
Nay, Sir, be you the judge; but age can't know
The pangs of slighted love; therefore no judge
Of my condition. O! to be despis'd,
Is such a thought! it strangles patience.

Leon. Why this is madness, child.

Celo. What, at my years forsaken! Had I been
Ugly, or old, mismatcht to my desires,
My natural defects had taught me then,
In a tame expectation of my fate,
To sat me down contented: But to be
Thrown off, abandon'd! for a sister too!
O! monstrous love indeed! which such a sin
As incest could not tame.

Leon. What say'st thou? Ha!

Celo. Thus violated, forc'd, and thus abus'd!
She stands acquitted to the judging world:
And death, or a revenge, redeems her fame.
But I must stand the shot of every tongue;
'The censure and the jest of laughing fools:
Be pointed at for the forsaken thing,
Forsaken for a sister.

Leon. Yet again thy sister! speak.

Celo. O! yes, while I can speak.

Leon. *Thelamia* forc'd !

Celo. Forc'd by *Cleombrotus*.

Leon. Incestuous tyrant ! Plagues of every kind,
Long studied, and stor'd up by wrath divine,
For the revenge, and fate of such bad times,
Fall thick upon his head : But O ! he sins
Beyond my curses now, and only hell,
All hell can do him justice.

Celo. " Heavy thought !

Leon. " While he usurpt my right, my place, and crown,
" I took him for the minister of that doom,
" High heav'n had pass'd upon this rebel land ;
" Nor murmur'd at my fate. Had the good gods
Thought fit to exercise my patience,
Stript me of all the comforts of this life,
My friends, my hopes, ev'n to my very self—
But here my age gives way ; here I confess
The frailty of a man, surpriz'd, unarm'd,
Unguarded, naked to this stunning blow,
That drives me to the earth a weak, old man.

Cel. O misery on misery !

Leon. Away ! Tears are thy sex's comforts ; I must find
Mine in revenge.

Celo. Revenge !

Leon. Revenge for thee, thy sister, and us all. O ! I have
been

Assisting to this ruin : Had my ears
Been open to the counsels of my friends,
" I might have been restor'd, and this undone ;
But it is done, and now must be reveng'd.

Celo. O ! Sir, forbear a while.

Leon. No time so fit for my designs.

Celo. But hear me—

Leon. Passion has no ears.

Or if I did, words cannot alter me.—

[*Exit.*

Celo. Alas ! my woman's weakness has undone
All that my virtue had so long preserv'd ;
Now I too late perceive the consequence :
How fatal this discovery must be
To my *Cleombrotus* ! for he is mine,

My husband still, however base and false.
 'Tho' I am wrong'd in the most tender part,
 Most sensible of pain, I am his wife ;
 That is the character I must maintain :
 But to preserve it ! something I must do,
 But what, or how, the gods yet only know. [Exit,

Critès passing over the stage.

Crit. All that I could of moment I have learnt ;
 But when the husband follows at my heels,
 'Tis time to vanish : I have done my do
 At chamber-practice, and must shift the scene. [Exit,

Eurytion enters.

Eury. I meet with nothing but distraction
 Thro' all the house : My servants fly the room
 Still as I enter it, as each were loth
 To be the first in some unwelcome news ;
 Ev'n *Critès* shuns me too : Something there is—
 I wonnot think the worst—Heav'n guard the king,
 And my *Thelamia* : If either be concern'd,
 'Twill be too soon to know, when I must know ;
 Till then I would not guess : But there's the king,
 And half my fears are vain.

Leonidas enters.

Leon. The other half, who is your fear ?

Eury. O ! you may guess, my wife.

Leon. This is no time for wives.

Eury. No time indeed,
 If your employment calls me.

Leon. 'Then no time, for I have business for thee.

Eury. Sir, speak on.

'Tho' I should starve the youth of my desires,
 And come but old to her expecting arms,
 " When I can serve my royal master's cause,
 The bare reflection of my loyalty
 Shall make amends for all my loss of love.

Leon. Have thy reward, and hear me ; thou art rash,
 And must be prefac'd into government,

And

And temper of those passions, which would rise
Against my reasons, and undo us all.

Eury. Sir, I am calm.

Leon. Then know, I have this night
Resolv'd to undertake the public cause,
" With my own right, and reascend the throne.

Eury. Heav'n prosper the resolve.

Leon. What all my friends

With honest, weary counsels could not gain,
The general wrongs have forc'd.

Eury. The general wrongs are then our friends.

Leon. O! the worst enemies to thee and me :
Thine is the general wrong—*Thelamia*—

Eury. My wife! what, Sir, of her?

Leon. Are you a man?

Eury. Talk you of wrongs, and her?
I am a man indeed, to hear them join'd,
Yet hold my reason still: But, O! be quick,
I cannot promise you, it can be long
That I can hear you: Madness will ensue
The bare imagination of her wrongs,
And hurry me upon some wild attempt,
Which my repentance never can repair.
O! therefore tell me all.

Leon. Then hear me all—*Cleombrotus*—

Eury. *Cleombrotus*!

Leon. Soon as he found
Your absence, made his way, beyond all sense
Of nature, gods, or men, in brutal rage,
Pursu'd *Thelamia* with his monstrous love.

Eury. My wife!

Leon. My daughter, and thy virtuous wife.

Eury. Then she is virtuous. O! the infernal fiend!
It went no farther? no, it could not, Sir,
For *Crites* was her guard.

Leon. He, he betray'd both her, and all.

Eury. O villain, bred in hell!
Has he betray'd us? But it ended there:
O! answer the impatience of my fears;
They could not sure proceed?

Leon. Still more resolv'd, and bolder still——

Eury. Where will my hurrying fate?

Leon. Forsaken thus of every friendly help;
And nothing but her virtue her retreat,
To save her from those savage, threatening wrongs,
She swallow'd poison.—

Eury. O too cruel gods!

Leon. And so expir'd.

Eury. 'Tis too much for life.

[Seems stunned, and dozes.

Leon. Nay, then he is prepar'd to know the worst.

Thelamia——

Eury. O that name!

Leonidas brings Thelamia in a Veil, by degrees, to
the middle of the Stage.

Leon. Come forth, my child!

Eury. Cou'd it awaken death, as it does me,
My cheeks should burst with the repeated sound:
O! how could I invoke the rivers, springs,
Vallies, and hills, dales, rocks, and vocal groves,
With all their splitting echo's, to my aid:
Nay, from the stormy quarters of the sky,
Conjure the winds, charm e'en the violent north,
Who, in the tempest of his boistrous voice,
Should summon my Thelamia back again.
But O! the tyrant, deaf to all my cries,
Hears not my summons, folds her beauteous limbs
In his cold arms, as he would grow one piece
Of earth with her, and I but rage in vain——

[Turning, he sees Thelamia, and starts.

Have then the Gods restor'd her to my prayers!

It must be she: O! satisfy the fears,

If possible, of every sense at once,

I would be all convinc'd.

Leon. She lives in death, a life of misery.

Eury. Not speak to me! What, not one look?

Leon. O! the black hand of fate

Has drawn that curtain to conceal her wrongs——

Eury. I find 'em now, worse than a thousand deaths——

Leon. But they will burst, like lightning, from that cloud,

And blaze a day of horror in revenge.

Eury. Speed it, you Gods! tho' it be Nature's last.

Revenge her wrongs! Here I devote my days

To blood, and vengeance——

[*Kneels.*]

Leon. Vengeance stays for us,

Stalking impatient through our frighted streets,

Our friends united too, to push it on.

Eury. She's going.

Leon. O thou captain of our cause!

We follow thee thro' all the paths of death.

Eury. The sword from thy foul wrongs shall never part,
'Till stabb'd, and bury'd in the tyrant's heart. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Outside of a Temple.

Leonidas, Lyfander, Zenocles, and People.

Leon. **T**HE Gods propitious combat on our side;
The people animated in this cause,
To break their yoke, and vindicate our wrongs.

Eurytion enters to 'em.

Eury. Hither the chace had led us: The vile herd
Routed, and scatter'd——

Leon. With the morning-dawn,
They and their leaders fall into our hands.

Eury. Confounded in the desert of the night,
Let 'em brood o'er the terrors of their guilt,
To wait the coming vengeance of the day.

Zen. The passes are secur'd.

Lyf. None can escape.

Leon. *Gleombrotus* has here immur'd himself,

In *Neptune's* temple——

Lyf. Garrison'd, and mann'd,
In bold defiance of the guardian God.

Cleombrotus and Crites on the Walls.

Cleom. Who name the Gods, and yet with impious
hands

Come arm'd against their temple?

Eury. Monster, thou,
Thou hast polluted it into a den
Of foulest villainy, of lust; and blood.

Cleom. Do not you make it so, it yet is pure.

Eury. Art thou there, *Crites*? hang upon him still,
And weigh him down to sure perdition.

Cleom. But who art thou, that I descend to thee?
Leonidas I speak to, once a king.

Thou dost usurp the shadow of the night,
To pass thy faded glory on the state,
And hast surpriz'd a midnight victory
O'er frightened citizens, and sleeping laws,
Which will awake, rouse, and exert their force,
In the defence of their insulted king,
To drive thee out again to banishment.

Leon. Mistaken wretch! thy subjects are no more:
The laws remain, and gladly live for thee,
Their tyrant once; they are thy judges now;
Therefore surrender up thy self to them,
And save us from the mischief of more crimes.

Lyf. This is your last retreat——

Zen. Which will be forc'd.

Cleom. Then here I stand my fortune.

Eury. Push it on.

[*To Leonidas, &c. coming to the front of the stage.*

Cleom. Now, *Crites*, now pursue thy own advice.
Thou tremblest! Ha! thou shouldst have fear'd before,
In time have fear'd, fear'd to have done the ill,
Not fear to suffer for it, being done.

Crit. If it should not succeed——

Cleom. Why then thou feel'st
The worst already that can follow it.

[*Crites retires.*
All

All is at stake, but there is yet a chance
That promises, and may rise fair for us.

Eury. While you prepare th' attack upon the gate,
And keep 'em busie to defend this side,
I have my pioneers at work unseen,
To dig their graves, and bury 'em in ruin.

[*Goes out; Leonidas and his party advance to the gate, in order to break it open.*]

Leon. Abandon'd of all good! the Gods refuse
Their sanctuary to such villanies,
And give thee up devoted. Fall on then,
And force the gate——

Cleom. Yet, hold, *Leonidas*,
Look up, I have an offer yet to make——

Leon. Be quick. [*Euphemia on the walls.*]

Cleom. 'Tis this——A daughter to present to you.

Leon. My child! *Euphemia!*

Cleom. Draw off your men;
For the first violence to force the gate,
Shall send her to you from the battlements.

Leon. I plac'd thee in *Diana's* sacred train,
To shelter thee from my tempestuous fate.

Cleom. And I remov'd her, by the wise advice
Of honest *Crites*, my best counsellor,
'To shelter me from this impending storm.

Leon. O! what is all our foresight, you just Gods!

Cleom. Nay, no expostulations with the Gods;
They have declar'd for us in the success:

Nor will a thundring tale of sacrilege
Beat down these walls, or gain an outwork here.

Therefore to cut off time, you must resolve
To give up all advantages you've gain'd,
Disperse your faction, and withdraw your friends,
And you retire from *Sparta* instantly,
Or see this daughter of your age, so lov'd,
So innocent, first ravish'd by my slaves,
And murder'd next, to close the guilty scene.

Leon. O-you great Gods! determine for me now.

Cleom. Do you determine, for the choice is yours.

Euph. O my great father! 'twere impiety

Beyond

Beyond his crimes, to think the heavenly powers
 Can suffer, what he only dares to name.
 Pursue your injur'd cause, your just revenge,
 Nor lose a moment in the dread of me.
 Therefore again resign me to the Gods,
 The tutelary parents of the weak,
 Who can disarm the proud in his own strength.
 There is a hand unseen, a shield to me.

Cleom. Many I have to execute my will.

Leonidas, again I summon thee.

What I have done, is a convincing proof
 I will go thro'; that I am resolute
 To every deed, my safety, or revenge
 Solicites me: And I will make short work,
 Give her my slaves, and drag her to her fate.

Leon. Hold, hold; the Gods dispose of me, and mine.
 The father gives his all to save the child:
 Unstain'd restore her to my trembling hand,
 And I resign my pow'r, renounce my crown,
 Disband my friends, or if you would have more,
 It shall be done: See, they are going, sir.
 O my kind friends! a last, a long farewell.
 Afford me but *Euphemia*, that support
 Of my declining age, and I am gone,
 Never, O! never to see *Sparta* more.

[*Shouts in the temple.*]

Crit. What shouts are those?

Cleom. In thy cold fit again!

Lys. The Gods begin to thunder from their shrines.

[*A messenger above to Cleombrotus.*]

Cleom. What is thy news?

Mess. The temple is surpriz'd.

Crit. Surpriz'd!

Cleom. Impossible!

Mess. *Eurytion* is at the head of the bold enterprize,
 And is already enter'd—

Cleom. Enter'd too?

Zen. Our brave deliverer!

[*Below.*]

Crit. What will become of me?

Cleom. How got he entrance?

Mess. Thro' vaults, and secret passies under ground,
Discover'd by the priests.

Cleom. I am betray'd.

Mess. They say you are betray'd,
Betray'd by *Crites*——

Cleom. How !

Crit. Betray'd by me ?

Mess. For there are orders given to save his life.

Cleom. To save his life ?

Mess. The priest, who does preside,
Is of his blood, and show'd your foes the way,
Upon that promise——

Cleom. Thus I make it good.

[*Seizing Crites by the throat.*

Villain ! betrayer ! thou hast brought me here
To the gulph's mouth, and dost thou plunge me down ?
But thou shalt try the leap——'tis a just thought——
If thou hast kindred devils in the air,
To break thy fall, the priest may thank 'em for't.
Seize him, take, hoist him up, break off his hold,
And toss him headlong from the temple's wall.

Crit. O save me, save me, kill me by the sword.

[*Crites thrown down, they gather about the body,
and drag it off.*

Cleom. Down with him, there he lies, I follow next :
Upward, or downward, 'tis indifferent. [*Exit.*

Leon. Drag off the carcass, cast it out expos'd,
The food of dogs——

Zen. Vultures, and wolves his grave.

[*Shouts and noise of fighting in the Temple.*

Leon. Hark, we are call'd.

Lys. They are engaged.

Leon. Be quick. Fly, fly, to the assistance of our
friends.

Employ your crows of iron, leavers, beams,
Against the gate.

[*Attack the gate.*

Zen. Dig its foundations up.

Lys. Spare nothing in your way.

Leon. With heaving force,

Wrench the compacted joints of the strong pile.

O ! for

O! for the battering ram with armed head,
To tumble down all opposition.

Zen. Bravely, bravely done.

Lys. See, it gives way.

Leon. Another tug unlocks the griping hinge.

Lys. It bursts, it flies:

Leon. Now follow for the crown " of faithful zeal.

[They force the gate, and enter. Shouts again, and noise of fighting continued, till the scene draws, and shows the inside of the Temple. Eurytion gives ground to Cleombrotus and his party, but is join'd by Leonidas, and his; then they drive Cleombrotus to the front of the stage, and take him prisoner; his party fight off the stage.]

Leon. Pursue, *Eurytion*, let 'em not have breath
To rally, but cut off their latest hope.

[Eurytion goes out with his party.]

After this mercy of deliverance,

O! never may the innocent despair!

Lys. This beast of prey, this ravening wolf, at last
Is hamper'd in the toil.

Leon. Bring him along.

[Celona kneeling at the door.]

Ha! is it thus, *Celona*, thou dost greet,

Thus hail thy father's safety, and success?

Celo. O! for my father's safety and success,
I kiss the earth in adoration

Of the just gods; dejected, humbled thus,

In this poor suppliant state, they have beheld

Me often on my weary'd knees for you,

And they have heard my vows; left me no more

To ask of them: They have preserv'd, " restor'd,

And re-enthron'd you in their mercy's seat,

Their great vicegerent, now a god to me.

Leon. Thy father ever: rise, *Celona*, rise.

Celo. 'Tis to that father then I do appeal,
Not to the judge: O! I give up my cause,
Condemn'd and sentenc'd: And I wonnot move
A word in the defence of that bad man,
A burthen to the earth with all his crimes.

But

But O! remember, Sir, I am his wife—

Leon. Forget him, most unworthy of thy care.

Celo. Instructed in that duty, taught by you,
Ty'd to his fortune, wedded to his fate,
To bear a part in all his weal or woe:
O! therefore, if you would defend my fame,
My virtue, which your precepts first inspir'd,
Let me not leave him in extremity:
If you would save your sinking daughter's peace,
Bellow her husband's life, grant it to me;
Forfeited, dead already to the laws,
Sparta renounces him, then drive him out
To reprobated exile round the world,
A captive, vagabond, abhor'd, accurs'd,
Most miserable in a hated life.
I ask but for a change of punishment,
More exquisite, and sharp: revenge itself
Should grant me that. O! only spare these eyes
The murdering object of a husband's death.

[*Thelamia enters on the other side, veil'd, with a bowl
in her hand, the mouth downward.*

Leon. Defend me, shield me. See, *Thelamia* comes.
To tear me from thee. [Goes to her.

O! that posture pleads
More than a thousand tongues. This fatal bowl
Is drain'd, and empty'd of its poison now,
A cordial draught, and thou art happy, child.
The gall of bitterness is left for me.
'Tis with the sharpest conflict of my soul!
My bowels are distracted in the love
Of my unhappy children.

Eurytion enters.

Eury. Your enemies are prostrate at your feet;
And Mercy may become the conqueror;
But Vengeance is the injur'd husband's right,
Thus with strong hand I seize, and make it mine.
[Kills Cleombrotus.]

Celo. He's gone.

Leon. His crimes be bury'd in his death.

Thel. The voice of vengeance in my dying ear
Is sweeter than the songs of happy life.

Eury. Talk not of dying.

Thel. O! I only liv'd
To hear I am reveng'd, reveng'd by you.

Eury. Look up, and feed thy famish'd eyes with blood.

Leon. Remove the fatal object from our sight.

Celo. And me for ever from a hated world.

[*The body carry'd off.*]

Thel. Yes, once again, I lift my faded eyes
For a last look of my *Eurytion*,
To feed 'em at the fountain of thy light,
And fill me with thy image, then to close 'em
In lasting night.

Eury. Thou'rt going.

Thel. Lead me hence

From this infected air: My spirit shrinks,
And cannot mount in the same sky with him.
Let me not fall an outcast of thy house,
Nor in my ruin lose the name of wife;
Preserve *Thelamia* in thy memory,
Who liv'd for thee, and for thy loss could die.

[*Eurytion leads her off.*]

Leon. The dead are past our care.

Celo. Past all their care.

Leon. Be comforted, *Celona*.

Celo. I was born

To be unhappy; and I have my lot:
This is the portion was reserv'd for me,
Unhappy in the dearest names of love,
A wife, and daughter; and I'm past the care,
The miserable care of comfort now.
Yet I will bear this wretched load of life,
But far remov'd, and shut out from the world,
No more to be remember'd in my wrongs.

Leon. Thou wott not leave thy father?

Celo. I am gone already, Sir.

Leon. Forsake his hopeless age?

[*Celona goes to Euphemia, brings her forward,
and presents her to Leonidas.*]

Celo. The gods are present to you, and have sent
This blessing yet in store to raise your hopes.

Leon. My child! I had forgot thee in the crowd
Of busy fate. O! do I hold thee safe!
The gods have been thy guard, and my support.

Celo. And be they ever so. The winter's rage,
That tore your branches from the bleeding trunk,
Is now succeeded by the healing spring,
To stanch its wounds, and make it sprout anew.
Receive her, as that welcome spring of life,
Pregnant of future blessings for the world,
To rise in comforts on a father's age.
Her teeming virtues shall enrich this land,
With the most worthy progeny of kings,
A long posterity of happy times.

Euphemia is the promise of the year,
A golden harvest rises to your hopes,
"All hearts rejoicing in the fruits of peace:
O! be that promise ev'ry year renew'd,
And in its circling plenty be fulfill'd!
So shall her gentle influence cheer mankind,
And ripen this into an age of gold.

Saturnian days may then again return,
And ev'n *Celona's* griefs forget to mourn.

Leon. *The guilty wretch thus does the thunder tear:*
The innocent, involv'd by being near,
Are blasted, and the spreading ruin share.

EPILOGUE:

Written by Major Richardson Pack.

OUR Author's Muse a num'rous issue boasts,
 And many of the daughters have been toasts.
 She who now last appears upon the stage,
 (The hopes and joy of his declining age)
 With modest fears, a cens'ring world to shun,
 Retir'd awhile, and liv'd conceal'd a nun:
 At length, releas'd from that restraint, the dame
 Trusts to the Town her fortune and her fame.
 Absence, and time, have lost her many friends,
 But this bright circle makes her large amends.
 To you, fair Judges, she submits her cause;
 Nor doubts, if you approve, the Mens applause.
 Some sullen formal rogue perhaps may lour,
 (Rebel to female, as to royal pow'r)
 But all the gay, the gallant, and the great,
 On Beauty's standard with ambition wait.
 Glory is vain, where love has had no part:
 The post of honour is a woman's heart.
 Ev'n chains are ornaments, that you bestow;
 The more your slaves, the prouder still we grow.
 Man, a rough creature, savage form'd, and rude,
 By you to gentler manners is subdu'd:
 In the sweet habitude we grow refin'd,
 And polish strength with elegance of mind.

*Our sex may represent the bolder pow'rs ;
The Graces, Muses, and the Virtues, yours.*

*But ah ! 'tis pity, that for want of care,
Madmen and fops your bounty sometimes share,
Wretches in Wit's despight and Nature's born,
Beneath your favour, nay, below your scorn.
May poor Celona's wrongs a warning prove,
And teach the Fair with dignity to love.
Let wealth ne'er tempt you to abandon sense,
Nor knaves seduce you with their grave pretence.
Be vile profaneness ever in disgrace,
And vice abhorr'd, as treacherous and base.
Revere yourselves ; and, conscious of your charms,
Receive no dæmon to an angel's arms.
Success can then alone your vows attend,
When Worth's the motive, Constancy the end.*

M

7

MONEY THE MISTRESS.

A

P L A Y.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in LINCOLNS-INN-
FIELDS.

—*Formam Regina Pecunia donat,
Et bene nummatam decorat*—Hor. Epist. 6. Lib. 1.

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T O

J O H N,

Lord B O Y L E.

MY LORD,

THIS Play does not come recommended from the Stage; but in the opinion that it carries its entertainment into the closet, I presume to knock at your Lordship's door, to take it in. The tale is a very fine one, as Madam *Dunoy* has told it in *The Lady's Voyage into Spain*, and I hope will be allowed, with some skill and address, to be brought by me into the unity of the scene and compass of a play. Some, the best judges of dramatic performances, have gone a great way in commendation of this, and at the same time believed it would not take with the Town. Since

the palate is vitiated, let those answer who have depraved it. If the tale be good, the plot well laid, and digested into the strength and support of the whole; the disposition of the business natural and easy; the incidents proper and prepared; the sentiments honourable and virtuous, and the writing able to speak for itself, all which I hope I have secured in this piece, I shall think I have done my part: It is framed on the model of *Terence*, and as Comedies ought to be, not to do harm; the characters in nature, the manners instructive of youth, and at least becoming sixty and six, the age of the writer. I have punished infidelity in the lover, and falseness in the friend: And that I myself may not be guilty of a greater crime, a sin against human nature, Ingratitude, I take this occasion to confess the obligations that I must ever have to my great benefactor the Earl of *Orrery*, your Lordship's father. It is to his favour that I have now in my old age the reasonable comforts of life, and that I am not straitned in any the conveniencies of it, by what could happen to the play. His generous goodness may forget benefits so long since conferred,

but

DEDICATION. 177

but 'tis a duty upon me to have 'em ever fresh in my mind, and it is with sincere pleasure that I acknowledge 'em to your Lordship, and in this dedication enter into new engagements of thankfulness, desiring to be continued in the number of your Lordship's well-wishers, that from your promising qualities, you may succeed to your father's polite learning, and good sense, and rise to the reputation, and honours, which so many of the noble house of *Boyle* have so worthily enjoy'd. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

P R O L O G U E:

Written by Mr. WELSTED, spoken by Mr. QUIN.

*FROM the dull beaten road resolv'd to stray,
 This author, for the subject of his play,
 Does every sect and every nation chuse:
 French, Spaniards, Moors, and unbelieving Jews!
 So subtle chymists to import are known,
 From different climates, medicines for their own:
 This is his scheme—But much, he fears, at length,
 Is wasted of his fire and wonted strength.
 The suns decay; the brightest lustre wains;
 Nor is he all he was in former reigns:
 Then was his day to court th' inconstant stage;
 Enfeebled now, and diffident with age,
 To you, ye fair, for patronage he sues:
 O! last defend, who first inspir'd his Muse!
 In your soft service he has pass'd his days,
 And gloried to be born for woman's praise:
 Deprest at length, and in your cause decay'd,
 The good old man, to beauty bends for aid;
 That beauty, he has taught so oft to moan!
 That never let Imoinda weep alone,
 And made his Isabella's griefs its own!
 Ere you arose to life, ye blooming train;
 Ere time brought forth our pleasure and our pain;*

*He melted hearts, to monarchs' vows deny'd !
And soft'ned to distress unconquer'd pride :
O ! then protect, in his declining years,
The man, that fill'd your mothers' eyes with tears !
The last of Charles's bards ! The living name,
That rose, in that Augustan age, to fame !
And you, his brother-authors, bravely dare
To join to-night the squadrons of the fair ;
With zeal protect your veteran writer's page,
And save the Drama's father, in his age :
Nor let the wreath from his grey head be torn ;
For half a century, with honour worn !
His merits to your tribe to mind recall ;
Of some the patron, and a friend to all !
In him the poets' Nestor ye defend !
Great Otway's peer, and greater Dryden's friend.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Governor of <i>Tangier</i> ,	Mr. Diggs.
WARCOURT, an <i>English</i> colonel,	Mr. Quin.
MOURVILLE, his lieutenant-colonel, a Frenchman,	} Mr. Ryan.
MARSAN, a <i>French</i> captain, married to Diana the governor's daughter,	
DON MANUEL, a <i>Spanish</i> captain of horse,	Mr. Bobeme.
WINGRAVE, a captain upon the party with <i>Mourville</i> ,	} Mr. Milward.
DAVILA, father to <i>Mariana</i> ,	
MOLUZA, a <i>Moor</i> ,	Mr. Hippesley.
HAMET, his cashier.	Mr. Hall.
NATHAN, a <i>Jew</i> .	
Another <i>Jew</i> .	

W O M E N.

MARIANA,	Mrs. Younger.
HARRIET,	Mrs. Bullock.
DIANA,	Mrs. Moffet.
TERESA, wife to don <i>Manuel</i> ,	Mrs. Martin.

SCENE, *Tangier* and the *Moors* camp before
the town.

MONEY THE MISTRESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Market Place in Tangier, before
the Court of Guard.*

*Enter Governor, Warcourt, Manuel, Marfan, and
Officers of the Garrison.*

WARCOURT.

WHO goes upon this party?

Man. A foot officer, I suppose; there's nothing to be done without a foot officer: had he been in the cavalry, I might have been on horseback as soon as another; but 'tis an *Englishman*, I warrant you.

Gov. Why an *Englishman*?

Man. O, there's a national good-nature among you, that never refuses a countryman an opportunity of having his bones broke.

War. You are witty upon us.

Man. You are always plaguy civil to one another, when there is nothing to be got by the courtesy.

Gov. Why faith, I think he knows us.
But if the *Moors* come on, as they begin,
Tangier will find employment for you all.
Your *Spanish* honour may have no occasion to complain.

Man. Why truly we foreigners have no reason to complain of your service, for you commonly bring it about to have no body beaten but your selves.

Gov. Every man in his turn, don.

Marf. It may come to your share, *Spaniard*, and no body grudge you the fortune.

War. We can spare you a wooden leg, to mend your dancing——

Man. O colonel, I shall rob you.

War. To serve a friend, sir.

Enter Mourville.

Gov. Here's your lieutenant-colonel, may be glad of one to bring him back again.

War. *Mourville* the man then?

Mour. All's in a readiness, governor; the detachment made, and drawn up on the parade; the soldiers have made even with this world: Every man has lickt over his landlady, fettled his sins and sons upon her, filenc'd his conscience with her last quartern of brandy, and bequeath'd his foreskin to the *Moors*; we only wait your marching-orders, to try whether they will circumscribe us or no.

Enter Mariana, Diana, Teresa, Harriet.

Gov. I'll see you march my self.
Good-morrow, ladies.

Mour. My *Mariana* there!

Gov. You are for church this morning?

Dia. To pray for your success against the *Moors*.

Mour. With it, and have it, ladies: I am your champion; send but your wishes heartily along with me, and I'll do your business without the help of a parson; drive your fears back upon the infidels, and bring you the success of all your hopes.

Gov. Nay, if the women's wishes will do any good, I dare say, you will have some of the warmest in *Tangier* along with you.

War. *Mourville* was always a favourite of the women.

Dia. I dare answer for this company, we wish you well, and safely back again; but a marry'd woman's wishes can't go far with you; I'll join my prayers to 'em.

Ter. Nay, if a young married woman's wishes can't go far, mine may ev'n stay at home. I believe, I must pray for you.

Man. Had she been fit for any thing else, I should hardly have brought her to *Tangier*.

Mour. What say you, madam? You seem to have something besides your prayers to spare upon a charitable occasion.

Har. Why really, sir, 'tis not so maidenly to make such public declarations; but I am going to church, as you see, for company with my relations; I can't promise you'll be very much the better for my devotion, but I wish you very well, if that will do you a service, and I'll pray, if I can, for you.

Man. She'll do him as good a turn, when she sees him again.

A good girl! St. *Jago*, I believe her.

Mour. Your blessing, *Mariana*.

Mar. I wish you safe, sir, for your own sake, and quickly back again for the sake of your mistress.

Mour. There, madam, you have charm'd me; I have indeed a mistress left behind; May she prove constant.

Mar. You continue kind.

Mour. Now, governor, I go.

[*Exit.*]

Gov. I follow you.

Man. Sir, sir, I would not have these rascally unbelievers imagine you have put off any entertainment upon their account. You were talking of—

Gov. I understand you, don. Daughter, I must oblige you to bring the company to the castle. This alarm won't last long, and must not disturb the meeting of our friends; pray tell 'em I expect 'em.

Ter. You'll go to chapel with us?

Man. What, at such a time as this is? Why the town may be besieg'd before morning for ought I know, and
I hope

I hope I understand my self better, than to pray, and neglect the king's business. Your old soldiers never pray before the danger is over.

Ter. Nor then neither.

Man. Besides, in an *English* garrison, it is not so fashionable; one *Ave-Mary* here would be an article of cowardice against me; I might lose my commission by it.

[*Ex. Women.*]

Gov. Well, don, we shall be even with you.

War. But you who are always in the interest of the women, why did not you go along with them?

Mars. You have a design upon some of 'em.

Man. Not upon my wife, you believe.

But does any gentleman live without a design upon the women? I always design upon half the women of my acquaintance.

War. And do you always succeed?

Man. I can't say always; but I lose no more than the woman does, if I don't succeed; and then I never fail of pleasing my self.

Gov. There's something indeed in that, don.—Come, colonel, *Mourville* stays; I'll order him to march, and we shall see from *Peterborough* tower how they behave themselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Manuel.

Man. Well, here am I engaging in other affairs—let me see—here's a young woman, the governor's daughter, married to *Marsan*, a *French* officer—I don't say I'm in love with her—and I have a mind to—what a devil have I a mind to now? Or how am I sure I have a mind? I have known myself mistaken before now; and upon the whole matter, found, I had not near so much mind as I thought I had when I came to discover it to the lady. A pox on this *Marsan* tho', for being such a pretty fellow—a handsome, promising young dog! Wou'd his wife could say half so much of her humble servant—Why I verily believe if a man could enter into the secret, she has as little reason as I have to make him a cuckold—but hang reason; 'twould

be

be a bad world with most of us, if reason were always to rule. A woman may cuckold her husband, I hope, whether she has any reason or no——well, there's one comfort, he's a *Frenchman*, and will give me as many opportunities——but then she's an *English* woman, and will make as little use of an opportunity——But what's an opportunity to a man who has no occasion of making use of one?—my opportunities may be harder to come by than his for ought I know, and then—I could advise myself now to give over playing the fool—but at my years every thing is playing the fool—and can any man direct me to a better diversion?—If I can persuade her to play the fool, no body will think I play the fool——if not, every man is to be laught at for one thing or other, and pray allow me to make myself merry my way, if I can.

Enter Davila.

Dav. O, Don Manuel, I am glad to find you; you're of the soberer part of Christendom, of *Spain*; you'll speak sense to me: what think you of the times, good Captain?

Man. The times truly are likely to be good times, for those who have nothing to lose.

Dav. Ay, that's my fear; a bad world likely to be, Captain.

Man. Every man mend one then: Can you help me to a *French* taylor?

Dav. A *French* taylor!

Man. To take me into consideration, to remove me out of this fashion of my forefathers, and transplant me into any habit of a gentleman.

Dav. You are not in earnest sure; these are not times to——

Man. A pox on the times! what have I to do with the times? the worse, the better for a soldier; and a pox on thee for putting me in mind of myself. I had no extraordinary opinion of my person before; and now thou com'st to put me quite out of conceit with it. If I make as considerable a figure as thou dost, which I villainously

villainously suspect may be about that consideration, I am in a way to make cuckolds, that's certain—why thy *Gullilio* looks like a fortification to thy face, rais'd there to defend thy gravity against all assaults the women may offer to thy beard.

Dav. Look upon your own, good Captain.

Man. Ay, ay, I see it—kissing was not thought of, I suppose, when this was invented; and for our pudding-bag breeches here, they were design'd for the family security to the wives, of the peaceable behaviour of their husbands. They sit as close as the inquisition upon a man's conscience: let your occasions be what they will to be wicked, you were never design'd to come out of 'em. [*A retreat sounded.*]

Dav. Hark, Captain! this drum does not sound as it us'd to do.

Man. 'Tis a retreat, *Davila*: an honourable word for running away: but the governor will tell us more.

Enter Governor, Warcourt, Marfan.

Gov. Never excuse him, colonel; he has his fortune, and deserves it.

War. A better fortune, governor.

Gov. When I particularly cautioned him—

War. I don't maintain his faults: It was a fault, to go beyond his orders; but the first—

Gov. A soldier cannot make a second fault; 'Tis mine, if I employ him.

Enter Wingrave.

Captain, you're welcome home; you've sav'd your men, And made a wise retreat; I thank your care. Wou'd I cou'd say as much for *Mourville* too.

Win. Faith, sir, you may; there's always enough to be said of a gallant man, and he is that at least.

Gov. I did not send to try my opinion of his gallantry,
Whether he durst be taken prisoner; I know he dares,
Dares like a soldier, and a gentleman,

Who

Who must dare every honourable thing ;
But I would have had him done the king's business
Sometimes, as well as always his own.

Win. I hope the king's business is done, Sir.

Gov. I thank you for it then.

Man. If it be such a crime to be taken prisoner, Captain, it may be dangerous to come into the temptation : There are officers in the garrison, will have the grace to avoid it, I suppose.

Win. Nay, if the soldier's forward services once come to be decided by success ; fortune makes all our wars, and we do nothing.

War. Have you lost many in the action, *Wingrave* ?

Win. None lost, I hope, colonel ; some twenty taken——

Man. Merry fellows, governor ; they would go along with their officer. You may hear of 'em next market-day. They are only gone to learn the discipline of the *Moor's* camp : they'll stay till you send for 'em, I warrant you.

Gov. Be it your care. The captain of the guard
[*To Wingrave.*

Does send a trumpet, to enquire from me
About the prisoners—*Davila* shall go——
Our private men may be exchange'd for theirs.
But *Mourville's* ransom——

War. Must be thought upon—— [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Davila's House.

Enter Mariana and Harriet.

Mar. 'Tis past dispute, the news of every tongue, and I am miserable : *Mourville's* a prisoner, taken by the *Moors* ; my hopes all led into captivity, enslav'd, and lost in him : O *Harriet* ! another day had made my fortune sure ; made me his wife, and fix'd the giddy wheel,

Which

Which whirl'd by fate, must now for ever rowl,
And always turn from me.

Har. Hope better, cousin.

Mar. What can I hope? O, that our inclinations
Should so betray our happiness to love,
To love these men, who wo'not love themselves.

Har. Why this you get by loving a soldier;
I told you what would come of it.

Mar. Why have they power to make poor women
slaves,

And not secure themselves from being so?
Or if they are so fond of slavery,
It shou'd, methinks, it shou'd be only ours.

Har. Indeed this honour, which the men follow so
close, is hardly so constant a mistress as you are, cousin;
when her admirers have done as much as they can for
her, like a true jilting jade, by one trick or other, she
seldom fails of deceiving 'em in the end.

Mar. Then *Warcourt*! how shall I behave to him?

Har. Here comes your father.

Enter Davila.

Dav. So, so, what's here to do with you? down on
your marrow-bones, and thank heav'n for the good fortune
that's towards you.

Mar. Good fortune, Sir!

Dav. Ay, ay, a great good fortune, not only to have
so rich an offer as colonel *Warcourt*; but to be secure
from the danger of being undone by these pretty fellows:
Here's *Mourville* now a prisoner: I am going to the
Moor's camp, the governor won't redeem him: what a
taking his mistress is in? why he is not worth the shoes
he goes upon; she, poor soul, must foot it for life, for
her folly. Let her fortune be a warning to all young
women who have an inclination for coaches. My daughter
is to ride in air; I have a husband for her, who will
never suffer her to set a foot to the ground more. I'll
bring him in; receive him as a blessing to the family,
and as he deserves.

Mar. The colonel deserves of me more than I shall ever be able to pay him ; that's one part of my distress.

Davila introduces Warcourt.

Dav. Here, colonel, I give you my fatherly authority——

War. Your leave I thank you for.

Dav. To make use of all your arguments to my daughter.

Mar. There will need few——

Dav. The fewer the better ; and so I leave you to drive on the bargain. Come you with me, mistress.

[*Exit with Harriet.*]

Mar. Very few, to convince me how much I am indebted to your generosity and goodness.

War. If there had been any room for generosity in your family, your goodness had engag'd it : but I have acted upon the principle of loving my self. For I have long observ'd, and admir'd the gentleness of your disposition, which, in my estimation, is the nursing-mother of content in private life : I wou'd have endeavour'd before to secure that family felicity in you ; but my long illness deny'd me any approaches towards it. What I left behind me would have told you how much I esteem'd you. If I had died, you had got by my death ; but since I am recover'd, I shall be happy indeed, if I can recover you.

Mar. My confusion must be my excuse, from my ignorance, how I should behave my self, or of what I should say on a subject of so much caution and consequence.

War. Of the highest consequence indeed, and deserving the nicest caution.

Mar. This is the first time you have mention'd it to me ; I must entreat you to regard that gentleness of disposition, which you are pleas'd to say you have taken notice of, by allowing me to come back to my self from that hurry of spirits, so natural to our sex on such surprising occasions.

War. I wou'd not surprize you, I wou'd not drive you from your self; I wou'd have your cooled thoughts.

Mar. Then you will not assert the authority my father has given you, by pressing me in time, beyond the decency of my character.

War. I honour it too much, to desire to injure it. I give up the authority of your father, and resign myself entirely to your disposal.

Mar. My father has the right of nature to dispose of me, and his goodness intends all things to my advantage, therefore he commands me to receive you; I do with all submission to him, and thankfulness to you.

War. I am very sensible of the disadvantages I come upon, from the inequality of our years. I have not the gaiety of youth, to dance my designs into the favour of the ladies; but then I have not that mint in my mouth for the coinage and utterance of false vows and oaths, which have passed current on many a virgin, ruined and undone, before the discovery of the baseness of the alloy. Since therefore I am so far out of the fashion, to scruple the promise from the impossible performance, I will not make many professions, but beg leave to hope that I may, by my real services, in time, become more agreeable to you. [Exit.

Mar. What an uncommon misfortune I am fall'n into! beggar'd by my prosperity; undone by what would have made another woman's fortune. If I complain to my friends, they rejoice that I have an opportunity of such an establishment. If I bespeak the compassion of my own sex, they cry, I am happier than comes to any one woman's share. 'Tis an aggravation to my calamity, that I have no body to pity me. Was there never any woman in love before me, to have a fellow-feeling of my distress? or are they all corrupted by the bribery of fortune, and family, in the equipage, and indifferent to the man, or the monkey that rides in the coach? Sure they are not of the same composition with me; I am transfus'd, converted into the object of my love;

my

my every faculty, and power of soul employ'd on *Mourville*, my understanding bigotted to him; my memory of no further use to me, than to reflect the images of what he did, and said, that charm'd me from his tongue; my will and wishes all reclin'd on him.

Enter Davila with Warcourt's present. Harriet.

Dav. Ay, this is speaking sense, this is oratory, this is persuasion, daughter! a present of jewels! there's nothing to be said after it: he's sure of his welcome, who paves his way with pearl and diamond. Here's a necklace now of pearl, that wou'd become the oriental bosom of the empress of *China*; ear-rings more brilliant than her eyes, to bob at her ears, and a diamond buckle, the emblem of matrimony, to twitch you together. The colonel knows the way to the heart of a woman. Here girl, take 'em, I warrant they cost six or seven hundred pound.

Mar. I can't receive 'em, father, on so slight an acquaintance.

Dav. Slight me no slights; you'll be better acquainted in a little time. Take 'em, I say; I'll bring you quickly acquainted. If it were not for my going to the *Moor's* camp about the prisoners, I would marry you to him to-morrow.

Mar. To-morrow!

Dav. Somebody shall fare the worse for preventing me; *Mourville*, I mean: I'll take care to keep him there; I'll have no fooling in such a fortune; show your duty in your compliance, and expect to marry him at my return. No delay, no excuse, nothing shall prevent it; therefore prepare for it; for as sure as you are my daughter, you shall be *Warcourt's* wife. [*Exit.*]

Mar. The suddenness surprizes me; I have no debating time. Now, *Harriet*, thy friendship in extremity.

Har. My friendship is ready. Which way to employ it?

Mar. I can't direct you the way yet; but I conjure you to assist me in following a desperate resolution that I have taken, to free my self from this marriage.

Har. I'll assist you in any resolution, practicable, or desperate; but to make our undertaking, whatever it is to be, more practicable, I advise the taking the jewels along with you.

Mar. No, that would be accepting his love in his present.

Har. They would be serviceable in any design.

Mar. I'll have nothing to do with 'em; I have other things in my head.

Har. I'll take the trouble of carrying 'em in.

Uncertain of the path in which to move,
We blindly wander, when the guide is Love.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Warcourt, Marfan, Manuel.

WARCOURT.

MOST surprising!

Marf. Very extraordinary!

Man. Very strange, indeed!

Marf. The family is in an uproar, servants running every way, the mother in a distracted condition, not knowing what she is saying or doing.

War. Have they been at the *Mole*? no vessel gone off?

Marf. They have enquired there: nothing has stirr'd.

War. They don't apprehend any mischief, I hope?

Marf. They were afraid of it at first, till they remembered that *Harriet* was missing too.

Man. Then all agreed, that as well as she loved *Mariana*, she was not a companion for such an expedition:

dition: tho' she would jump as far into a frolick of this world, as another, she would come lamely to the taking a trip into the next. And when it came seriously to hanging or drowning, she would bilk the adventure, dive out of danger, or slip her neck out of the collar, and cozen her dearest relation of her company.

Marf. So, from her character, 'tis to be hop'd there's no danger of t'other world; whatever has betided 'em in this.

War. I wish it may prove so.

Marf. I wish it may. I'll go and comfort the good woman, as we should all do, I think: my wife is gone to her already.

Man. I'll go along with you. I make one on all good-natured occasions.

War. I'll be there in a little time, and do her all service in my power. [Exe. Man. Marfan.]

Enter Servant.

Any further discovery? Any tidings of her yet?

Serv. No certainty; all agree that *Mariana* and *Harriet* are gone together, but whither—

War. There are not many places to go to.

Serv. If any boat had gone off, they might have gone over to *Tariff*, in their way, over land, to *Cales*, to *Harriet's* father, *Lopez de Vega*, the rich merchant.

War. But no boat has gone off.

Serv. There is a report, tho' a very unlikely one, that they are gone with *Davila* to the *Moors* camp.

War. To the *Moors* camp!

Serv. This is certain, that there were two women seen to go along with him from *Port Catherine*.

War. Tho' 'tis most unreasonable to think a father should carry his daughter there, I will use the means to be satisfy'd. Tell *Nathan*, I must speak with him immediately. [Exit servant.] I can't settle in any thought upon this unlucky accident of *Mariana's* going away. If I find, that I have been any way the cause of her disturbance, I will restore her to her peace, tho' I cannot promise my self so much to my own.

Enter Servant and Nathan.

Serv. Nathan was coming to you, Sir.

Nath. With bad news, just landed, Colonel; that two rich *West India* ships of *Cales* are taken by the *Sallee* men.

War. That may fall heavy on some of our friends. I must employ you, *Nathan*, to the *Moors* camp.

Nath. I am always ready for your employment.

War. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt Servant, Nathan.*] What does the wisdom of the world amount to in the counting? If we knew what would continue still to be desir'd, 'twere worth our pains to compass that desire.

Restless, from wish to wish we wander on,
And no possession can insure content.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE the *Moors* Camp.

Enter Davila, Mariana, Harriet veil'd.

Dav. An old saying and a true one; give me the employment, I'll make it worth having. Salary walks on foot, perquisites ride in coaches; you no sooner set out on the King's business, but Bribery bows to you, is your most obsequious, and till he's receiv'd into service, will follow in the train; so that when an old man can't run, it will overtake him in time. Five pistoles!

Mar. I am still afraid of being discovered.

Har. A lover and afraid! We are at our journey's end! Fear nothing. The little gold we have given him has hinder'd him from discovering any thing, but the way to get more: it has put him into very good humour: besides, he never saw us in this dress.

Dav. Well daughters, daughters, as I call you, here you have given me five pistoles for my pass-port to the *Moors* camp, and here I have brought you safe and sound; but how safe and sound you are to continue, is your affair. Five pistoles! you might have had your account in *Tangier* for that money without coming so far: I am oblig'd to throw you that advice into the bargain, daughters, against another time.

Har. But, Sir, we are coming to our friends.

Dav. Are not you running from 'em? I suspect the goodness of your cause, by the largeness of your fee. But how durst you venture to come with a stranger?

Har. We are no strangers to your character, your honesty——

Dav. Honesty's the beaten road, no grass will grow upon it; you must turn out of the way to grow fat.

Har. We have a brother in the camp, he will convey us to *Tetuan*, to our real father, *Benzaddi*, the Jew.

Dav. *Benzaddi* your father! I have been in debate with my self a good while, as *Benzaddi* your real father would have been on such an occasion.

Har. About what, Sir?

Dav. About making much of you——

Har. Ay, marry sir.

Dav. Or rather about making the most of you——

Har. As how pray?

Dav. By selling you.

Har. By selling us?

Dav. This is an excellent market for woman's flesh. But if you have a Jew to your father——

Mar. I find I have.

[*Aside.*

Dav. Be you but handsome and young, he knows how to make money of you; if you miss of your brother, I can help you to good company——

Har. That will be kind, to provide for your daughters——

Dav. Where I am going.

Har. You are going to redeem prisoners.

Dav. To exchange some; but for redeeming, that will keep cold: Like other wise plenipotentiaries, I will provide for my own affairs, and then take care of the public.

Har. Do they interfere then?

Dav. I'll tell you, all the young fellows in the garrison belong to the public, and all the private families in *Tangier*, I think, belong to them: The father, or husband, may shut the door, but the wife or daughter will lift up the latch.

Har. But the good company you will help us to.

Dav. Well remembred ! *Mourville*, the Lieutenant-Colonel.

Mar. I know him a little.

Har. I wou'd know more of him.

Dav. And may, if you and he can agree upon the matter, you may know more of him, and it will be good-naturedly done of you to fiddle faddle away some time with him, it may lye on his hands else, longer than he cares for ; he's at present in disgrace with the governour, it will blow over, but here he must stay for fair weather.

Har. You have some personal quarrel to him.

Dav. Not more to him than the rest. If all the young fellows in *Tangier* were here, here they should stay, till I had marry'd my daughter. That should not be long neither, for I am resolved to marry her as soon as I can get back again. I must make haste, I have business that will take me up ; when I have settled that, 'twill be time enough for my prisoners.

Har. You take but little care of your daughters. What is to bring us to the sight of this *Mourville* in your absence ?

Dav. O, here comes the man I was going to, and the man that is wanted.

Enter Moluza.

In good time my good friend, *Moluza*, to do me a good office. *Mourville* is your prisoner, I know.

Mol. And you know I am at the top of the market ; he carries a good price, I am bid money for him already.

Dav. Pray gratify my daughters curiosity.

Mol. Your daughters !

Dav. And allow 'em to visit him.

Mol. Visit and welcome.

Dav. I have wide dealings among the *Jews*, you know, which will take me up two or three hours ; when I have settled 'em, I shall find you at home for the prisoners.

Mol. Money will find me, and a welcome at all times. Come, ladies.

[*Exe. severally.*]

SCENE changes.

*Re-enter Moluza, Mariana, Harriet.**Mol.* I'll send my prisoner to you. *[Exit.**Har.* Two or three hours! A great deal may be done in two or three hours. There may be a good use made of his calling us daughters.*Enter Mourville.**Mour.* My *Mariana*! O astonishment!*Mar.* Astonishment! Is it a wonder that the body should follow the directions of the soul?*Mour.* Thou art all wonder.*Mar.* You the soul of me, I cou'd not bear the news of your slavery, but was distracted with the thoughts of it, at a time when I was condemn'd to a fearful apprehension of my own.*Mour.* Of your slavery?*Mar.* Of marriage slavery; and therefore I have broke through all the considerations that would have advised me in other regards, all the dangers that threatened in my way; to find a refuge in my *Mourville's* arms, give up my life and liberty to you; for bondage here is life and liberty.*Har.* Well, these are very pretty things, but hereafter for them; now, if you please, to our business. Strange things have happen'd in the family since you were together. You know that colonel *Warcourt* had always a respect for my cousin; that respect, as we thought, has now flam'd out in the brightest expressions of admiration and love. The father and mother have set him down for their son-in-law, he wants only your advice as a friend, for the daughter's consent, and then you may have the honour of being a bridleman at the wedding.*Mar.* How can you be so cruel, to make a jesting matter of so great a misfortune?*Mour.* Misfortune! Ruin! ruin to my hopes!*Har.* I'll tell you first the misfortune to the lady, and then I'll consider the state of your case, *Mourville*.

K 3

Colonel

Colonel *Warcourt* you know had been in a desperate way of his health, and a great while in danger of dying, made his will, left it in *Davila's* keeping, to open it upon his death, or at his request, when recover'd. The will was open'd about your coming away, which to the wonderment of the by-standers, gave *Mariana* a thousand pounds a year in *England*, in case of his death; the father and mother, I told you, are at their wits end to be related to this thousand pound a year, in a country of liberty, and she has run through all these rough roads to overturn the title, or break the neck of their expectations.

Mour. You have given your self some trouble to break the neck of mine.

Mar. Not so, I hope.

Har. Nay, if you cannot extract a spirit of consolation from these materials of fire and fondness, you are a thread-bare chymist: and ought never to attempt the philosopher's stone.

Mar. 'Tis soberly true, what she has been telling in her mad way.

Mour. She has put me on the rack of a rival; and I shall live in torment.

Har. If you are inclining to be jealous——

Mar. I cou'd not be jealous of you, *Mourville*; and methinks 'tis of ominous reflection, that one time or other you may be seduc'd by your interest, who can imagine it has so strong a temptation to me.

Mour. Mine is the jealousy of fear, not of my love: when I remember how many women have unblest the ordinance of marriage, by a prostitution of bed and board to old age, infamy, deformity and disease, and have submitted their youth, beauty and health to monsters they have not been able to look upon, who have frighted them in the morning, from the enjoyment of every one of their senses; I cannot but wonder at the bewitching charms of money, and believe it difficult to be overpowered when it is presented by a valuable hand.

Mar. I have a most valuable regard to colonel *Warcourt*, and his merit.

Mour. Every body must acknowledge his merit.

Mar. And from his good qualities and estate, I do believe the world wou'd find out an easy excuse for a little inconstancy.

Mour. An easy excuse to be sure. [Aside.]

Mar. And I must own to you——

Mour. 'Twill come to that, I fear. [Aside.]

Mar. That his behaviour has been so extraordinary, by distinguishing me in so eminent a manner, that tho' in the wildness of my passion I ran from the fortune that lay before me, it has upon maturer deliberation return'd me to my reason and interest—

Mour. There will always be reason in interest.

Mar. And given me the agreeable pleasure and pride—

Mour. Either of which is sufficient.

Mar. Of finding my self, by the high price he has set upon me, so exalted and rais'd in the general esteem, that even in your allowance, I must appear recommended with greater advantage——to my *Mourville*.

Mour. Surprizing happiness!

Mar. In giving you a proof, that *Mariana* is not of the mercenary women you mentioned.

Mour. I was afraid you were going.

Mar. I have had a little revenge on your suspicion of me, by your libel on the sex.

Mour. I thought I should lose you, but you have rais'd me from my fears, and more than redeem'd me from my slavery.

Har. We came to redeem you.

Mar. I was resolv'd to follow your fortune, wherever it carry'd you.

Mour. Transportingly kind! This is but a common fortune in the soldier's profession, to be taken prisoner, it carries no farther than a ransom.

Mar. You don't know how far it may carry, nor how long it may be to your ransom.

Har. The governour is displeas'd with your going beyond his orders, and the person employed is resolv'd to keep you here.

Mour. Who is employed? Your father us'd to be.

Har. 'Tis ev'n he; we came in his convoy.

Mour. He bring you here? how cou'd that be?

Har. We brought it about: There was a bribe in the way, that quieted all suspicion and enquiry: nay, he call'd us daughters, and presented us to *Moluxa* to bring us to you.

Mour. And now what's to be done?

Mar. To get your liberty at any price.

Mour. I'm sure I can't come up to it my self.

Mar. I have brought what money and jewels I had of my own.

Har. Now, cousin, you find the folly of refusing *War-court's* present. Those jewels would have been of excellent value here.

Mar. If I had thought of the service they would have done me in your liberty, I should have been tempted to take 'em. But, cousin, I understood that you had 'em.

Har. I intended to take 'em, but they were forgot, left behind, or lost in the hurry. I can give no account of 'em.

Mar. Then other means must be found.

Har. I'll leave you together to advise, while I try my fortune with *Moluxa* in negotiating this affair. [Exit.

Mour. With *Moluxa*? negotiating with him! He has no sense of any thing, but money: an arrant mule, that wo'not be beaten out of the road of his interest.

Mar. She has a design upon him; if it succeeds, she says, we shall all be the better for it.

Mour. Nay, she has mettle to undertake, and wit to conduct any managable affair.

Mar. I should have sunk under this undertaking, but for her spirit, that reviv'd me in the hopes of success.

Mour. Success to her enterprize then: but has your father discovered our loves, that he is resolv'd to keep me here?

Mar. Not that I know of, but he would keep all the young officers of *Tangier* out of the way, to make sure work of marrying me to the colonel.

Mour. Unlucky for me to be now in his power.

Mar. Most unlucky at this time——See, she pleads powerfully with *Moluza*.

Mour. And he seems to listen to her. They are coming this way, we won't interrupt 'em. Let us retire to my quarter, and expect the event. [Exit.

Enter Moluza and Harriet.

Mol. I don't dislike a great deal of what you say; I can show you my good nature, when you show me my interest: *Turk* and *Christian* agree in that doctrine.

Har. Your interest lies plainly in the way I propose.

Mol. When you lead me into it, my good nature shall follow. You tell me, you and your sister came here chiefly to procure the liberty of *Mourville*——

Har. We did so.

Mol. Who was just upon marrying a dear friend of yours, a very great fortune——

Har. In a day or two.

Mol. Which he is likely to lose, if he continues a prisoner——

Har. 'Tis as I told you.

Mol. Her father intending to marry her to another; that is the case, you say?

Har. That is the case, which we have undertaken upon her account; and his, in friendship to her; having this opportunity of coming, which the poor creature, his mistress, would have been glad of, with *Davila* our father.

Mol. He comes to redeem him with the rest, I suppose.

Har. No, no, Sir, he had told us before that *Mourville* was not to be redeem'd, which was the reason of our coming.

Mol. Not ransom'd?

Har. Not by the public; he's fallen under the displeasure of the governor, for being taken prisoner, by going beyond his orders: then as he is a soldier of for-

tune, and not having money to redeem himself, he may continue a long time here, to his ruin, and a great loss in your trade.

Mol. A bad hearing: the quick return of our money is the life of trade; at this rate he may lie dead stock upon my hands. That is not the way to my interest. Which is the way you propose to it?

Har. You will allow *Davila* our father to be sufficient security?

Mol. His note sufficient for any thing he deals for.

Har. You shall have more than his note, you shall have his two daughters; my sister and myself mortgag'd to you in security for *Mourville's* ransom.

Mol. How! how! speak that again.

Har. Give *Mourville* his liberty, and we will be your prisoners in his room.

Mol. Are you in earnest?

Har. Since 'twas the only expedient, we came for that purpose; by this means *Mourville* will marry his mistress; and our father, *Davila*, pay his ransom for us: so there's the life of trade in the quick return of your money.

Mol. I'm inclining to *Mourville*: had he been a cool fighter, he should have had a warm reckoning, never expecting to see him more; but we're the better for such gallant men as *Mourville*, they furnish our markets, and by the forwardness of their courage, are liable to be prisoners again.

Har. And by his marrying this rich wife, he will be in a condition of paying an honourable ransom, when he comes.

Mol. So far I close with you, as daughters to *Davila*; but how do I know you are his daughters? he call'd you so indeed, but I must have further assurance.

Har. Not from *Davila*; his knowledge of our design would defeat it; he is employed to keep him here.

Mol. So you said indeed.

Har. And to show that I would not impose any thing upon you, tho' he call'd us daughters, as he usually does, I own I am but his niece, an inconsiderable creature,

ture, in respect of his daughter, a very fine woman; she is with *Mourville* within; her father lives but in the sight of her, and won'd not leave her behind him here, but for a day, to have the insurance of his richest ship from the *Indies*. We will both stay if you demand it, but as she is the daughter, and of that price in her father's affection, and as the handsomer, the more marketable woman——

Mol. You say right; I will be contented with her, and leave you to the liberty of staying or going: But will your cousin sign these articles?

Har. At sight of 'em.

Mol. My cashier *Hamet*, in time of truce, has been at *Davila's* house; he may know if they are, as they say, related to him. [Exit.

Har. I have a fair prospect in view, if I can come to the end on't. There is some rough way that will require wary walking.—'Tis pity we can't honestly bring about our designs——Friend and cousin! Friendship is thought to be a combination of interests to stand against all opposition, and kindred the knot to tie those interests straiter together. How I shall act as a friend or a cousin, in this affair, will be a question hereafter; the present must be regarded.

Enter *Moluza*, *Mariana*, *Hamet*.

Mol. Have you ever seen these women at *Tangier*?

Ham. Very often, at *Davila's* house; this his daughter *Mariana*, and this his cousin.

Mol. 'Tis well. Are you contented to be prisoner to me, to give *Mourville* his liberty?

Mar. Most chearfully and thankfully.

Mol. Then call him in. [Exit *Hamet*.

Re-enter *Hamet* with *Mourville*.

Mar. You have done wonders, cousin.

Mol. Colonel, here's your deliverer; go when you please, she has paid your ransom.

Mour. My ransom! how?

Mol. She has paid down herself for you, her slavery for your liberty. [Exit.

Mar. I had giv'n my all to you before, and now give only your own to redeem you.

Mour. Is this the way to requite it? to leave you in my room, my benefactress behind me, expos'd, and insulted by a thousand brutalities, that wou'd never attempt me? Wou'd this be to repay you? wou'd this be to deliver me? to gall me with reproaches and contempt, more heavy and corroding into my soul, than the load and rust of my irons eating into my flesh? Wou'd this be to redeem me? to sink me into deeper bondage, to send me into an unrepealable captivity, where the eye of humanity wou'd abhor the sight of me; a monster of so vile an ingratitude, that no man was ever after to be believ'd or trusted, for my baseness and ingratitude, unthankfulness to a woman who has out-gone the gallant examples of her sex, in what she has suffered, and done, for her constancy in love: and is my deserting her to be my return?

Mar. This is not deserting me.

Mour. No, condemn me to the galleys, chain me to the oar, bread and water my food, under the lash of my masters, or bury me in the mines, to toil out my days in damps and darkness; or to feed the wretched remnant of life, let me dig, and hew my bread out of the bowels of the quarry, rather than lengthen out my shame, under the gnawing reproach of so ever-growing an infamy.

Mar. I have struggled thro' all this conflict that you now labour under. We must submit to the necessity.

Har. And to the little time that is allowed you by your father; if he returns, he'll put an end to this dispute of your gallantry, and by his prudent care, provide, that you shall never renew it again.

Mour. Merciless misfortune! and father! to bring it upon us! How shall I behave? What shall I do in this distress?

Har. Hear reason, and be govern'd by it: make use of your liberty, and gain your mistress; if you stay here, you lose her. Her father will carry her back, and marry her to *Warcourt*.

Mour. Tormenting thought! he may force her to it, if I am at *Tangier*.

Har. She may find out a way to you, if you are there. Besides, when *Warcourt* is convinc'd of her behaviour, that she has left herself in pawn for you, he'll cool in his compliments, and guess what he is to expect in a marriage with *Mariana*, a mistress so determined, and profess, as she has been to you.

Mar. You see, I have thrown away the regard of the dearest thing in this life, my reputation, for your sake. Reputation! the reward of virtue, the voluntary tribute of all good people, paid to it, in commendation and esteem; and shall my sacrifice of that most substantial good of this life, that life of life, and most necessary to the comfort of it, have no power to prevail upon you, to provide for my happiness, if your own is not concern'd——

Mour. Not mine concern'd! My life and death at stake!

Mar. If I lose you, I am miserable; but much more so, if I am forc'd to be another's.

Mour. I will do every thing to prevent it.

Mar. What reproaches and contempt, what baseness and ingratitude can be charged upon you, for leaving me here, at my own entreaty, as the only means of coming together again? Will not those bad words be rather thrown at you, for not complying with my requests? Will not the laughers be inclining to say, that I had deserv'd of you indeed, but that from the inconstancy of your nature, you were cloyed with my fondness, and would rather continue a prisoner, than be deliver'd by me? What will poor *Mariana's* character then be in the mouth of the world? there you may be justly reproached with baseness and ingratitude. O! let me not live to the day of such a revolt, of such a baseness and ingratitude, such an inconstancy, to a creature of your own making, who have run away from my family to come to you, who have not only given to you my interest in this world, but have endanger'd my hopes in the next.

Mour. O fearful to hear! what can you mean?

Mar. By committing a sin, which I thought I cou'd not have been tempted to, committing it with greediness and joy, by rebelling against the command, and making a merit of my disobedience to my parents, to recommend me to you——may *Mourville* not be my punishment.

Mour. May separation never be mine: Is it no punishment to leave you?

Har. To a fond father, who will redeem her at sight, and bring her to town, almost as soon as you can be there.

Mour. I contend it no farther, I obey your advice, and, as you command, will leave you. You'll stay with her till he comes?

Har. Most certainly—but I have a qualm comes over me, if *Davila* from his disappointment of your being redeem'd by his daughter, and his excessive love of money, should, in his anger, delay the redeeming her.

Mour. That must be provided for, before I leave you.

Har. And I have the expedient—the only one—I'll go with *Mourville* to *Tangier*, solicit your mother, who governs the cash and accounts, return with your ransom from her fondness, and restore you to your wishes and wants.

Mar. That would be a restoration indeed.

Mour. The conflict ended, still we part in pain,

Mar. As soul and body part, to meet again.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Moluza and Davila.

Dav. *Mourville* at liberty! And *Mariana* in his room? You must dream.

Mol. Are you awake?

Dav. My daughter! Impossible! How should she come here?

Mol. Nay, then you talk in your sleep. Did not you bring her here?

Dav. I bring her here?

Mol. Your daughter and niece: you call'd 'em daughters, recommended 'em to me as such, to show 'em to *Mourville*: I us'd 'em civilly on your account; they told me what they came about.

Dav. To go to their father at *Tetuan*, *Benzaddi*, the Jew.

Mol. They took you for the Jew, that you were resolved not to redeem *Mourville*, that he was to marry a rich friend of theirs, and therefore they took this opportunity of coming with you, to obtain his liberty, if they could.

Dav. Were those women who came with me, and whom I called daughters, related to me?

Mol. Don't you know your own family?

Dav. *Mariana* my daughter, and *Harriet* my niece?

Mol. Or have you brought people with you to run away with your senses?

Dav. You have almost persuaded me out of 'em.

Mol. *Mourville* not being to be ransom'd, and *Mariana* your daughter, and a handsome woman, being a full and fair security, I was for turning the penny; so *Mourville* is gone about his business, and I have taken the wisest care of mine.

Dav. I have brought mine about finely indeed. This comes of bribery and perquisites: I shall account for my five pistoles, which I was so fond of, a way I did not suspect; I took 'em for clear gains. Five hundred, I fear, will be wanting to balance 'em. [Aside.

Mol. I'll bring your daughter to you. [Exit.

Dav. 'Tis just upon us, when we can't be contented to grow rich leisurely, which our honest employments wou'd do for us; we may out-run consequences for a time, but they will come up with us in the end.

Re-enter Moluza.

Mol. Your daughter is in the extremest confusion; she dares not appear before you.

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Dav. She's in the right now, for there would appear a countenance very terrible, that she never saw in her father before.

Mol. When she has recover'd her fright, she will throw her self at your feet, and beg your forgiveness with prayers and tears.

Dav. What amends will prayers and tears make me?

Mol. You must forgive her at last.

Dav. You must help me to forgive her.

Mol. I do, with all my heart, forgive her for what she has done.

Dav. I mean, you must forgive a part of her folly, in her fine; you must take a moderate ransom for her. You and I have been old acquaintance and friends, have had dealings together a great while, and may better afford to be easy to one another.

Mol. You would not have me a loser by my civility to your daughter?

Dav. No, not a loser, but——

Mol. But what? Have you heard that acquaintance, or friendship, or kindred were ever tendered in part of payment, to any man of business, who understood the getting of money, or the prudent improvement of it? Make it your own case.

Dav. 'Tis like to continue so, I find.

Mol. I have known friendships made and improv'd, by combination, in a community of profit and gain, which have been torn to pieces by separate interests, as ours happen to be at present.

Dav. Well, at a word, what must you have for her?

Mol. At a word, what *Mourville* should have paid me.

Dav. Why, he was a great officer, a stout soldier, and able to do a great deal of service in his way.

Mol. And your daughter, as a handsome woman, may do a great deal of service in her way: I will have 500 pistoles for her.

Dav. Five hundred pistoles? You speak as if you did not understand the getting of such a sum.

Mol. You shall be satisfied that I do; tho' you be unsatisfied in paying it.

Dav. She may hang upon your hands longer than you'll care for, I shall not be in haste to redeem her.

Mol. But you shall, *Davila*.

Dav. I'll try that with you; you are not yet in my pocket; my purse is my own. [Exit.]

Mol. But I have hold of the strings. He'll come to himself, and to my price too.

Enter Hamet.

Ham. Our *Sallee* men have brought in two rich *West Indian* ships: they took 'em some days ago, making for *Cales*.

Mol. Good news, *Hamet*.

Ham. The men aboard say, the richest part of the cargo belongs to *Davila*, the commissary at *Tangier*.

Mol. Do you acquaint him with it. [Exit Hamet.] If his ships are taken, he must lower his top-sails: Won't this alter the case? How shall I get my money? —Not a jot—no danger of my money—the ships may be taken, and *Davila* sunk to the bottom; but I have the pinnace secure, to bring me to shore, I shan't sink with him; I have his daughter; I can fit her out for a voyage to the *Golden coast*; she'll make a tight smuggler, to run away with the profit of the fair trader: Her goods will come custom free. [Exit.]

Enter *Davila*, *Mariana*.

Dav. Little losses are swallowed up in the greater; your folly in *Mourville's* redemption, and leaving your self in his room, tho' that would have done me a very sensible damage, and been greatly to be found fault with, at another time, is now not to be felt in this pinching necessity, this universal mortification of the whole mass; not to be mentioned, not deserving to be thought upon, with the inevitable ruin, which the loss of my ships has brought upon me.

Mar. I am in the greatest affliction for having offended so good a father; I take all the fault to my self, and wish I could bear all the punishment.

Dav. A severe share of it will be your portion, I fear; for I am utterly undone, and know not which way to turn me, even for the deliverance of you.

Mar. I was taught that the days of my happiness should be lengthened by my duty to my parents, and I confess it just, that they should be shortened by my disobedience.

Dav. I had provided a husband, who would not only have made you happy, but would have been a friend to us all, in time of need.

Mar. I wish I had not to charge you, Sir, with welcoming *Mourville*, so often in the family, to the insensible engagement of all the affections in my soul; before I was aware that I was in open rebellion against a father.

Dav. By our severity, or fondness, fathers are commonly fools.

Mar. But your resolution of marrying me, at your return, hurried me to the extremity I am now reduc'd to.

Dav. The love of money did that too.

Enter Moluza.

Mol. Now, *Davila*, you won't be in haste to ransom your daughter, you say: you have kept your word.

Dav. Shrewdly against my will, *Moluza*.

Mol. But she shan't hang upon my hands, neither, as you thought fit to threaten.

Dav. Alas! Threaten! only in concern for my money, *Moluza*.

Mol. In concern for my money, too, *Davila*, I must threaten in my turn——

Dav. O, no, *Moluza*, pity my lost state!

Mol. That if you don't redeem her in four and twenty hours——

Dav. In four and twenty hours!

Mol. I have a chapman ready, who will give me double the price I set on her to you.

Mar. *Mourville* will return in half the time, to my deliverance. *Harriet* will be here.

Mol. If not, I will present her to the Alcade of *Alcazor*, who has bespoke the first handsome *Spanish* woman that came to my hands.

Mar. O send me not to him,
Let me continue still a slave to you,
Employ me in your vilest offices.

Mol. My employment is money.

Dav. You shall have money, I'll go a begging for it.

Mol. It rises slowly that way.

Mar. A little patience, and all who hear my fortune
shall come in with charitable contribution, to my relief
in paying your demands; mean time I'll serve you with
a thankful heart.

Mol. You were not intended for my service: Where
I shall dispose of you, you shall be mistress, serv'd in
state, and be lov'd.

Mar. Be curst and hated, rather;
I'm *Mourville's* wife, consider what you do,
Left in your hands, but till his ransom's paid.

Mol. He has four and twenty hours to pay it in.

Mar. Whatever violence you offer me,
In sensual sacrifice to your Alcade,
He will revenge at full.

Mol. For his revenge — first, *Hamet*, lock her up,
nor let her father see her.
I'll venture his revenge.

Mar. May it fall sure.

[Exit.

Dav. There's poverty, and old age, to endure.

[Exeunt severally.

Enter *Harriet*, *Mourville*.

Har. It must have been a ridiculous interview between
Moluxa and *Davila*, and worth peeping upon from an
invisible cranny; when the old gentleman found himself
cozen'd by his cunning, cheated by himself, puzzled in
his politics, and disappointed in his chiefest design of
keeping you there.

Mour. But I'm afraid 'twas a very serious meeting of
father and daughter, when he found *Mariana* left in my
room.

Har. Very serious, for the time, to be sure; she look'd
sweetly simply, and he awkwardly angry, but it could not
hold long; and by this time they are coming after us.

Mour. That would crown the expedition with honour—

Har. If he should delay, the mother would be certain to hasten it.

Mour. For I would not have her suffer, if possible, a moment's uneasiness; she who has done so many things for me, that I shall never be able——

Har. If you are near breaking, make a fair list of your debts, that every one you are oblig'd to, may come into the composition, and have a share of the acknowledgment.

Mour. I shall pay the full sum of my acknowledgment to you.

Har. And 'twill become your honesty to do so—*Mariana*, I own, is the shining character in the play, and engages all the concern of the audience—but 'tis *Harriet* conducts the design, and has carried it successfully so far: She indeed is a well-natur'd, gentle-condition'd, beautiful——but a poor helpless creature, and unable to struggle with any misfortune.

Mour. She indeed told me she should have fainted in the undertaking, but for your spirit that reviv'd her, in the hopes of success.

Har. The undertaking was mine: I won't part with the merit of it: she was willing, 'tis true, to engage in any thing, but was so bewildred, poor soul, in her despair, that she could not tell which way to get out of the maze. I put her upon the stratagem of redeeming you, treated with *Davila*, gave him five pistoles, kept him clear of all jealousy and suspicion of us, and have improved every scene of the plot, to the best of my skill, to the utmost advantage, for you, and your interest.

Mour. You have conducted like a great captain of intrigue, and deserve to be at the head of affairs——

Har. In the service of my friends, *Maurville*. *Mariana* has done all she was able to do; but 'tis well her father is a rich man, for her husband might otherwise be a poor one.

Mour. Whom have we here that meet us from the town?

Har. *Warcourt* and *Nathan*——how are they employed?

Mour. I cannot now avoid the sight of 'em.

Enter Warcourt, Nathan.

War. *Mour-wille!* 'tis more than I expected, meeting you. I congratulate your liberty: *Davila* has been good-natur'd.

Mour. He cannot change his nature.

War. How have you dispos'd of your company, Madam?

Har. *Mariana* is with her father; they are coming after us.

War. I have but melancholy news to condole him upon.

Mour. What's the matter?

War. The certainty of being undone.

Mour. Undone!

War. By the loss of two rich ships from the *Indies*, confirm'd in all our letters from *Cales*. I am going to comfort and assist my old friend in his distress.

[*Exe. War. Nat.*

Mour. Undone! *Davila* ruin'd! A stunning blow!

Har. A stunning blow indeed; sudden and unexpected!

Mour. Indeed most unexpected!

Har. I would not have believ'd it from any but colonel *Warcourt*.

Mour. 'Tis certainly so; his coming confirms it.

Har. I wish I could believe otherwise. Poor *Mariana*, she's fallen from an eminence!

Mour. I have push'd her down, basely left her in slavery; but I'll return to my chains, and deliver her.

Har. Do, deliver her to *Warcourt*; you can't do better than deliver her to your rival, who will carry her off in triumph over your folly, and leave you to be laugh'd at, for not knowing what you would have.

Mour. Would not you have me deliver her?

Har. You shall deliver her; but yours is not the way. The mother will better enable us.

Mour. She's undone in her husband.

Har. I tell you she shall do it—I know her ability; rely upon me for the management.

Mour. Poor *Mariana*! she's fallen, as you say, from an eminence, from a very high one.

Har. In the low estimation of the vulgar, a very high one indeed; but upon worthier thoughts, to the gallant part of the world, of which the soldiery ought to be the gallantest, she is not fallen at all.

Mour. Not fallen with her father?

Har. What signifies the alteration of Fortune? her frown has not rumbled a feature in the face of *Mariana*; nor stamp'd a wrinkle on her brow; the beauty the same, the youth, the woman the same.

Mour. But the woman, the youth, and the beauty were not the less agreeable, for being related to twenty thousand pounds.

Har. Which never entred into your thoughts before, to be sure; 'tis mercenary and marketing, the consideration of the prophane, who were never initiated into the sacred mysteries of intrigue. Do not I know, nay you shall confess, the pangs you have labour'd under, in the progress of this amour?

Mour. I do confess that I have suffered in an hourly apprehension from her father, of losing her.

Har. In an hourly? a minutely confusion, you mean; I know you mean, for her having gone before you in this course of gallantry; but now you have a fair field to come up with her: for tho' you pretend a concern for the ruin of her father, I know you rejoice that you have now an opportunity——

Mour. An opportunity of rejoicing?

Har. Of clearing that kind account, that has been depending so long, and so often embroil'd.

Mour. I don't understand you.

Har. But I do you: tho' you have a mind to conceal it; and 'twill heroically become you, and be receiv'd in an universal acclamation, the uncommon testimony that you are to give of your passion.

Mour. Testimony of my passion!

Har. A great one, I confess; and a deep mortification, I grant you, it must be, to give up the favourite, soliciting designs of ambition; to sit down and unravel the projects

projects that you have been weaving so long, of rising in the world.

Mour. Ambition is the life of a soldier.

Har. To lay aside the hopes of dissecting the old man in his grave: such a limb of *Davila's* estate to be set apart for the immediate purchase of a regiment; another to be collopt off in liveries, plump equipage, ten suits of embroidery, and a service of plate: the leavings of furniture and finery to be settled on the wife and children, till there offers a handsome opportunity of employing 'em better, and qualifying the family for a pension from the government.

Mour. You draw your picture at length, madam.

Har. In frightful colours to another; but nothing can frighten a man devoted to the glory of his love; as *Mourville* I know is: you can with pleasure throw away the expectation of the transitory great things, that invited, for the immortal reputation of starving with an undone mistress.

Mour. Starving is a winter word, and makes but a cold compliment to lady.

Har. Love is for all the seasons of the year.

Mour. Tender plants must be hous'd; I would place *Mariana* on the sunny side of the hill.

Har. Wherever you place her, when you and she smile, the sun will shine.

Mour. If it should not,—

Har. Why then you come into a climate to try your constitution; to put you to the test of your sincerity, the probation of all the promises and vows, which you prodigally made to your mistress, in fair weather: If you can ride out the tempest of adversity, you are as brave as your word, and fit for the voyage; but if you shrink in the wetting, and can't be contented in obscurity, to live little and poor with her, you must confess you were not acquainted with your own heart, nor the nature of the passion you pretended to.

Mour. I never considered it in that sense before.

Har. I believe you.

Mour. We should never venture to sea, if we always thought of a storm.

Har. You are catcht in one now. Get to shore as well as you can.

Mour. I would not be cast away, I confess.

Har. If you think of saving your self, I'll lend you a plank: since you descend from romance, and come into nature, we may speak sense, and understand one another.

Mour. We must come into nature at last.

Har. I must put you in mind then, that self-preservation is the first dictate of nature, and that according to her direction and advice, you prudently fell in love with the father, before you became enamoured of the daughter; so that *Mariana's* beauty was but the second motive of your love.

Mour. The second motive?

Har. For *Davila's* riches were the first; and you will find it so in the end, and confess it, may be, too late, when you feel your self irrecoverably lost, by the weakness of being carried beyond the first design of your interest.

Mour. I own she was not the less handsome for being daughter to a rich man.

Har. Not at all; but as you began with an eye to her fortune, I would not have you fall blind to your own. I speak in friendship to you both: you may undo one another, if you please, and repentance be the fruit of your fondness.

Mour. Sour fruit, repentance!

Har. Would *Mariana* chuse to destroy your hopes of preferment? or you covet to make her miserable in being the cause?

Mour. I would not make her miserable.

Har. This is the certain way to it;
The woful remembrance will do it.

Mour. That would be a woful remembrance!

Har. Nothing continues long at a stay; and since the visionary prospect of happiness, which you painted to your thoughts, in the possession of *Mariana*, is vanished,
you

you must have an eye to the shifting of the scene, and make the best of what comes next on the stage.

Mour. What can succeed for me?

Har. Favour and fortune, you'll find 'em at every turn, they'll throw themselves in your way, and court you to accept 'em.

Mour. There are coxcombs of that persuasion.

Har. They are not intended for coxcombs.

Mour. But often bestowed on 'em.

Har. When this fit of humiliation is over, you will recover the just opinion of your self, and of every woman, who has the pleasure to know you.

Mour. I don't understand you.

Har. Then I must bring you acquainted with your self, and inform you, that you are one of those few agreeable men, whom every woman is designing upon, dressing at, watching for, catching at, and would engage to her self, if she can. I speak for my self, at least.

Mour. You're inclining to divert your self.

Har. To be downright serious, I assure you, and to declare, being under the necessity of declaring, that since *Mariana's* pretensions must fall, which I am most heartily sorry for, I will set up my own, if I can; and will now venture to tell you, that I have been as long in love with you, as she has been—

Mour. In love with me?

Har. That when you prevented my hopes, by declaring for her, I could not hate you, as other women would have done; but follow'd you with the good offices of my friendship. Not helplessly whining over you, but have struggled to come at you with more essential services.

Mour. I shall ever own my obligations to you.

Har. So much for the woman; as for the fortune you expected with her, you may recover that in me, my father having no other child, and *Lopez de Vega* being as rich as *Davila* was.—I see your surprize.

Mour. I have so many thoughts crowding in upon me, I don't know which first to speak to.

Har. No matter for declaring your thoughts—I have other offers to make, when you are able to receive 'em:

mean time I lay these questions of poverty and plenty before you, to answer 'em to your self, if you can: and take this along with you, that, in a little wearing of marriage, my person would appear in a wife, to as much advantage in the eye of a husband, as hers would have done.

Beauty may charm you to a marry'd life,
But sense and conduct join to make the wife.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Warcourt, Davila, and Moluza.

War. **Y**OU have the sum you demanded for her ransom, *Moluza*, so now return her to her father.

Mol. I'll send her to you.

[*Exit.*

Dav. O, colonel, if you had not come as you did, my daughter had been sent to the alcade of *Alcazor*, to be devoured. There was but four and twenty hours allowed for her reprieve.

War. I came in season then.

Dav. Our good angel has brought you; I was in a desperate debate with my self, between this hard-hearted rogue, and my christian creditors, about turning *Turk*.

War. Turning *Turk*, man?

Dav. I had rather trust *Mahomet* with his paradise, than those *Jews* in their dealings, with their gaol. I thought that was the best way to secure my daughter and my self.

War. I'll find a better for you; get the governour's protection, till you can put your affairs in order, and I'll assist you in doing it.

Dav. O, that undutiful girl! to run away from such a friend, as you have been to us.

War. I won't suffer you to say any thing to the disadvantage of *Mariana*.

Dav. Well, well, if you will have it so.

War. You have brought this mischief upon your family, as other fathers have done, in other misfortunes, by your severity, in forcing the inclinations of your children.

Dav. I have done, I have done.

Enter Mariana, and kneels to Davila.

Mar. My father! O my father, bless, and save me!

Dav. Bless thee, my child, my blessing ever keep thee; but for thy safety, throw thy self at the feet of the colonel; turn all thy thanks, thy duty, heart, and soul, to him, for thy deliverance.

War. You owe me nothing. I had driven you here, and think my self concern'd to bring you home.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II. *In Tangier.*

Enter Mourville, and Harriet.

Har. I have persuaded you to the only means of assisting *Mariana* in her distress; now you are marry'd to me, she may listen to the colonel, which she never would have done, till you were dispos'd of.

Mour. Should not I have staid till she was disposed of?

Har. Your better sense was to direct hers.

Mour. You said——may listen to the colonel——if she should not, I must not think on't—I have made haste, and fear you reproach me——

Har. With the common care of you both? I shan't reproach you with my own advice; for this way, colonel *Warcourt* will restore *Mariana's* prosperity, and you may be plentifully furnished in mine——

Mour. That was the drug that laid the dragon asleep. [*Aside.*]

Har. So that I have provided for my cousin and friend, and secur'd the person I esteem'd from contempt, by drawing you on by degrees to follow the wiser part of mankind,

mankind, in your interest, which will always govern the world.

Mour. A principle unworthy a share in it.

Har. I have brought you the hundred pistoles; my father sent me the jewels commodiously to raise money for you at this entertainment; there will be play at the castle, I would have you push your fortune; they'll pawn for 500 more on your demand; they have not been seen. I have never appear'd in 'em.

Mour. You don't need 'em to set you off. [Exit.

Enter Warcourt, Davila, Mariana.

War. There are our friends afore us, *Mourville* and *Harriet*; they are employed, *Mariana*, here at *Tangier*, in your service, to be sure.

Mar. I hope they are. *Harriet* I think my friend.

War. Your friends and mine; for I shall ever think *Mourville* my friend, for giving me this opportunity of waiting on you home to *Tangier*; home, to the comfort of your mother's fears; home, to the quiet of your fearful thoughts, never to be disturb'd by me again; for I pronounce you free, free from your chains, free from your father's power, and free from me: from every sense of obligation free; protesting that I would not have your hand, but as it frankly offer'd up your heart: I leave you to decide upon the past, and take your time in the reflection.

[Exit Mariana.

Enter a Jew.

Jew. Colonel, do you know any thing of the jewels, I made up by your order, for *Mariana*?

War. What should I know of 'em? if she has 'em, they are where I intended; if she throws 'em away, they are hers to dispose of. [Exit.

Dav. What of those jewels? I presented 'em to my daughter from the colonel; do you know any thing since of 'em?

Jew. A woman veil'd has just pawn'd 'em to me; I'm sure they're the same.

Dav. Pawn'd to you?

Jew. I have paid a hundred pistoles upon 'em, and am advised to be ready to pay more upon occasion.

Dav. I must know more of this matter.

Jew. I suspected some roguery, and had the woman dog'd into *Jew Street*. I thought fit to make you acquainted.

Dav. Can you discover the person?

Jew. With your assistance, in a little time, I believe.

Dav. I go with you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Mariana.

Mar. He bids me to reflect upon the past,
And take my time for the reflection.

Reflection will be dangerous—*Mourville*, come,
Come quickly to the rescue of my love,
Transport me with the dear, dear sight of you,
Far from the crowding thoughts of what I owe
To *Warcourt*, for my father, and my self:
Where shall I find you? *Mourville! Harriet!*
Now show your friendship, and deliver me,
For I am more enslav'd by being free. [Exit.]

Enter Mourville.

Mour. What is it that pursues and haunts me thus?
Is it the ghost of my departed——what?
'Tis something that I once thought had a being——
I call'd it Honour: But the wiser world
Have found it but a phantome, to scare fools——
I feel my self converting by degrees
Into their sentiments, to shun my guilt——
I call'd it Honour, and 'tis call'd so still;
If we dare boldly justify our crimes——
Am I arriv'd so far, to justify
What I have done?——No, self-condemn'd; I feel
The vengeance of bad deeds begins at home,
The guilty not absolv'd at his own bar.——
I cannot keep my self in countenance;
Private, alone, ev'n to my self, I blush——
I did not think I could deserve to blush——
I was not then so vile to merit it——

Is nature thus deprav'd in other men?
 I am no monster——our frail honesty
 But carries on to such a certain point:
 Beyond it lies forgetfulness of faith,
 Truth, friendship, justice: All the charities
 Which should endear the fellowship of life.
 Relation, brotherhood, and family,
 Cast off, and sunk, in selfish interest.
 If then the tempter bids up to her price,
 The proudest virtue proves it may be bought——
 I would excuse my crimes by other mens——
 Theirs are but faults, and venial to my crimes.
 Fain wou'd I shelter in the common herd,
 But blown, and hounded on in a full cry,
 Am driven out by my own rascal kind.
 I hate my self, hate *Harriet*, hate that fiend
 Who has seduc'd me——nay, I almost hate
 The goodness I have wrong'd——I should be glad
 Never to meet her injur'd face again.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. O *Mourville*! Have I found you?

Mour. Found me, *Harriet*!

Where is the rarity in finding me?

Mar. Do you not know me? *Mariana*?

Mour. Ha! *Mariana*! Yes, I know you well——

[*In confusion.*]

I knew you better once —— but still I know you——

I know you did not mean to find me out.

Your search is for another.

Mar. For another? What do you mean?

Mour. You can explain your self, I need not say——

Mar. I can explain my self?

Mour. It is not worth your while.

Mar. To justify my innocence to you?

Is it so little worth in your esteem?

'Tis highly of necessity in mine.

Mour. If the colonel is satisfy'd of your conduct, you
 are accountable to no body else.

Mar. I think I am to you.

Mour. You would not then have come away with him, when *Harriet* had undertaken to redeem you: But I don't blame you; I don't pretend to find fault; 'twas, I confess, the wisest thing you could do. There was your father's command; and his, and your own interest; nay I own there was even a necessity in your affairs, and necessity hath no law to controul it.

Mar. Indeed I was driven to the utmost necessity.

Mour. And therefore I ought to be satisfy'd.

Mar. You have no reason to the contrary.

Mour. I am satisfy'd; the colonel is a gentleman of excellent qualities, and a prosperous fortune, and will keep any favour in countenance, that you can do for him. I confess I had nothing, that could presume to deserve you.

Mar. Mourville——

Mour. If from a levity of humour, or inconstancy of nature, you had thrown your self away upon an undeserver, it would have disturbed me, gone very near me; but when you have pitch'd upon such a man to make happy, I give up my pretensions, resign all interest, title, and claim to you: You are as free from me to dispose of your self to *Warcourt*——

Mar. Hold, hold, this is the peevishness of jealousy, *Mourville*; it has carry'd you quite out of the way of my meaning; you have no reason to be jealous on the colonel's account. I told you I was driven to the utmost necessity, but that related to the distresses I had undergone from your leaving me; not in excuse of any unworthy behaviour to you.

Mour. There is no need of excusing it——'tis all well; and I am glad 'tis so well, upon your account.

Mar. As soon as *Moluxa* heard my father was ruined, he gave him but four and twenty hours to redeem me; if five hundred pistoles were not paid in that time, he threatened to send me to the alcade of *Alcazor*. *Warcourt* paid my ransom——

Mour. So has worthily purchas'd you.

Mar. Has brought my father and me to *Tangier*; has discharg'd me from all the obligations I have to him: and now I am free, am yours, and ever yours.

Mour. Does the old gentleman, your father, say so too? Yonder he is.

Mar. I wou'd not be seen with you.

Mour. Nor I with you for the future.

Mar. You know where to find me.

Mour. To avoid it most carefully.—

[*Afide.*

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Harriet.

Har. I have thrown well, and made the best of the cast; nay, I have play'd all the game, as they say, not only had good luck on my side, but have put the doctor, the false dice upon 'em, to make the work sure—Let me see, whereabouts am I now? I have carry'd my cause, and in a little time shall have leisure to sit down, and enjoy my self over the pleasurable articles of vanity, and triumph, in managing, solliciting, and conducting the several difficult steps in this intricate affair—From our setting out with *Davila*, I discover'd a genius—in the treaty with *Moluxa*, for *Mourville's* liberty, and in my contrivance to come away with him my self, and leave *Mariana* behind us, I think I behav'd to admiration—there my genius began to shine—but it was darken'd again, when I had nothing to proceed upon, but by drawing off from *Mariana's* character, as maliciously as I durst; and robbing her of the reputation and honour of the adventure; tho' that went heavily up hill, it deserv'd something, for going as fast as the ground would allow. But when I heard of *Davila's* being undone, there I blaz'd out, with dissimulation and success, in a pretended concern for their ruin: There I display'd my parts, there I lay'd about me to beat down all contradiction; there I startled him, there I confounded his constancy; and from the operation of that scene, have founded, and dated the empire of my eloquence—Poor *Mourville*! he had suffer'd many a convulsive pang from the poison I infus'd; there was no ease to be found, till it work'd him to my purpose—the jewels were a great restorative, I thank my cousin for leaving 'em in my way. A rich cordial; I had 'em at hand to apply in his cure, and indeed they have

Have done their part, in quieting his complaints——
if he has good fortune at the castle to-night, I will re-
deem the jewels to-morrow, and convey 'em to *Spain*,
to be dispos'd of at *Cales*, to prevent discovery——but
win or lose, discovery must be prevented.

Enter Davila, and Jew.

Dav. You are discreetly in the right, to prevent it :
but how will you do it now ?

Jew. Could you not keep your own counsel ?

Dav. Where was the need of prating so loud to your
self, to blab your secrets ?

Jew. The heart was open, and the tongue would
not be kept within doors.

Dav. This you get by triumphing before victory. I
must dispute it with you before our betters ; bring her
away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Castle.*

Enter Manuel, and Diana.

Man. O, ladies are out of the rule, out of the ques-
tion, ladies are understood to be the finest things of the
creation ; there is no need of declaring for them : you
are too sudden upon me ; I meant that a fine gentleman
was always intended for a fine lady.

Dia. There I join with you, that good company
should go together.

Man. That's my meaning, madam ; it shews it self
plainly, by my singling your ladyship out of the assem-
bly.

Dia. That is intolerably fine, I confess : but why do
you single out a marry'd woman ?

Man. To chuse a marry'd woman.

Dia. These gallant things are thrown away upon us.

Man. I should think just the contrary.

Dia. We are not us'd to hear them from our hus-
bands.

Man. For that very reason, that you may have 'em
from your humble admirers, and obedient servants.

Dia. That reason never came into my head before.

Man. Your sex was sent into the world to be admired and adored, and the great business of mankind here, was to offer up the sacrifice of commendation and praise.

Dia. That would be brave!

Man. That was what you were intended for.

Dia. If we could persuade them so.

Man. And he was an impudent rebel, in my opinion, who first undertook to degrade a deity to a mortal in matrimony.

Dia. Meer mortals indeed, when we once come into that state.

Man. For now, instead of the devotion that should naturally be paid, you meet with nothing at home, nothing presented within doors, but familiar fault-findings of household affairs. Husbands are tyrants, usurpers: they have depos'd you from the hereditary right of government: if you wou'd be restor'd to your natural empire, it must be by discountenancing these matrimonial monopolies for the future, and bestowing your favours and rewards upon men of clear spirit and principle, of undoubted fidelity in the worst of times, who have been famously known to have dedicated and address'd their lives and fortunes, and themselves, to the ladies.

Dia. These abuses would do well to be reformed.

Man. Where are the transports and the ecstasies, which should always attend upon every thing you say or do?

Dia. Not in the husband's surly indifference.

Man. Where the prostrations and submissions of body and looks, that are becoming the approaches, and addresses to such excellent beings?

Dia. No where to be seen, or heard of, that I know—

Man. But in the behaviour of your admirers, your servants, your lovers: we never presume to look up, till an enlivening smile raises us from the despair of our condition; dying and expiring, we throw ourselves at your feet.

[Falls down.

Enter Teresa.

Dia. Bless the man! help there! *Teresa*, you come luckily.

Ter. Bless the man indeed! my husband! what's the matter with him?

Dia. Just fallen into a fit; you come in good time to help me to bring him out of it: is he us'd to be thus taken?

Ter. Never, that I heard of.

Dia. I perceiv'd it coming upon him; he talk'd very idly some time afore. Is it the falling sickness?

Ter. It may be that, or any other distemper; he's old, and must submit to infirmities, he must expect 'em.

Dia. He's not so old.

Ter. Yes, yes, he puts the best face upon't, he's old; older than you take him to be, older than he would have you believe; I know him to be old.—How do you?

Man. Where am I?

Ter. Don't you know me?

Man. *Teresa*, my old wife, I know you; but you have awak'd me out of the most agreeable reverie I was ever entranc'd in; I was just entering into *Elyzium*.

Dia. And there you might have stay'd, and fallen into your last sleep, if your wife had not rouz'd you, to bring you to your senses again.

Man. You have rouz'd me, you have brought me to my senses again, I thank you; I'll go into the air.

Dia. We'll return to the company. [*Exe. Women.*]

Man. I am come off unsuspected; I was almost in a fit indeed, when I heard her nam'd; she came in most unseasonably. But how nimble the lady was in her turn upon the wife? A fit! I lay close for fear of a discovery; she call'd it a fit, and I acted my part of the fit to the life, by the help of my prompter——I find there's no surprizing a woman of any country in the way of intrigue. I did not expect this from an *English* woman. A *Spaniard* is born and bred to it: 'tis not climate, but nature, that in their forwardest adventures of this kind, will always secure their retreat——that wife of mine, that jade with her——“ he puts the best face upon't, he's old, older than you take him to be, older than he would have you believe, I know him to be old.”——She does indeed, she's in the secret, but I could have beat her for blabbing——*Diana* too, my

mistress, play'd the rogue with me; but that was management, and cunning, to clear off suspicion—so circumstances laid together, and considered, I may very well hope for another opportunity, and take her behaviour for encouragement.

S C E N E *opens.*

Governor, Marfan, Wingrave, *Officers, Diana, Teresa, and other women come forward to Manuel.*

Gov. You've sav'd your money, *Manuel.*

Man. I was coming to try my fortune, Governor.

Gov. Don't disturb her, Fortune is at present taken up, most whimsically employed between the rivals, *Warcourt* and *Mourville*; they are deeply engag'd at hazard; she's playing the jade with 'em both: for in the fantastical distribution of her favours, she has given *Mariana* to the man who wanted an estate, and the run of the dice to *Warcourt*, who only wanted the woman: so I don't find that either is the richer for her bounty.

Wing. *Mourville* has had very bad throwing.

Marf. He is observ'd to lose more than was thought to be in his power to play for at other times.

Man. A good hand recovers all; I wish him the success that *Mariana* wou'd bestow upon him, if she held the scales.

Gov. We have been upon that subject, Don; we wanted you, it lies in your way to speak to, a point of honour.

Man. I am a casuist in some cases.

Gov. The conversation has turn'd upon *Mariana's* gallantry to *Mourville*, and his behaviour to her.

Man. O, there is the spirit of a *Spanish* woman, in her part of the adventure; and when we come into the drift of the scene, I make no doubt but *Mourville* will appear with approbation and applause.

Gov. That as time shall try. Let's see how the battle goes. [*Going to look on the Gamesters.*] Daughter, we'll have a dance of old *England*: couple the partners, we'll return at the call of the fiddles.

Marf. I have this opportunity, my dear, to tell you, that officers dine with me to-morrow; I have always a feast for my friends, in the welcome of your chearfulness.

Dia. Your friends bring their welcome along with 'em, they're sure of one from me: Is Don *Manuel* among 'em?

Marf. Why do you ask?

Dia. What do you find in that old impertinent creature, the governor, and all of you, to keep such a clutter about him?

Marf. A monkey will entertain you.

Dia. I hate a chattering baboon, odious to look upon, and tedious in the repetition of the same tricks, over and over again.

Marf. What, I warrant he makes love to you.

Dia. He has persecuted me a great while, with his nonsensical addreses.

Marf. Things of course, child, from him, not to be minded. Addreses! nonsensical indeed.

Dia. I laugh at him, and desire you wou'd do so too.

Marf. 'Tis not a subject to be serious upon.

Dia. I wou'd not have told you, if it had.

Marf. Matter of merriment; as such I receive it, and will help you to laugh at him. But I'll ev'n this account with my Don. [*Aside.*]

The Musick plays, Governor and Company return with Warcourt and Mourville from Play.

War. The dice have run a great way on my errand, *Mourville*; you shall have your revenge when you please.

Mour. Another time, Colonel, they may run as far for me.

Gov. Come, now for an *English* dance: how do you pair your selves?

Man. My pairing time lasts all the year round—

Gov. And all your life long.

Man. I bespeak you for my mate, madam.

[*To Diana.*]

Marf. And by the Don's example, I take his turtle for mine. [*Takes Teresa by the hand.*]

The women join the company.

Man. My turtle, Sir! you must explain that word.

Marf. All in good time.

Dia. The colonel and *Mourvil'e* were so deeply engag'd at play, I did not reckon upon 'em. I have a very good partner for one of you; you must throw for her, I think—the most upon one die.

Both. Agreed.

[They throw.

Mour. She's mine.

Dia. She is so—*Mariana*, I have secur'd her, I'll bring her in. *[Exit.*

Mour. My fortune follows me.

War. And wins the prize in the lady.

Mariana brought in, dances with Mourville. Marfan makes over-forward advances to Teresa. Letters given to the Governor. At the end of the dance, Marfan kisses his Partner.

Marf. Every man kisses his partner, I suppose.

Man. You take large liberties.

Marf. Freedom is the privilege of an *English* country dance.

Man. You must answer to me as a *Spaniard*, for that freedom.

Marf. As a *Frenchman* I will.

[They part unobserv'd. Manuel goes to Mourville.

Gov. Good news, gentlemen, the *Moors* are drawn off from the town: We shall have leisure to wait upon the ladies. I have some letters from *Cales* to peruse, and then we'll renew our diversions.

[Mourville comes to Marfan.

Mour. Under *Peterborough* tower, *Manuel* says.

Marf. As soon as we go from hence.

Mour. You'll bring a friend?

Marf. To share with you in the entertainment.

The publick fears and dangers now blown over,
We have more time our follies to discover:
And he may be allow'd to have his share,
Who fights, only because his wife is fair.

When

When there's a handsome woman in the case,
The husband, or gallant, will prove an ass.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Warcourt, and Marfan.

War. UPON breaking up of the company, I wou'd have had a turn with you on the *Terras*, before we parted, but you have business.

Marf. Not much business; a little I have.

War. Will it keep till to-morrow?

Marf. Not very well.

War. Can I serve you in't?

Marf. 'Tis not of value to trouble you about it.

War. May I ask of what nature it is; that is so pressing in time?

Marf. A little affair, not worth naming.

War. You need not name it, I know what it is: I have heard of an uneasiness between you and *Manuel*, and have had my eyes upon you; I see, by your endeavour to follow him, there's something to be done, you would conceal from me; but you find I know it.

Marf. I am sorry for it.

War. Nay, I'll spoil no sport willingly; if you will accept of my service in your cause, 'tis your's; if not, 'tis your fault if I acquaint the governor, prevent your design, and give you the disquiet of sleeping this night in a whole skin.

Marf. There's only a punctilio between us, that wants to be adjusted; the first officer I met on the parade should be my man. 'Tis too much a trifle for you to appear in.

War. I have known quarrels slight in the principals, that have grown to be considerable in the seconds. I see *Mourville* is gone with him, which is one reason why I would wait on you.

Marf. Your reason shall be mine, since you will have it so.

SCENE *Peterborough Tower.**Enter Manuel, and Mourville.**Man.* We have not been observ'd.*Mour.* In no danger of being disturb'd.*Man.* That's as it should be.*Mour.* Our business will be done with secrecy and silence.*Man.* We shan't exercise by beat of drum then. He'll bring his second.*Mour.* Not the captain of the guard, to prevent us, depend upon't; he'll satisfy the forms, I warrant you.*Man.* Things of this nice nature are not to be huddled and embroiled, like an *English* rubber at cuffs; they cannot be treated with too much ceremony.*Mour.* Provided the ceremony does not destroy the nature of the thing.*Man.* I don't understand you.*Mour.* For I have heard of a gentleman, who to give an air to his action, and a countenance to his courage, has been tying up his peruke, while the seconds had made their end of the tilt.*Enter Warcourt, and Marfan.**Marf.* I have not made you wait.*Man.* 'Tis worth waiting for a friend, and, as the world goes, you are so, in doing me justice.*War.* *Mourville*, well met.*Mour.* That's as we think at parting, colonel.*War.* I am glad to find you are my man.*Mour.* I had rather have drawn my sword on any body else.*War.* I don't know how the quarrel stands between *Marfan* and *Manuel*, but the garrison expects a tilt from us as rivals: If we have been wanting in our gallantry to the lady, as principals, fortune has brought us together, as seconds, to serve ourselves in our friends.*Man.* You do us honour, gentlemen.*War.* So, *Mourville*, my service to you.*Mour.* I thank you in your own way.[*They*

[*They engage. Warcourt disarms Mourville, and joins Marfan, Manuel gives up his sword.*]

Man. There's no contending with numbers.

War. Mourville, you don't use to part with your sword so easily.

Mour. 'Tis to a man will keep me in countenance.

War. Now, gentlemen, all friends again. Pray what was the angry reason that made you enemies?

Man. That which has made many enemies of old friends, too great familiarity with my wife——

War. That's an angry reason indeed.

Man. In defiance of the gravity of her person, and the character of my country.

War. Reasons particular, and national.

Marf. So you are a *Spaniard* in your reservations to your wife, and a *Frenchman* in your liberties with other mens.

Man. I don't understand you.

Marf. But my wife does.

Man. Has your *Diana* told you so?

Marf. She has indeed.

War. How, how, Don? the quarrel ought to have been on this side then.

Marf. And so it was, as appears by the provoking liberties I took with his wife, in revenge of his teasing of mine.

Man. You call it so.

Marf. She did, upon honour; or gave it a worse name. [*Turns to Warcourt.*] For I contriv'd to put the quarrel upon him, that by his resentment, my wife might not be reported to be the occasion of it.

War. Why, Manuel, if the wife comes in evidence against you, by telling the husband you make love to her, and she moreover calls that love-making teasing, or something worse, as the court is inform'd; what can you in reason expect from this cause?

Man. Why, really, colonel, I may in reason expect—to be laugh'd at; I deserve it, and expect it, and I allow you the liberty.

War. That sets all right again.

Man. I see I have play'd the fool, and own I am grown old in that folly; which I confess I had no more provocation to proceed in, than gentlemen who swear in cold blood; and I have only to say with them, in a silly excuse, that I had got a nonsensical habit of it.

War. 'Tis really too much, to fight with the husband, and be laugh'd at by the wife.

Man. In the mortify'd mind I am at present, I will keep *Lent* with my old wife, all the year round; and leave the younger women to the younger men, who, at the carnival, in the accommodation of masquerades, will take care to do a generous justice to the husbands, by providing for their families, without letting them know who they are oblig'd to.

Enter Wingrave.

Win. Colonel, the Governor has some extraordinary business with you; he has sent every where to find you and *Mourville*. I saw you and *Marsan* coming this way.

War. 'Tis very well we are found, to wait on him.
[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Mourville.

Mour. Nothing prospers that I engage in. I have sold my self, and can't have the benefit of the bargain: I lose my money above board at play, that I got by underhand knavery and falsehood. If I had continued in my former condition, I shou'd not have had a hundred pistoles to lose, as I have done. The dice ran against me, when I would have won; and for me, when I would have lost: For *Mariana* was the only partner, that could have confounded me in the dance. Fortune seems to declare war upon me: She has baffled me, at a game too, in which I thought I had fewer chances against me, than on any throw upon the dice—I am allowed to fence better than any man in *Tangier*, and to have spirit to make the best use of my skill, and yet I have not been able to defend the honour and badge of my profession, my sword—What is the reason of all this?—'Twas the cause that disarm'd me, and not the colonel—the guilt of that enervated my arm, and distracted the masterly faculties,
which

which otherwise would have got the better of him—I am even startled at this summons from the governour—every thing alarms me—from the commission of the crime, we live in an hourly expectation of the punishment—is there any so great, as the interval between sentence and execution? I have condemn'd my self, and let the world execute me their own way—I am prepar'd for't—it will be known—it must be known—I wish it were known, that I might feel the worst—that I might know in what infamous rank of mankind I am, for the future, to be drawn up in; that I may herd among the beasts, who have only a taste to their provender and profit, and no sense of any thing, beyond the getting up money to procure it. I am truly like a person condemn'd, no prospect of pardon, and the dead warrant the only friend left to put me out of my pain. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E *The Castle.*

Enter Governour, Warcourt, Manuel, Marfan.

Gov. Colonel, I wanted you.

War. In what service, Governour?

Gov. A service we all like well enough to be engaged in sometimes; there's a female in the case.

War. A female?

Gov. I have a woman brought to me——

War. For your own private use?

Gov. For the use of the publick, I believe. She appears to be a sinner, an acquaintance of yours, for your name is mentioned.

War. My name! how mentioned! she does not come to forbid the banns? not to spoil my marriage, before I get the woman in the mind?

Man. May be she wants a father——

Gov. Not unlikely, she may, for some of her failings. What say you, Don? for a handsome consideration, she shall lay 'em at your door.

War. He has purchas'd the reputation of a big belly, before now, to my knowledge.

Man. I have dealt that way I confess, and have cheated no body but my self: no more of those bargains.

Gov. Nay, then you grow old.

Man. Wiser a little I am grown, within this half hour.

Gov. If you grow wise, you are a gone man.

Man. Never too late to learn.

*Enter Mariana, Davila, and a Jew, on one side ;
Mourville on the other.*

Gov. *Mourville*, we stay for you.

Mour. What's the matter, Governour ?

Gov. Nay, that I am to learn. Here's a woman brought before me: some jewels are laid to her charge; she's veil'd, and pretends you are concerned for her.

Mour. I concern'd for her!

Mar. *Mourville* concern'd for her! what can this mean? and how came I to be summon'd?

Gov. In respect to you, I have order'd her to withdraw till you came to appear for her.

Mour. I thank you, Sir—There's something I don't like here.

War. Is not *Davila* a solicitor in the cause?

Gov. Most violent.

Mar. What will this end in?

Gov. His daughter, *Mariana*, is chiefly concern'd. I have sent for her; she's present, I see, and you are here, as I desir'd. Where are the jewels? produce 'em. [*Jew opens a casket.*] What say you to 'em, *Mariana*?

Mar. I can say nothing to these jewels: my father brought me a present of jewels from colonel *Warcourt*, but whether these be they, or not, or what is become of 'em, I know not.

Gov. What say you, *Philo*?

Phil. I say I made up these very jewels by order of colonel *Warcourt*; I can swear to the particulars, the weight, and value of the stones, enter'd in my book; the manner of setting, which is peculiar to me; and that they are the same I delivered to the colonel.

Dav. Which same the colonel deliver'd to me, and which same I presented from him to my daughter.

Gov. What say you, colonel?

War. Whether they are the same, or not, I think they are not worth the trouble, they have given *Mariana*, to appear about 'em.

Dav. For the trouble of appearing, that is not very great: if the jewels are proved to be hers, 'tis fit that every body should have their own.

Mour. The question comes towards me; where is my answer?

Mar. What will this come to?

Gov. Mourville, do you know any thing of these jewels?

Mour. What should I know of 'em, governour?

Gov. Nay, that you must tell me; did you ever see 'em before?

Mour. See 'em before? I can't certainly tell; a man may be mistaken, I may have seen 'em before.

Gov. Were they ever in your possession?

Mour. In my possession? those jewels in my possession! that may be an ensnaring question—a man is not oblig'd to accuse himself.

Mar. There's something amiss—he's plainly confounded; I'll bring him off, let what will be the consequence.

Mour. Yes, I have had 'em in my possession.

Gov. Who gave 'em to you?

Mour. All must out——if I must tell you who gave 'em to me, I own I had 'em from my——wife.

Mar. He tells you true: I acknowledge I gave 'em to him.

Gov. Are you his wife then?

Mar. My giving 'em to him is a clear answer to your suspicion, and puts an end to all the enquiry.

Gov. You said but now, you did not know whether these were the jewels, or what was become of 'em; but if you are his wife, as you say you are——

Mour. This will involve me in greater difficulties.

[*Aside.*

Mar. I would not have said so much as I have done, but to vindicate the reputation and honour of a man——

Dav. Who has ruin'd and undone thine.

Gov. The mist vanishes, we see clearly before us; bring in the woman who pawn'd the jewels.

Enter Harriet unveil'd.

Are you the person, *Harriet*? I find no wrong done to any body, that requires justice—there's nothing remaining I think, *Davila*, but to beg *Harriet*'s pardon for having so long and so unjustly detain'd her, and bringing her as a criminal hither before me, without any reason or cause, to the great disturbance of the parties concern'd.

Har. This goes well, if it ends so——

Gov. The wife gave the jewels to *Mourville*, he thought fit to dispose of 'em—but *Harriet*, how do you come to be employ'd in the pawning 'em?

Har. I pawn'd 'em for my——husband.

Gov. For your husband! who?

Har. For *Mourville*, my husband.

Mar. *Mourville* your husband!

Gov. Is he your husband? and *Mariana*'s husband too?

Har. Not *Mariana*'s, I hope. I am his wife, I am marry'd to him; let her say as much, if she can.

Mar. If it be so, I have said and done for him more than I should have done, to my present confusion, and to my everlasting undoing. [*Swoons.*]

Gov. She faints; take care of her, daughter.

Marf. This is a turn we did not expect; I don't wonder it has overturn'd poor *Mariana*.

Gov. Such baseness and ingratitude would turn humanity out of the world; 'tis out of example, I think.

Marf. And will be out of belief, that a woman, who has thrown away the regards of her own interest, neglected so many advantages at home——

Gov. Who has follow'd her lover into slavery, and left her self in his room; and but now, in the distress of his guilt, about the jewels, ran into his rescue, by taking the crime upon her self, as his wife, at the expence of her innocence and truth; that such a woman should be deserted, left, and forsaken——

Marf. Is indeed a murder of common faith.

Gov. Is such a dishonour to the clear character of a soldier, that in a detestation, and abhorrence of a treachery so vile, I am almost provok'd to break him for disobeying my orders upon the party.

War. Not so, governour, that would be too much; he is sufficiently punish'd by the infamy of the action.

Gov. There is something to come, will reward his desert.

Har. Things are not so bad as you apprehend, on *Mourville's* account. Since the truth must appear, I will take shame to my self, and confess that I alone am criminal, only I accountable to justice for the jewels. I secur'd 'em at first, because *Mariana* wou'd not, without any further view: But afterwards, when they came to be necessary to the accomplishment of my designs on *Mourville*, I made bold to employ 'em for his use; I pawn'd 'em for a hundred pistoles; if he had won at play at the castle, I wou'd have redeem'd 'em.

Dav. Win or lose, you may remember, you were to send 'em to *Cales*, to be sold there; for discovery was to be prevented.

Mour. I know nothing of this, and abhor the villany: I thought the jewels were *Harriet's*; and, as she told me, sent her by her father.

Har. In what I have said, and done, about the jewels, I am at the governour's mercy; but for the betraying my friend, in seducing her lover to marry me, my own love of him, of as long standing as *Mariana's* has been, and the practice of the politer world, will acquit me; and for the charge upon *Mourville*, 'tis no more than a weakness, allowed to be natural to mankind; he was not able to consent to be poor, with a mistress that was undone, when he was courted to prosperity in the riches of my father.

Mour. Wou'd I were in one of his coffers, to hide my face. I shall have money at least to keep me in countenance.

Gov. Not that neither, *Mourville*. The poverty, you ran away from, in *Mariana*, your mistress, has overtaken you, in *Harriet*, your wife.

War. How so, governour?

Gov. I have a certain account of *Davila's* good fortune, in two rich ships, come into *Cales*, safe from the *West Indies*, which were reported to be taken; and that the two ships taken by the *Sallee* men are found to be *Lopez de Vega's*, father to *Harriet*, who has absconded and is ruin'd.

Mour. 'Tis just upon me; I deserve it all.

Gov. There's something still behind: When you have refunded the money the jewels were pawn'd for, which you must do, you will have your wife's excellent qualities for her portion.

Mour. I have nothing to hope, but that her excellent qualities may provide a proper portion, a rope for her roguery; the sooner the better. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Gov. I congratulate your deliverance from so unworthy a lover, and friend, as *Mourville* and *Harriet*.

Mar. I throw myself at your feet, for pardon of my disobedience, and acknowledge the justice of my punishment, for what I have done in my folly.

Dav. Thy folly has been punish'd sufficiently; I forgive thee, my child.

Gov. Since your father is restored to his good fortune, and you to your reason and good sense, the best proof you can give of your repentance for the past, is to resolve to make him as happy as you can for the future.

Mar. I do, with the most affectionate duty and love.

Gov. Then as a good daughter, you will think yourself oblig'd, in duty bound, to assist him——

Mar. In every thing to my power.

Gov. In the honest discharge of his, and your own, many unprecedented obligations to the Colonel.

Mar. There I am confounded again.

War. I have given you my promise never to disturb you in this cause; but if the Governor and *Davila* are my advocates——

Dav. With the authority of a father——

Gov. And the advice of a friend——

War. I may say you have it now in your hands, to bestow the only blessing that is wanting to my happiness.

Mar. Our obligations are ever to be remembered, and my unworthiness never to be forgotten.

War. The unworthiness of your friends never to be forgotten ; you were mistaken in the choice of 'em.

Mar. If you will speak upon this subject, I must desire some time, by degrees to forget what I have done amiss ; that I may recommend my self, in my future conduct, with more advantage to you.

War. You are dearly recommended to me, and I am happy in attending your time.

Gow. These patterns lay before our female youth,
The sure effects of gallantry, and truth.

If from their parents' care they wildly run,

They see the ready road to be undone.

But if they wou'd secure content for life,

A prudent choice must make the happy wife.

EPILOGUE:

Written by GEORGE JEFFRYS, Esq;

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.

*WELL! You have seen my future spouse and me,
The mirrors of heroic constancy;
And one pair more, in life at least as common,
A pretty fellow, and a—very woman:
Great was my loss of him, I needs-must grant;
But pardon her, my slipp'ry confident;
A female confident! 'Tis all a bite,
For how can truth and rivalry unite?
Few, few sincere in spite of int'rest prove,
And sure the dearest interest is love.
Come, 'tis a fact beyond my power to smother;
Why do we dress, and tiff, and keep a pother?
No doubt, in pure affection to each other.
But then to pawn my jewels as her own!
The fair seducer saw how bright they shone,
And knew mankind too well to trust her eyes alone.
Well, I forgive the creature from my heart;
For, ladies, dear hypocrisy apart,
While we are flesh and blood, whate'er it cost,
Some jewels must be got, and others lost.*

*One scandal it concerns me to remove,
Young Mourville is expos'd for faithless love;
A Frenchman false! A sly insinuation
(As some may urge) that falshood is the fashion:
Pray let us understand the poet better,
And judge his honest meaning by the letter;
To brand a foreign vice was his endeavour:
And, ladies, is it not extremely clever,
He leaves your English sparks as true as ever.*

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L E T T E R
FROM THE
EARL OF ORRERY*
TO
THOMAS SOUTHERNE, Esq.

(From the Collection published by Mr. DUNCOMBE.)

MY DEAR OLD MAN, Marston †, Nov. 1, 1733.

AT my arrival at this dear and delightful place I was welcomed with a letter from you, which had lain some days on my table. Your commands will be ever obeyed by me with pleasure, which is still increased by your desiring to know how we go on in the

* Also earl of Corke in 1753, (on the death of his third cousin, Richard earl of Burlington and Corke) the translator, and, in his own letters, the rival, of Pliny. He died at Marston in 1762, aged 56.

† Near Frome in Somersetshire, a seat purchased of sir John Hippeley by the first earl of Corke. It was formerly part of the estate of Edmund earl of Cornwall.

gardens. We are hard at work both within and without doors, but in the gardens we are outdoing Hannibal, and working through rocks more obdurate than the Alps. This difficult task is undertaken in order to complete the three hanging terraces that shall exceed any of the eastern gardens; perhaps too to indulge a secret pride, that from the lowest of these I may look down on the highest of my neighbours. The wood-walk, which I designed a labyrinth, is almost finished. Three little fountains, at three several distances, add to the beauty of the place. The goddesses of spring, and her follower the deity of the summer, stand smiling at the beautiful prospect in the distant vale, while Bacchus, in another cabinet of wood, presents you with the produce of the autumn, to banish melancholy and dissipate gloomy thoughts. *Winter* is seen shivering in a corner, to remind us of mortality, and I think I must carry a death's head always in my pocket, lest the charms of Marston make me forget to hope one day to be an inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven. Near the uppermost fountain is to stand a seat, erected according to a plan of your faithful servant: two little closets at each end, one of which will contain a couch, are the places where you and Phyllis may consummate your unfinished loves, and where I may count my beads, and say my matins.

I have now told you all that will be finished next summer. I am scratching out upon paper ten thousand designs for the other parts of the gardens, and my plans commonly share the same fate that I wish may befall all my works, they are thrown into the fire and forgotten.

From

From the gardens if you will enter the house, you will see a representation of the golden age ; the cats, the dogs, the birds, the children, the master, and the servants, *omnes sine vindice tuti*. Lions at Marston would lose their fierceness ; the panther would grow tame : within my territories the emperor and the king of France would be reconciled ; whilst, like my first parent, I stand in the garden which my great Creator hath planted for me, and where he hath made *every tree pleasant to the sight*, nor can I fall but by disobedience, from which perhaps your prayers, and my own endeavours, may preserve me. I will remember that my mother Eve tempted my poor weak father Adam, and lost him Paradise : wonder not therefore, my good friend, if I chuse paradise, and refuse woman.—The groves of Marston—but I am returned to the garden, when I was just going to carry you into the hall. There you will see as fine a set of arms, as are in his majesty's three kingdoms : pictures and marble tables adorn other sides of the room ; but I am more delighted with the prospect from the windows, than from the most magnificent moveables that can be invented. The great dining-room is covered with pictures : two beautiful canary-birds hang near the windows, and however delighted I may sometimes be with Italian music, these choiristers charm my ears more than the softest notes of Cuzzoni's voice ever did. In this room I have had the honour to entertain one of the greatest men of this nation, your much honoured lord Carteret* ; with him were lord Weymouth †, &c.

* Afterwards earl of Granville, on the death of his mother in 1744.

† Father of the present viscount, and son-in-law to lord Carteret.

Our champaign flew about with the alacrity it usually does in this house, nor is the master ever better pleased than when he has an opportunity of improving himself by the conversation and countenance of such men. I am then, methinks, in the same situation in which a Greek epigram, which Fenton * has translated, puts old

* "Mr. Fenton," says this noble writer in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, dated in 1756, "was my tutor; he taught me to read English, and attended me through the Latin tongue from the age of seven to thirteen. When I became a man, a constant and free friendship subsisted between us. The fact which Mr. Warton asserts concerning him [in the Essay on Pope] is far from being true. He translated double the number of books in the *Odyssæy* that Pope has owned. His reward was a trifle, an arrant trifle. He has even told me, that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him: he had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him, in the words of bishop Atterbury, *mens curva in corpore curvo*. Poor Fenton died of a great chair, and two bottles of port a day. He was one of the worthiest and modestest men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears arise when I think of him, though he has been dead above twenty years."

Pope, in a letter to Gay, dated July 20, 1730, just after Fenton's death, mentions him in much the same manner: "I have just received the news of the death of a friend whom I esteemed almost as many years as you; poor Fenton! He died at East-hamstead [lady Trumbull's] of indolence and inactivity." The writer of Fenton's life in the "supplement to the *Biographia*," p. 50, says, that "being dismissed from his employ of secretary to the earl of Orrery in 1705, he gladly accepted the offer of the free-school at Sevenoak in Kent." It appears, however, from the above, that Fenton was several years afterwards tutor to his lordship's son (then lord Boyle) and for that reason probably "his salary" (as mentioned by the biographer) might be "continued to him."

old Homer; I am listening to Apollo singing, and stealing his song from him.

I will not tire you with a description of any other parts of the house, with which you are already well

As Sevenoak is but five miles from Penshurst, if we had not such good vouchers for his indolence, we should be at a loss to account for a man of Mr. Fenton's taste and genius never visiting that seat of the muses, that English Arcadia, like ancient Greece the theme of poets, the nurse of heroes. If he had, he could not have said, in his observations on these lines of Waller "at Penshurst,"

Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of that old tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth—

"These verses apparently refer to some tree in Penshurst-park, that was planted at the birth of the famous sir Philip; of which there is now no tradition remaining in the family; but we may apply to it what Cicero says of the Marian oak, &c."

This tree was in being till the year 1768, when it was cut down by the late Algernon Sydney, Esq; not long before his death, thus expiring with the name and family to which it owed its origin, and now indeed, like the Sydneys, living only in history, tradition, and song.

Ben Johnson mentions it in the following manner:

"That later tree, which of an oak was set,
At his great birth, where all the muses met."

And this hint the late Mr. Coventry (author of "Pompey the little") has improved into a beautiful episode in his poem "on Penshurst," printed in "Doddsley's collection," vol. iv. p. 50.

Mr. Coventry wrote "an inscription" for the same oak, which is printed in the "Gentleman's magazine" for 1760, p. 184.
acquainted.

acquainted. The days are now grown short; I have therefore prepared all the amusements within doors that will make a solitary life agreeable. When my children are put to bed, I betake myself either to the study of history, poetry, or natural philosophy; and with these I make shift to sit up till towards eleven; and, then, like Othello, I *put out the light*, and without his guilt, wish for Desdemona; but in vain*! And if I am ever melancholy, it is then, when I cannot help repeating what that black monster says, with the additional horror of soul, which attends murder,

“ My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife!

“ O insupportable! O heavy hour!

Sometimes indeed, unluckily enough for my friends, I am in a humour to write long letters, and that, you see, is the present turn of my temper, for I have been gazing at dried butterflies, hornets, and beetles, ’till I remembered I was a letter in your debt, and so took a resolution to pay you with interest.

Lord Boyle † is very much your humble servant. He is employed all day long on my errands, which he executes without the least mistake. He puzzles me sometimes with his questions, and makes me blush with his

* Henrietta countess of Orrery, daughter to the earl of Orkney, died in 1732. See her character (and epitaph) in lord Orrery’s “ Pliny,” vol. ii. p. 183.

† Charles, afterwards styled viscount Dungarvan. He was at this time about five years old. He married in 1753 the daughter of Henry Hoare, Esq; and died in 1759, leaving only a daughter. His relict is married to Lord Bruce.

observations. I endeavour to turn off the discourse as well as I can; but if I do not take care, the boy will soon grow too wise for me, and find out that there are but few years difference in our age, and much fewer in our understandings. Hammy*, who is less sedate than his brother, contents himself with his tops and his marbles, without enquiring into the natural causes of things: by this means, the youngest bids fair to be the favourite, for I find I must give the other a rap† over the head in my will, or the next age will quite forget me. Betty‡ is the arrantest romp in Christendom. She talks as fast as any of her sex, and, like most fine ladies, in a dialect not easy to be understood. Sickness and indolence tremble at the sight of her, for she is the picture of health, and a "veritable" Miss Hoyden.

The great king Nobby || brought me home safe in the dark last night, and the invincible Hector § is faithful and

* The hon. Hamilton Boyle, afterwards viscount Dungarvan, and on his father's death, earl of Corke, &c. He was at this time about four years old. - He died, unmarried, in 1764.

† His lordship, it is probable, here spoke feelingly, with an allusion to the cruel and most undeserved "rap" that he had received from his own father, in the bequest of his library, consisting of above 10,000 valuable books, and a very fine collection of mathematical instruments, to Christ-church, Oxford.

‡ Lady Elizabeth Boyle, now the relict of sir Thomas Worsley, bart.

|| A favourite horse, whose life by great care was prolonged to the uncommon age of 34.

§ A favourite grey-hound, who lived to the age of 14. In an invitation of Dr. Swift, to Marston (dated April 3, 1737,) lord Orrery

and courageous still. Our aviary has received a great loss by the death of a favourite parroquet, who died, as he lived, with silence and tranquillity; he has left a disconsolate widow, who, we feared, would not have survived him, but, to my great joy, has admitted the address of an Indian nightingale, who courts her every morning with a song. This is the state of men and beasts at Marston; whilst our neighbours have their misfortunes. Lord Weymouth has had a fall from his horse, by which his life was endangered: lady Weymouth has miscarried, occasioned by the fright she received at seeing her lord brought home bloody and lifeless.

Great, undoubtedly, are the preparations for the ensuing nuptials*; but let them bury, or let them marry, I am content, so that the fates permit me to be lord of Marston, and

Your humble servant,

ORRERY.

Orrery says, "Hector shall fawn upon you." Both these old servants have monumental inscriptions to their memory in the gardens at Marston.

* Of the prince of Orange and the princess royal.

F I N I S.

